

PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER 25¢

6

PAGE SECTION

**Debbie
Eddie
Liz**

*Smiling
through her tears
Debbie says:*

**I'M STILL
VERY MUCH
IN LOVE
WITH EDDIE**



DEBBIE REYNOLDS

MRS. C. SLOSBERG
2 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS
P 29/EB 3Y R A



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



4 ounces 60¢

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Your hair has its own distinctive qualities. It requires its own special type of shampoo. For this reason there are three different Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the one that is right for you – the correct shampoo to bring out the real beauty and lustre of your hair.

New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo.

■ Red for dry hair ■ Yellow for oily hair ■ Blue for normal hair

JOHN H. BRECK INC. · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · OTTAWA CANADA

Copyright 1958 by John H. Breck Inc.



There's More Than Meets The Eye In THE DIAMOND RING YOU BUY

All you can see is a beautiful ring and a price tag. But how can you relate the two and be sure of quality and value? How can you avoid an unwise choice in the diamond ring you buy?

The way to be sure is to choose a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. Quality in diamonds is judged by color, cut and clarity, and Keepsake's quality is clearly defined in writing for your protection. The Keepsake Certificate signed by your jeweler guarantees a perfect center diamond, regardless of style or price (or replacement assured). Keepsake also registers your ring permanently, assuring lifetime trade-in

privilege and protection against loss of diamonds for one year.

The center diamond of every Keepsake engagement ring is a perfect gem . . . free from flaws under ten-power magnification, with fine blue-white color and expert cut. And behind the matchless beauty of these lovely diamond rings stands the famous name Keepsake, symbol of quality and value for generations.

In making this important lifetime choice, be sure to look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring and on the tag. Many beautiful styles from \$100 to \$10,000 — at authorized Keepsake Jewelers only.



A. MIAMI Ring \$675. Also 225 and 450. Wedding Ring 225. B. ROLAND Ring \$400. Wedding Ring 125. C. BAXTER Ring \$225. Also 100 to 750. Wedding Ring 20.00. D. GWENN Ring \$125. Wedding Ring 42.50. All rings available either natural or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show details. ®Trade-mark registered.

Dating is really fun . . . when you know

THE ART OF DATING

by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall

An expert guide to happy, successful dating to make your teens the best years of your life. This fact-filled book is written by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall, famous author and counselor. REGULARLY \$2.50 in hard cover, this book is yours in the exclusive Keepsake edition for only 50¢ AND THIS COUPON AT ANY KEEPSAKE JEWELER'S STORE. If dealer is not listed in yellow pages of telephone book, write to Keepsake Diamond Rings, Syracuse 2, N. Y., for his name. Do not send money, please.

*the magic witchery of Paris
everytime you puff
on your powder!*



Evening in Paris
FACE POWDER & EAU DE TOILETTE
BOTH FOR \$1.00
regular 2.25 value

Thrill to this fabulous new face powder that clings and clings every second it tantalizes with the lingering fragrance of Evening in Paris. You never had a face powder so light, so deliciously fragrant, so long lasting. Hurry! Get this first-time special today and be *very* special tonight.

CREATED IN PARIS. MADE BY BOURJOIS IN U.S.A.

DECEMBER, 1958

VOL. 54, NO. 6

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

VOTE FOR YOUR GOLD MEDAL AWARD WINNERS

53 Who Will Be the Favorites for 1958?

DEBBIE-EDDIE-LIZ—SPECIAL SIX-PAGE SECTION

30 Why Liz Turned to Eddie (Elizabeth Taylor) By Janet Graves

32 "We'd Never Been Happier Than We Were Last Year" (Debbie Reynolds)
By Irene Reich

34 Tragic Triangle (Eddie Fisher) by L. Pollock

EXCLUSIVE

24 The Empty Crib in the Nursery (Marilyn Monroe) By Radie Harris

ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES

21 Rock Hudson's Personal Letter to You

26 Halloween—"The Fly" Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out!

36 What Does It Mean When Her Socks Don't Match? By Dick Clark

39 "Ooh! I Want Everyone To Know I Got My Wish" (Jean Seberg)
By Chris Johns

43 "Shh! Don't Tell Anyone. We Elope!" (Diane Jergens and Peter Brown)
By Marcia Borie and Roger Marshutz

46 "Hmmm, We Had a Wedding at Our House" By Cherry Boone

48 The Boy Who Couldn't Cry (Bob Evans) By G. Sands

50 Contest: How To Sew Up a Date With Tab Hunter By Pam Law

56 I'm Helplessly Watching My Marriage Die (Dick Gardner)

59 Who Can I Turn To Now That I'm All Alone (Margaret O'Brien)
By Louella Condon

YOUNG IDEAS

6 On the Record By Tommy Reynolds

16 Readers Inc.

62 This Page Is Yours

70 Your Needlecraft

74 Becoming Attractions

75 Who Are Your Favorites?

78 Where to Buy Photoplay Fashions

NEWS AND REVIEWS

4 Hollywood for You By Sidney Skolsky

10 Go Out to a Movie

14 Casts of Current Pictures

15 Now Playing (Brief Reviews)

93 Sara Hamilton's Inside Stuff

STARS IN FULL COLOR

21 Rock Hudson

30 Elizabeth Taylor

32 Eddie Fisher

32 Debbie Reynolds

51 Tab Hunter

COVER: Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds by Gene Trindl

EVELYN PAIN, *Editor*

KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, *Art Director*

NORMAN SIEGEL, *West Coast Editor*

CLAIRE SAFRAN, *Managing Editor*

PAMELA LAW, *Fashion Editor*

JOAN GUERIN, *Assistant Editor*

HARRIET SEGMAN, *Beauty Editor*

JIM HOFFMAN, *Contributing Editor*

ROGER MARSHUTZ, *Staff Photographer*

MAXINE ARNOLD, MARCIA BORIE, *West Coast Contributors*

RICHARD ADELSON, *Art Assistant*

Your January issue will be on sale at your newsstand on December 4th



PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; S. N. Himmelman, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 two years, \$5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada, \$5.00 per year all other countries. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned. FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President. RE-ENTERED as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1958 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Company. Member of TRUE STORY WOMEN'S GROUP.

It's the boisterous production
of the bold, blushing Broadway



play about **sex**

in the
suburbs!



Hear Doris Day sing:
"Have Lips, Will Kiss
In The Tunnel Of Love"
"Skedaddle, Skidoo"

M-G-M Presents A JOSEPH FIELDS PRODUCTION Starring

DORIS DAY • RICHARD WIDMARK

The bride who wanted a little one!

The husband who wanted a little fun!

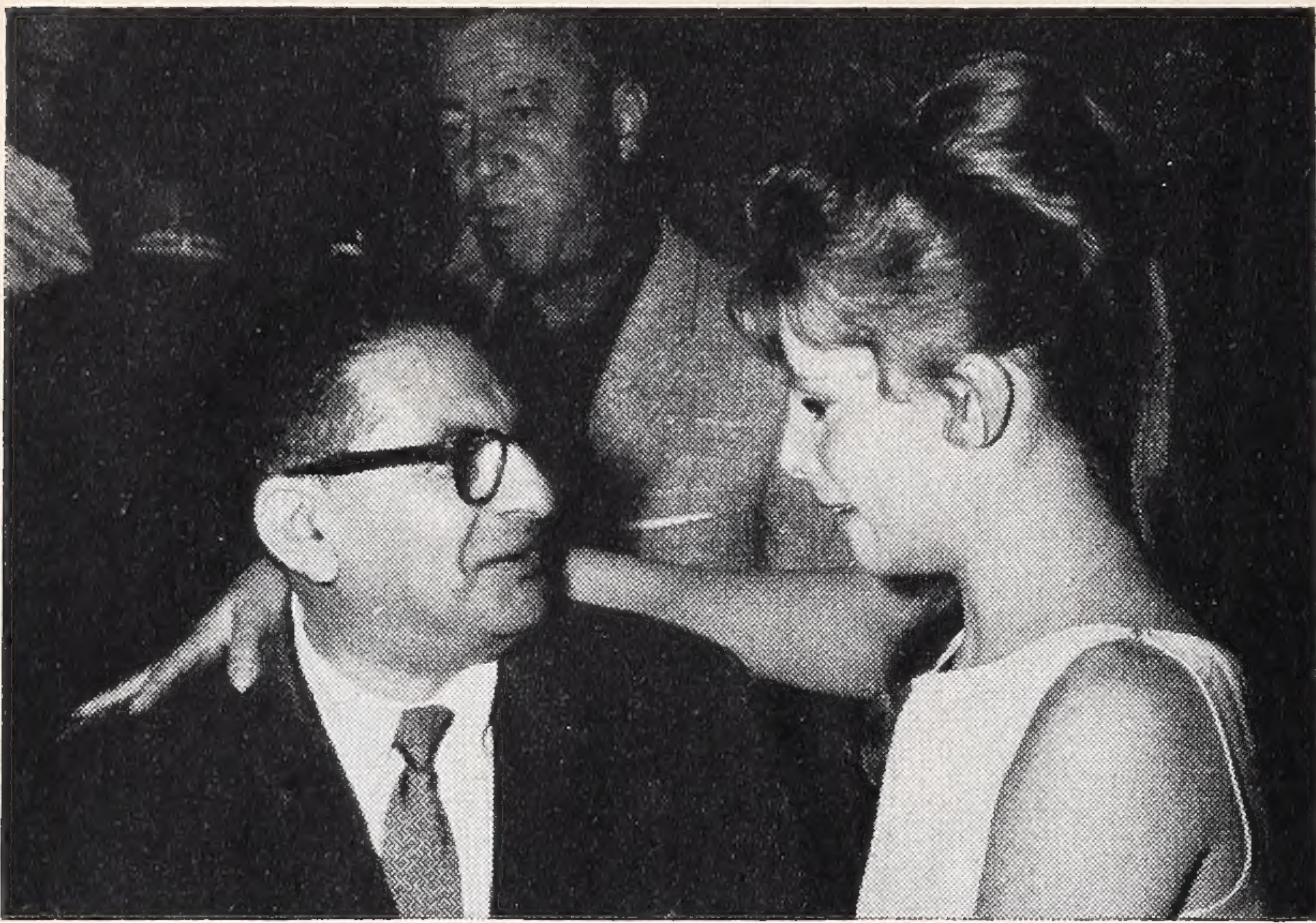


Co-starring **GIG YOUNG • GIA SCALA** • With ELISABETH FRASER • ELIZABETH WILSON • Screen Play by JOSEPH FIELDS

From the Stage Play by Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries • Based On the Novel by Peter De Vries • Presented On the Stage by The Theatre Guild • In CinemaScope • Directed by GENE KELLY • Produced by JOSEPH FIELDS And MARTIN MELCHER

Songs available on Columbia Records

Here I am with that one-gal spectacular—Barrie Chase.



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Frank Sinatra's no straight man, not even for Jerry Lewis.



Sultry Julie London talks to herself. Boy, would I ever love to eavesdrop!

Kim Novak is now keeping a diary! . . . Hollywood hasn't a Times Square. It doesn't dig anything square, man. . . . I avoid seeing movies with such titles as "I Was a Teen-age Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." . . . Ingrid Bergman always looks like a governess to me. . . . It's the same old song and dance with Rick Nelson and Laurie Collins. . . . Jerry Lewis is a sure bet to like a Jerry Lewis movie and TV show. . . . Curt Jurgens admits that he has taken out Zsa Zsa Gabor and likes her. "Going out with Zsa Zsa you don't have to worry about conversation." . . . The most spectacular thing about Fred Astaire's TV spectacles is Barrie Chase. She has a body that never ends. Barrie also plays Tommy Sands' girlfriend in "Mardi Gras." Just thought I'd tip you. . . . Description of Dinah Shore's TV show: She's an airline hostess and all the performers are the passengers. . . . Which Barrymore never won an Oscar? . . . "The only thing I know about The Method," Charles Coburn told me, "is that my motivation is the salary check." . . . Brigitte Bardot uses The Method, too, and hers needs no explanation. . . . Private Elvis Presley said it: "Sergeant, what do you do when you feel too well in the morning."

Sandra Dee sings TV commercials to you while dancing. . . . I'm often confused if it is Bing's or Bob's Cathy who spells it with a "K" or a "C". . . . And just when I was getting adjusted to the Martin and Lewis separation, along came Jerry Lee Lewis and Rowan and Martin. I guess if I forget them all it won't matter. . . . But I mustn't forget to tell you that it was John Barrymore, greatest of the clan, who missed an Oscar. . . . Julie London talks to herself from time to time. And I'd like to get close enough to listen. . . . Sophia Loren used to look as if she was going to explode. . . . I think the applause signs in the TV studios, instructing the audience to applaud a song, dance, or gag, are as dishonest as slipping the contestant the correct answer on a quiz program. . . . France Nuyen's success pleases me. It couldn't have happened to a finer girl. . . . Have patience with John Saxon. Remember Tony Curtis? . . . Edie Adams is quite a girl in my book. Despite Ernie Kovacs' mustache and long cigars, she adores him. . . . I'm informed by Charles Boyer that in France Brigitte Bardot isn't considered a particularly nude actress. That Martine Carol is considered much nuder. . . . Frank Sinatra to starlet: "Your face and your name escapes me, but your manners are familiar."

Gene Tierney has the appearance of a lady without needing the white gloves props. . . . Why is it considered typically American to shout "You're a bum" and worse at a ballplayer—but it's bad manners to hiss an actor? . . . Whenever I see a girl playing the harp, I look to see if she's bow-legged. Mamie Van Doren, who played the harp, is. . . . After Keely Smith married Louis Prima, she cut her black hair into the severe lines so familiar today. "I can't stand for my ears to show," is Keely's explanation. . . . Shelley Winters is outspoken. But not by many, I'll bet.

I'd say Piper Laurie has a passion for acting, working, knowledge, fame and fortune; but no passion for passion. . . . Debra Paget appears taller than she is when she dances. . . . Discussing his television program, Milton Berle told me: "I'm not going to sing, dance or tell jokes. I'm just going to stand there and be a smash like Dick Clark." . . . Jeff Chandler must be worrying. His nice gray hair is beginning to turn brown. . . . Interview: "For this story we got a different angle," said the director. "We're calling it 'Son of Robin Hood.'" "So," asked the interviewer, "who plays the son?" "Well," said the director, "it isn't as simple as that. You see, the son of Robin Hood turns out to be his daughter." That's Hollywood for you.

NO.1
**FUN
BOY
GOES
ORIENTAL!**



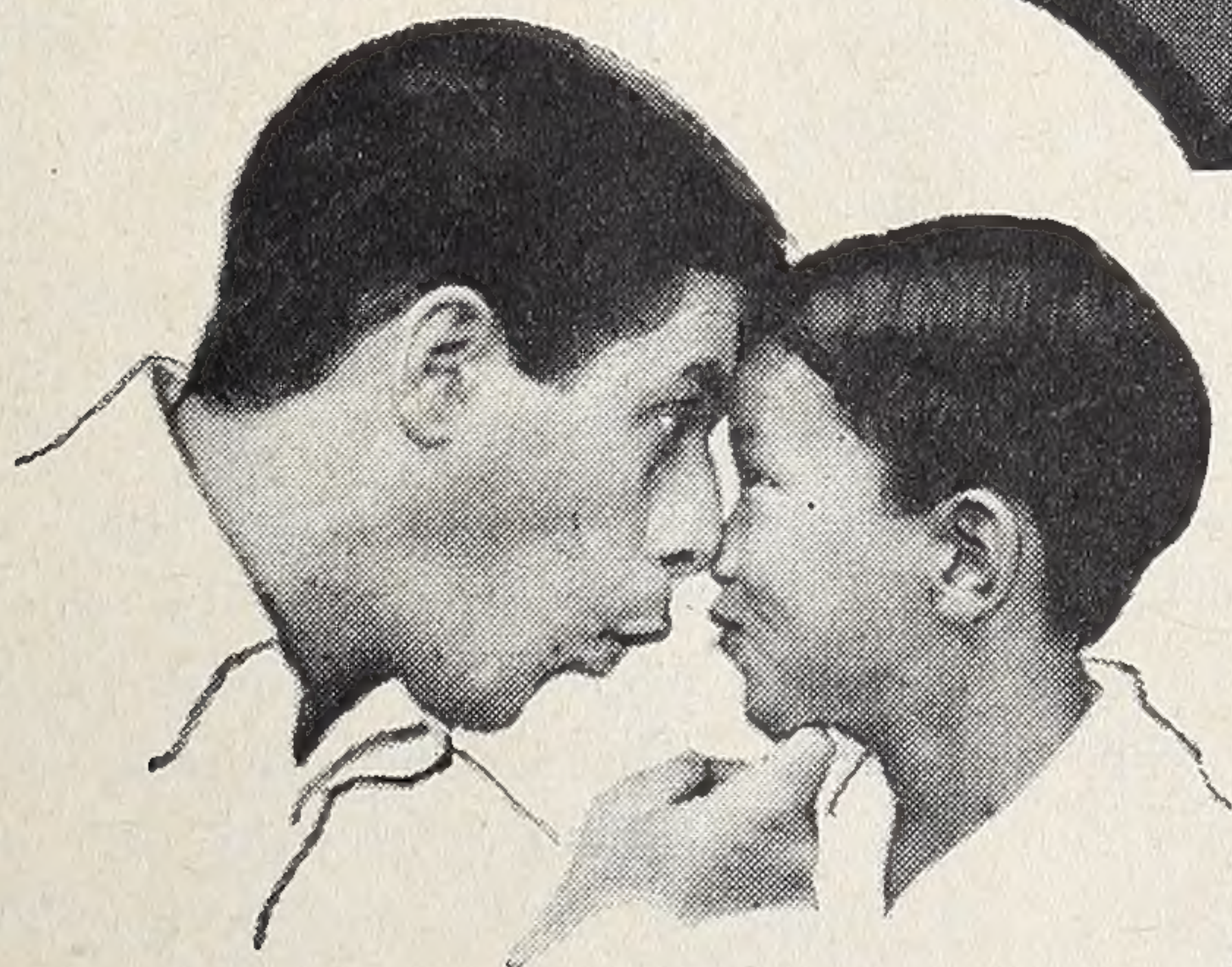
PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

**JERRY
LEWIS**

in

**The
Geisha
Boy**

Jerry
in Japan—
oh, man!
It's his
funniest
ever...
strictly
"sayonara"
to sanity!



TECHNICOLOR®

VISTA/VISION®
ACTION PICTURE HIGH FIDELITY

Co-starring

MARIE McDONALD • SESSUE HAYAKAWA

Produced by JERRY LEWIS • Directed by FRANK TASHLIN • Screen Story and Screenplay by FRANK TASHLIN

Associate Producer ERNEST D. GLUCKSMAN



P

5

Be smart! Be pretty!
Color your Hair

IT'S QUICK! IT'S EASY!



NESTLE COLORINSE

Glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Removes dulling soap film. Quickly rinses in — shampoos out! In 12 exciting shades. 29¢



NESTLE COLORTINT

Intensifies your natural hair shade OR adds thrilling NEW color. Blends-in gray. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye. Lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 beautiful shades. 35¢

Nestle

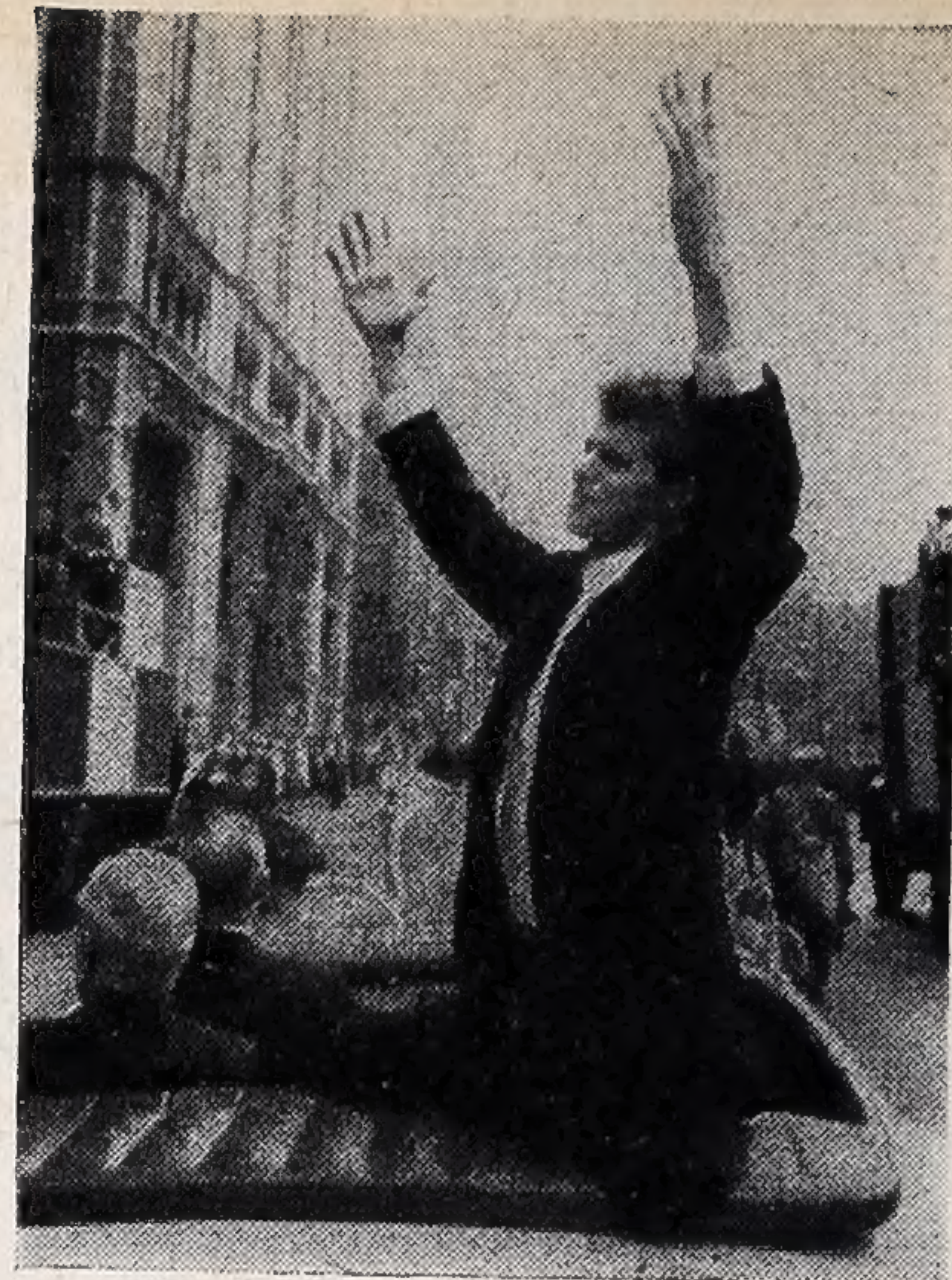
COLORS YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

New York cheered in a ticker-tape parade.
"It isn't happening to me," Van thought.

ON THE

RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS



Van Cliburn's coming your way. And if, between concerts, you find him in your local ice-cream parlor, just remember this—he likes vanilla. Van told me so in a recent interview, but I'd never have met him at all if it hadn't been for a teenager in Minneapolis. She didn't know Van's address and so she wrote to columnist Cedric Adams. *"I've heard Van Cliburn is giving a concert here sometime in February. I'm aware of the price of the tickets . . . But if he'd agree to a popular-priced concert, we'd fill Northrup Auditorium, I assure you. I've talked to dozens of my teenage friends..."*

Cedric Adams printed this letter from Lolita Ehle in his column in the Minneapolis Star. A copy of it was brought to Van Cliburn and he read it in his New York apartment, surrounded by the gifts of other teenagers—the tokens from the Russian youngsters who had called him "Vanyusha." It was so like the many letters he himself had received. Van was planning fifty-five or sixty personal appearances that season, but he knew the prices couldn't be lowered. The orchestras barely supported themselves even on the prices that were keeping the teenagers away.

Then the lanky, bushy-haired pianist had an idea. He wrote to the orchestra societies and to the school boards in the cities where he'd be playing. Could the high school and college students come to his rehearsals, at an admission price of, say, only twenty-five or fifty cents?

I'd heard about Van's plan and I

scooted over to Steinway Hall in New York to find out more about it. When I got there, Van was waving the first letter, from the New Haven orchestra, accepting his open-rehearsal idea. "The Steinway people let me practice here," he explained. "I try for six to eight hours of practicing each day and I like the after-midnight hours best. But I can't practice in my apartment because it faces onto a court—and the neighbors complain."

Van grinned, pulled at his earlobe and went on. "You know, the last thing in the world I want to do is cram the sort of music I play down the throats of the teenagers. But after all, they're my contemporaries, my generation. I'm twenty-three, just a few years older than they are. That's why I'm so very pleased when they seem to be with me, too. Sometimes, they even stop me on the street to talk to me. It gives me the strongest desire to run over here and practice some more.

"I'm so excited about the open-rehearsal idea," he said. "It's almost better than meeting the younger people at a concert. This is the informal, personal way and they'll be sharing the sheer enjoyment of music and seeing how you make music."

Van looked around the high-ceilinged room lined with paintings of the greats of music. "I have a bad habit of tending to procrastinate," he admitted. "And then I'm late for wherever I have to be next. I find myself living for the moment. If something comes up that captivates me, like an audience, I'll stay all night and play for them. (Continued)

Tommy Reynolds produces "Bandstand, U.S.A.," over Mutual Radio, Sat., 8:05 to 10 P.M. EST.

Now the performance and the story that have made this the most discussed motion picture this year!

JEAN SIMMONS

*"IT'S
BEEN A
YEAR
SINCE
YOU'VE
TOUCHED
ME"*

A young girl and the
stunning shock that
marriage brings her.



WARNER BROS.

Home Before Dark



ALSO STARRING

DAN O'HERLIHY · RHONDA FLEMING · EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR. · MERVYN LE ROY

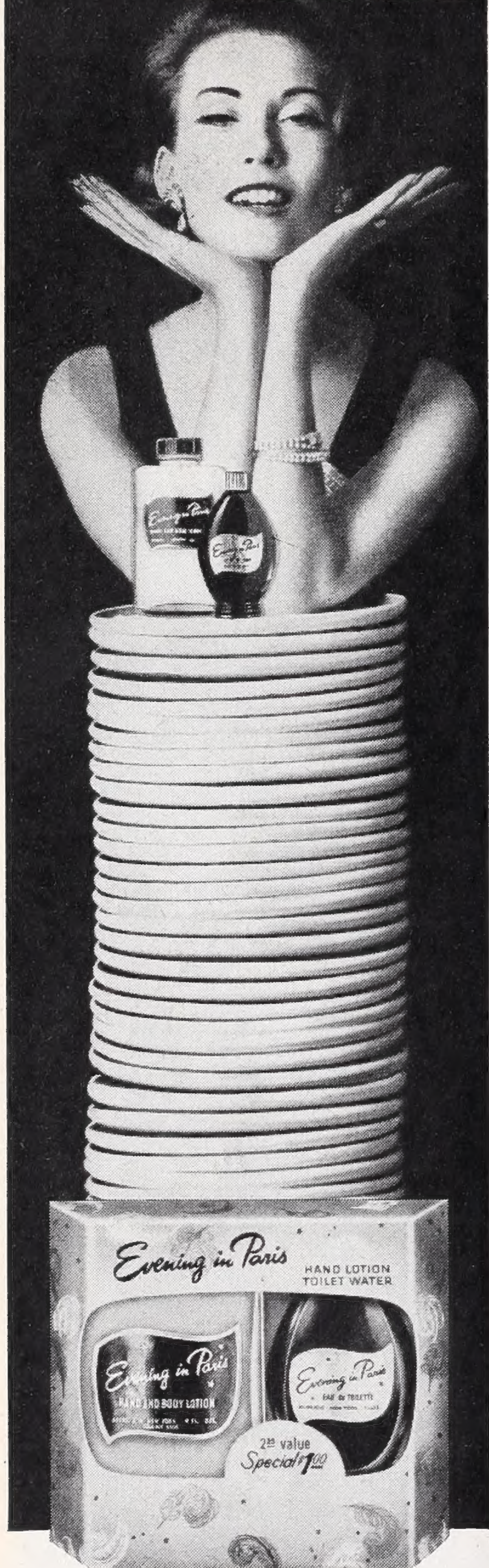
PRODUCTION

Screenplay by
EILEEN and
ROBERT BASSING

Directed by
MERVYN
LE ROY

CHORES GALORE

...HANDS HE ADORES!



Evening in Paris

**HAND & BODY LOTION
AND EAU DE TOILETTE
BOTH FOR \$1.00**

regular 2.25 value

Surround yourself, even to your fingertips, with the fabulous fragrance the French adore. Use this new "waterproofing" lotion *before* and *after* household chores... it makes detergent-damaged hands look so lovely—so fast! Why not treat yourself *today* to this double helping of glamour!

CREATED IN FRANCE BY BOURJOIS. MADE IN U.S.A.

ON THE RECORD

Continued from page 6

I can guess now that, the way it'll work out, I'll probably end up playing a few extra things that aren't in the program at these rehearsals."

He'd been leaning across the grand piano. Now Van straightened up and then he caught me trying to measure with my eyes how tall he really was. "Six-feet-four," he volunteered. "In Russia, Khrushchev said they must have a lot of yeast in Texas, because I was so tall."

Just that week, Van had given \$1,250, which was all of the \$6,250 prize money he'd been allowed to take out of Russia, to New York City, to further their cultural program and help other artists. "After all, it was the United States that sent me over there," he said, "with all the contributions individuals and music groups gave to pay my way. And all the things that have happened to me, the ticker-tape parade and all, they weren't happening to Van Cliburn, but to me as a representative of American music. They were happening to music. I've been terribly lucky."

"People think that, after all that's happened to me, I must be different from other people, even different from what I myself was before. Well, I'm not. You know what I'd like to do most? If I had the time, that is. I'd like to call up some girl and take her out on an ice-cream parlor date. Or maybe to the theater. I love really intense, moody plays. I might even just go walking with her." Van thought a moment. "I like to just walk for hours—I hope she wouldn't get tired."

"If my record," Van continued, "is the first classical one that somebody has ever bought, then it's a first step. What's step number two?" Van echoed my question. He sat down at the piano again and thought a moment before he answered. "Well, we can't be snobbish about anything that anyone likes. From that first step, people can grow. Right now, I'm trying to grow in an awareness of art. This comes through not being ashamed to say what you like and don't like. If you like a two-dollar painting better than a Rembrandt, then don't be afraid to say so. I'll always remember, too, that when I was in school, if a subject was taught just as something to be thrown back at the teacher in a quiz, then I never did too well in it. I always got below eighty. But if it was presented as a part of knowledge that was interesting, I did much better."

Van and I walked out through the long hallway and showrooms of Steinway Hall, past the burnished wood of the pianos and

the busts and original manuscripts of the great composers. There was a hush about the place and our footsteps echoed loudly. I asked about the Russians and Van grinned—after just a few weeks there people now took him as an expert in all things Slavic.

"You can't take people on appearances," he answered. "Take my father—he's a purchasing agent for the Magnolia Petroleum Company. He can look so sorrowful, so doleful, and he gets a big wrinkle right here between the eyes. When I was a young boy, I brought a friend home and he saw Daddy looking like that. The next day at school, he whispered to me, 'Your Daddy doesn't like me.' Well, it wasn't true. It's the same with the Russians. They're outgoing by nature, if you give them the feeling you yourself have nothing to hide. The Russian youngsters don't wear the bright colors our teenagers do. But those sombre uniforms they wear to school shouldn't fool us. As far as that goes, I remember wearing corduroy knickers to school. Nobody wears those any more. But it doesn't mean I had less fun than a kid who wears blue jeans today."

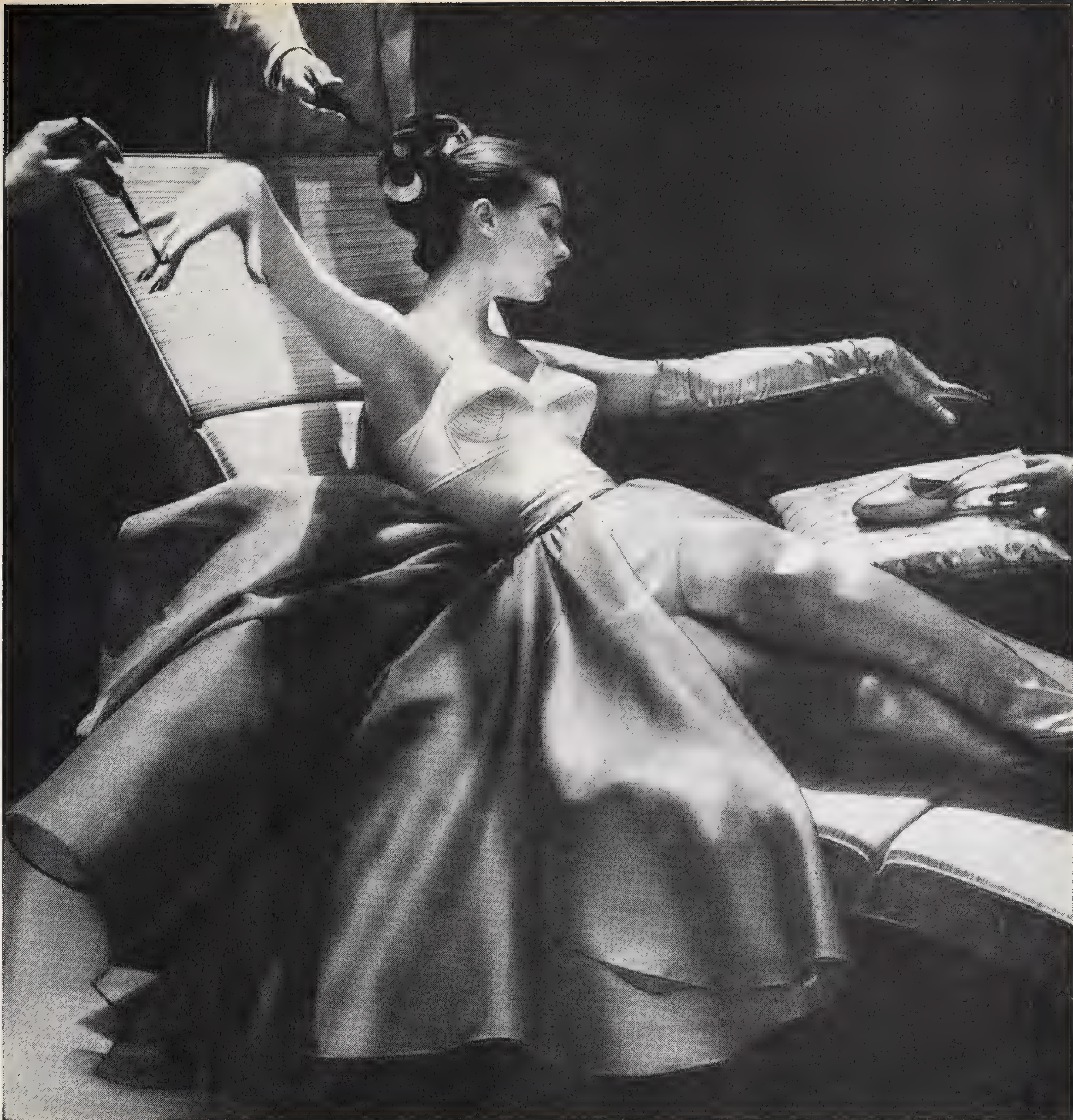
"What I'd like to say is we mustn't criticize people just because they're different. I don't think I can ever forget what my Grandmother once told me, when I'd just been going to school a couple of years. 'Son,' she said, 'when you go visiting Mary or Johnny, you just forget what you have in your own home. Remember, you're in their home, not yours.'"

Let's Preview

"Belafonte Sings the Blues" (RCA Victor LOP-1006)—Harry Belafonte phrases his songs with emotional freshness and a rare understanding on this first basic-blues LP he's done. It deserves a follow-up.

"Basie Plays Hefti" (Roulette R52011, Birdland Series)—The Count Basie Band and arrangements by Neil Hefti are a combination that's hard to beat. This LP proves again why the Basie group has been rated the nation's number-one swing band for many years. This is another great Basic swinger.

"The Fabulous Dorseys in Hi-Fi" (Columbia C2L8)—This double volume, twenty-four songs in all, adds up to a great sound by two of the top contributors to the era of big bands, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. It's a must!



I dreamed I was made over in my *maidenform** bra

Here's the last word in elastic bras! Does more for you than you ever dreamed a bra could do! Curvier cups. Smoother separation. Doubled elastic *all the way around the back*! Let Twice-Over make you over . . . today! A, B, C cup 3.95 — D cup 4.95 (Twice-Over comes in *long-line* and *strapless* styles, too!)

new, new Twice-Over*

Look for this Twice-Over package in fine stores everywhere!

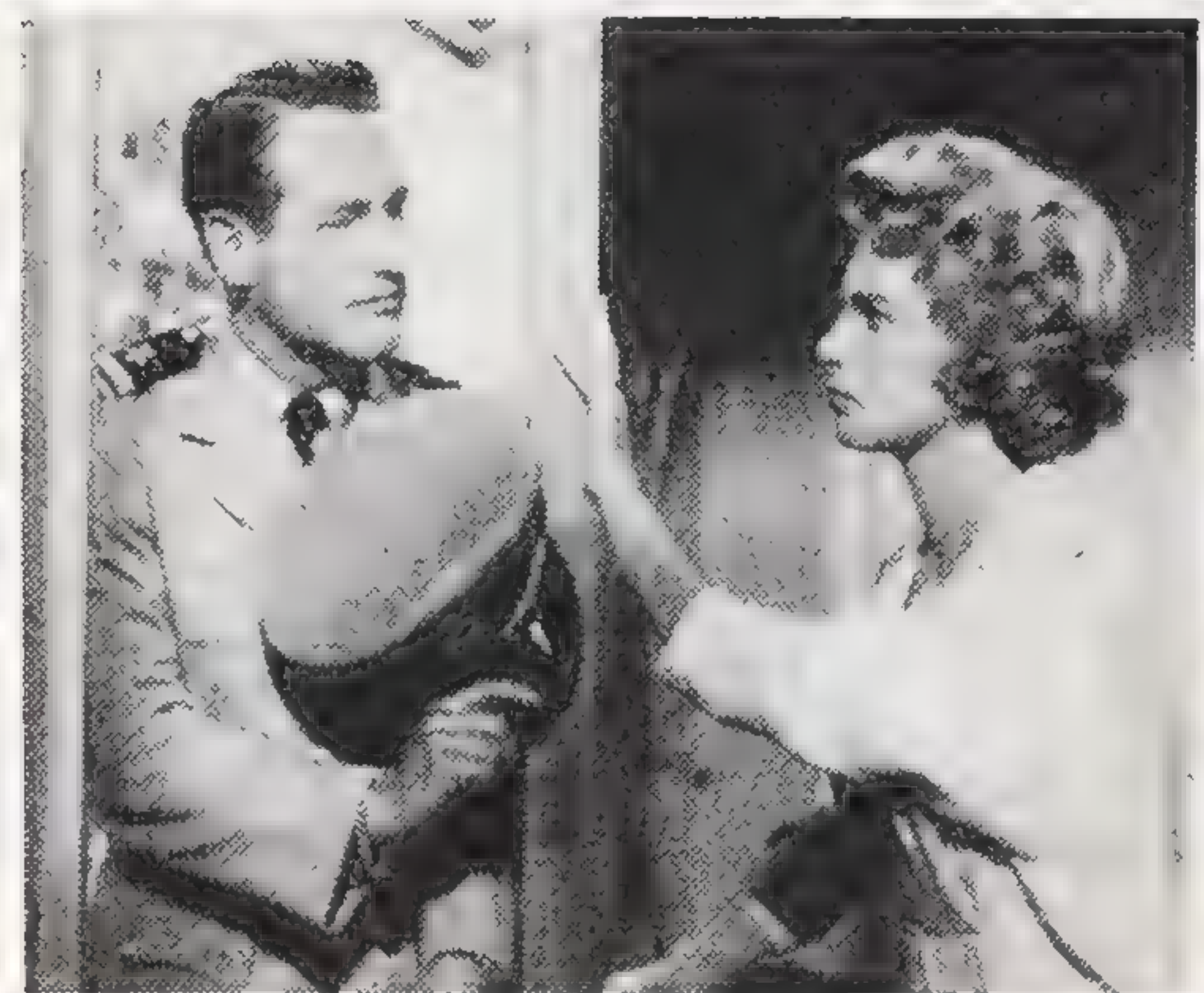


✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
to see the best! Look for
these new pictures
at your favorite theater**



Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys

20TH; CINEMASCOPE,
DELUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Readers still holding their aching sides from an encounter with Max Shulman's best-seller had better be warned—the film version is every bit as funny. No one has ever definitely proved there are bats in Shulman's belfry, but he writes that way and Fox has happily not changed a thing. The place is Putnam's Landing, Long Island, and Harry Bannerman (Paul Newman) is fighting a dual battle—trying to persuade wife Grace (Joanne Woodward) that a woman's place is in the home, and trying to convince the Pentagon's Captain Hoxie (Jack Carson) that Putnam's Landing is no place for a guided missile base. Harry's woes are increased by fire-breathing Angela (Joan Collins)—a sizzling mantrap all set to pursue him to Afghanistan if necessary. On comes the Army, resulting in a pitched battle between the locals and the doughboys for the favors of a local belle named, of all things, Comfort Goodpasture. The hilarious results are ample proof that everyone connected with this gem must have had a high old time making it. Joan Collins provides her siren with a nice comic flair, and as for Paul and Joanne Newman (see picture, top left)—after battling each other in "Long Hot Summer," they've now turned out more of the same, this time for laughs.

FAMILY

Mardi Gras

20TH; CINEMASCOPE,
DELUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Seems French movie queen Michelle Marton (Christine Carere) is the idol of millions, including four eager-beaver Virginia Military Institute cadets—Pat Boone, Gary Crosby, Tommy Sands and Richard Sargent. (Gary, Pat and Tommy are pictured, below left.) Taking due note of the fact that Michelle is to be New Orleans Mardi Gras Queen, our boys hatch a scheme to raffle her off as a date for the graduation prom. And off they go to New Orleans to get her. But, easier said than done. Along the way there are any number of plot complications, lovers' spats and some amusing confusion involving Michelle's standin, Sheree North, and publicity man Fred Clark. Location photography both in New Orleans and at VMI is colorful, and the music is bright and gay. Pat Boone's third outing as the all-American Boy is his best to date, and Crosby's way with a wisecrack promises well for his film future. Pert Sheree North should by now be on the verge of something big.

FAMILY

The Tunnel of Love

M-G-M

✓✓✓ "The Tunnel of Love" admittedly revolves around one question: Will Doris Day and Richard Widmark get a baby? More to the point—how? Weary of waiting, the Pooles (Doris and Dick) decide to adopt an infant. Add a sexy adoption agent (Gia Scala), two screwball neighbors (Gig Young and Elisabeth Fraser) plus assorted complications—and there you have it. With such basically meager material, director Gene Kelly has done wonders. Every situation is carefully contrived, every laugh milked bone dry, most expertly by Young and Miss Fraser, champion milkers from way back. Widmark joyously throws himself into this bit of switch-casting. Doris Day skillfully rounds out the quartet of funmakers. Gia Scala is somewhat stiff, particularly in the face, but she appears only briefly. Better send the kiddies elsewhere, though. The entire film is convincing proof that babies come neither from storks nor cabbages, and the opening scenes contain the kind of dialogue that used to send Mae West to the workhouse.

ADULT

In Love and War

20TH; CINEMASCOPE,
DELUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Three marines—at home and at the front—are here given an extensive, generally interesting examination. Frankie (Robert Wagner) is just a big boy dying to learn what makes his big girl (Sheree North) tick. Nico (Jeffrey Hunter) has already learned and is marrying his girl (Hope Lange) just in time. Alan (Bradford Dillman) is disgusted by his loose-living fiancée (Dana Wynter), prefers the company of modest, unspoiled France Nuyen. Watching these characters thrash out their problems makes entertaining viewing but, more importantly, allows several members of Fox's "young stock company" to trot out their stuff. Wagner plays a smart aleck as well (*Continued*)

BEWARE! the shiny film your cleanser leaves
contains dirt...invites clogged pores...and blackheads!



Use the cleansing lotion that deep cleans...then rinses off completely!

NEW *facial bath* by MAX FACTOR

That greasy film your facial cleanser leaves on your face after
tissuing off invites trouble! It contains dirt and make-up... collects
more grime... breeds bacteria!

Facial Bath by Max Factor deep cleanses your pores...then rinses
off completely with water—leaves no greasy after-film! Your skin
is clean...clean...tingling clean! Refreshed and young looking!
Facial Bath is enriched with precious moisturizers to soften your skin!



Large size 69¢
Economy size \$1
(plus tax)



Use only FACIAL BATH...it deep cleans...softens...moisturizes...all at once...instantly!

DAINTINESS

yours...with "Lysol"!



Just as lotions and creams protect your beauty, "Lysol" protects your daintiness!

Regular douching with "Lysol" brand disinfectant keeps you from offending. Stops embarrassing odor at its very *source*, by killing odor-causing germs!

New, mild "Lysol" won't harm your delicate insides. Cleans you thoroughly. Leaves you sweet and fresh. Try it.

Discover new daintiness. Be sure. Use "Lysol." Look for "Lysol" in the new safety-grip bottle. Use it regularly.

To find out how to douche the way *doctors* think best, send for *free* booklet (mailed in plain envelope). Write to: "Lysol," Bloomfield, N.J., Dept. P-1258.



Lysol

BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product

Also available in Canada

MOVIES *continued*

as ever, but Hunter, an inexpressive type, could borrow some of Dillman's excess intensity, and both would profit greatly. Hope Lange is, as always, radiantly sincere, and Sheree North adds another to a whole string of excellent performances. The most remarkable thing about the film, however, is Dana Wynter. Rushed to stardom too soon, Miss Wynter has steadily improved, here scores a direct bullseye as a girl who broke all the rules and sadly realizes it's too late to put them back together again.

ADULT

Premier May

CONTINENTAL

✓✓ You might infer that politics was the dominant theme here, but the title is merely French for May First—in Europe, the traditional worker's holiday when everyone can stay home and relax. On this particular May Day in Paris, nobody gets any rest. First there is Therese (Bernadette Lange), who has decided to have her second baby, due today, at home—no more hospitals for her! Accordingly, she bundles husband Jean (Yves Montand) and son Francois (Yves Noel) off to a soccer game. Jean gets sidetracked into a gambling casino and is winning a fat fistful when the vice squad bursts in. Therese's young sister Annie (Nicole Berger) is at the fair grounds trying to get boyfriend Gilbert (Walter Chiari) to propose. And back home, the midwife has run into serious trouble with Therese. The only one free to bring order out of this chaos is eight-year-old Francois—and he does just that in a series of scenes that are pure delight. All the players work in the lighthearted spirit of this romp, but the chief asset is Yves Noel—clearly the cutest, most competent child actor to come down the pike since Butch Jenkins. In French; English subtitles.

FAMILY

Tom Thumb

M-G-M; WIDE SCREEN, COLOR

✓✓ Russ Tamblyn's dancing skill and lively personality have an effective frame in this gentle musical phantasy from England. Clever sets create the illusion that Russ as *Tom* is only a couple of inches tall. Thanks to June Thorburn, golden-haired Queen of the Forest, Russ is joyfully adopted by a childless couple (Bernard Miles and Jesse Matthews). Tiny as he may be, he had the adventurous spirit of a teenager, and two rascally robbers get him into a man-sized jam. His pal, Alan Young, a slaphappy musician, offers some pretty inefficient help. With song and dance numbers that are full of fun, this should be a treat for the youngsters—if the bloodthirsty little darlings don't demand gunplay in all their entertainment.

FAMILY

The Barbarian and the Geisha

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

✓✓ In 1854, Commodore Perry and the American Navy sailed into Tokyo Bay,

opened a new era for the previously "Forbidden Empire of Japan." Two years later Townsend Harris, first American Consul, was struggling amid a series of privations, provocative incidents and open insults. To film this story, director John Huston took his cast and crew to Japan, and visually the film is a knockout. There are colorful parades and pageants, Buddhist ceremonials, a village in flames, stunning court sequences and dazzling hues in both scenery and costumes. This is fortunate since Huston never brings the film into tight dramatic focus. John Wayne, as Harris, plows through in usual stolid fashion, and the rest of the acting is strictly unremarkable, save for some intense bravura by So Yamamura, the samurai secretly sworn to destroy the Yankee diplomat. As a spectacle, "Barbarian" is frequently thrilling; as history, it's interesting if not fascinating; but as drama, it's a pretty well-watered cup of tea.

FAMILY

Man of the West

U. A.; CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

✓✓ After smooching with Audrey Hepburn in Paris ("Love In The Afternoon") and Suzy Parker in New York ("Ten North Frederick"), Gary Cooper is back to his first loves—a horse and the wide-open spaces. In this one, he's a reformed gunslinger out to hire a teacher for his children. During a train robbery, he's taken by the bandits and brought face to face with Lee J. Cobb, his murderous uncle with whom he broke twenty years before to go straight. And so the duel begins—will Cooper get free or will Cobb entice him back to the old ways? Also in custody are dance-hall queen Julie London and gambler Arthur O'Connell. Between keeping the gang's collective paws off Julie and trying to make a break for it, Gary has his hands full. It's nothing you haven't seen before, but it's given crisp direction by old oater hand Anthony Mann.

FAMILY

Onionhead

WARNERS

✓✓ Andy "No Time for Sergeants" Griffith is still bumbling his way through life—but, this time, the Coast Guard is on the receiving end. A washout with girl friend Erin O'Brien, Andy joins the Maritime Service, soon finds himself assigned to a ship in Boston harbor as a cook, a post about which, typically, he knows nothing. But lo and behold! out comes a meal fit for the Waldorf. This is only the beginning of a curious combination of featherweight farce and serious dramatics that features flashy Felicia Farr, an exec officer who chisels from the commissary (Ray Danton), a head cook (Walter Matthau) who drinks most of his meals, and some final-hour heroics with a U-boat. Though it occasionally gives the effect of having been put together with tissue paper, "Onionhead" has its fair share of laughs. Griffith is an accomplished clown, and the supporting cast is generally first-rate.

FAMILY

WAVES AND CURLS CAN NOW BE SHAMPOOED INTO YOUR HAIR!

THIS NEW PROTEIN WAVING SHAMPOO



CONDITIONS AND CURLS WHILE IT CLEANS!

LONG LASTING! GUARANTEES 'NATURAL' WAVES

FROM SHAMPOO TO SHAMPOO! NO MORE

PERMANENTS! NO MORE NIGHTLY PIN-UPS!

it's **wash 'n curl**

TRADEMARK

by *Lanolin
Plus*

The wonders of Wash 'n Curl

Exclusive formula contains *proteins* (so necessary to life itself) plus miraculous *lanolin*! Proteins beautify and benefit hair, add "body," softness and sheen while protecting natural oils during shampoo. New conditioning agent stems from the very heart of water-soluble lanolin.

WAVES AND CURLS! Wash hair as with any ordinary shampoo. Let lather remain 5 minutes, then rinse and set. Guaranteed for all ages, all hair types. Dry, oily, normal, bleached, dyed, damaged, permanent-waved—even children's fine, unruly hair—or your money back!

Imagine YOU actually waving and curling your hair as you wash it! Whirls of wished-for curls! Wonderfully obedient, silken-soft waves that last and last, thanks to Wash 'n Curl, the exciting new kind of shampoo!

From now on, no more fussing with extra lotions, neutralizers, end papers or hair spray sets. Forget about expensive permanents and bothersome nightly pin-ups. All you do is shampoo with Wash 'n Curl!

You see, Wash 'n Curl has a special way with hair. This golden liquid is an exclusive blend of precious, health-giving proteins and heart-of-lanolin that gently conditions, curls and cleans at the same time! It's the first perfect all-in-one shampoo! Try new Wash 'n Curl today. You'll see.

**If you want beautiful curls and waves
tomorrow...shampoo your hair today with**

wash 'n curl

WAVING SHAMPOO TRADEMARK

Another beauty 'plus' by LANOLIN PLUS, INCORPORATED



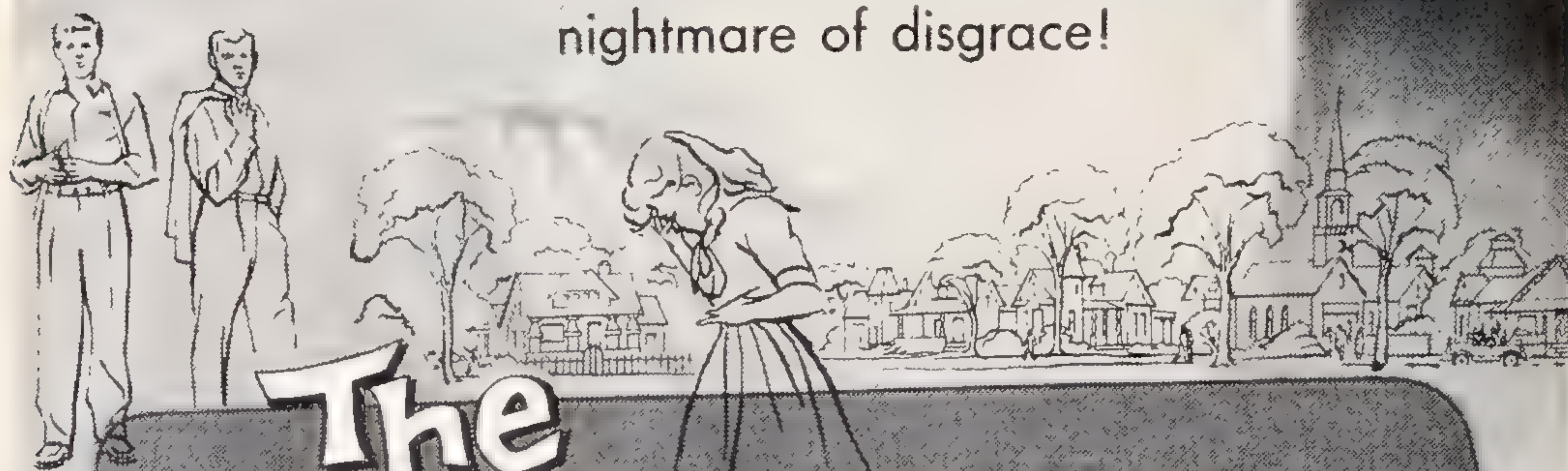
\$1.50
+ TAX

On sale
at
cosmetic
counters
everywhere

(Also available in Canada)

**WHEN A GIRL
FIRST FEELS A WOMAN'S NEED...
WHEN A BOY
FIRST FACES A MAN'S DESIRE...**

...when one
groping kiss can turn
puppy love into adult emotion
and a town's "dirty" mind
can turn it into a
nightmare of disgrace!



The RESTLESS YEARS

CINEMASCOPE

Starring JOHN SAXON · SANDRA DEE

Co-starring

LUANA PATTEN · MARGARET LINDSAY · VIRGINIA GREY

with **JODY MCCREA · ALAN BAXTER** and

TERESA WRIGHT · JAMES WHITMORE

as "Elizabeth Grant"

as "Ed Henderson"

Directed by **HELMUT KAUTNER** · Screenplay by **EDWARD ANHALT**

Produced by **ROSS HUNTER** · A Universal-International Picture



CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA, THE—20th. Directed by John Huston: *Townsend Harris*, John Wayne; *Okichi*, Eiko Ando; *Henry Heusken*, Sam Jaffe; *Tamura*, So Yamamura; *Ship Captain*, Norman Thomson; *Lt. Fisher*, James Robbins; *Prime Minister*, Morita; *Daimyo*, Kodaya Ichikawa; *Shogun*, Hiroshi Yamato; *Harusha*, Tokujiro Iketaniuchi; *Lord Hotta*, Fuji Kashi; *Chamberlain*, Tekeshi Kumagai.

IN LOVE AND WAR—20th. Directed by Philip Dunne. *Frankie O'Neill*, Robert Wagner; *Sue Trumbell*, Dana Wynter; *Nico Kantaylis*, Jeffery Hunter; *Andrea Lenaine*, Hope Lange; *Alan Newcombe*, Bradford Dillman; *Lorraine*, Sheree North; *Kalai Ducanne*, France Nuyen; *Dr. Everett Styles*, Sebastian Cabot; *Danny Krieger*, Mort Sahl; *Babe Ricarno*, Steven Gant; *Sidney Lenaine*, James Bell; *Terrence*, Frank Murphy; *Grace Scanlon*, Mary Patton; *Charlie Scanlon*, Murvyn Vye; *Allie O'Neill*, Veronica Cartwright; *Bobby O'Neill*, Brian Corcoran.

MAN OF THE WEST—U.A. Directed by Anthony Mann. *Link Jones*, Gary Cooper; *Billie Ellis*, Julie London; *Dock Tobin*, Lee J. Cobb; *Sam Beasley*, Arthur O'Connell; *Coaley*, Jack Lord; *Claude*, John Dehner; *Trout*, Royal Dano; *Ponch*, Robert Wilke; *Alcutt*, Jack Williams; *Conductor*, Guy Wilkerson; *Rifleman*, Chuck Roberson; *Marshal*, Frank Ferguson; *Gribble*, Emory Parnell; *Mexican Woman*, Tina Menard; *Mexican Man*, Joe Dominquez.

MARDI GRAS—20th. Directed by Edmund Goulding. *Paul Newell*, Pat Boone; *Tony Collins*, Gary Crosby; *Barry Denton*, Tommy Sands; *Dick Saglon*, Richard Sargent; *Michelle Marton*, Christine Carere; *Eadie West*, Sheree North; *Hal Curtis*, Fred Clark; *Torchy Larue*, Barrie Chase.

NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A—Rank. Directed by Roy Baker. *Lightoller*, Kenneth More; *Mr. Clarke*, Ronald Allen; *Peuchen*, Robert Ayres; *Mrs. Lucas*, Honor Blackman; *Captain Rostron*, Anthony Bushell; *Murphy*, John Cairney; *Mrs. Clarke*, Jill Dixon; *Mrs. Lightoller*, Jane Downs; *Col. Gracie*, James Dyrenforth; *Andrew*, Michael Good Liffe; *Phillips*, Kenneth Griffith; *Lady Richard*, Harriette Johns; *Chairman*, Frank Lawton; *Murdoch*, Richard Leech.

ONIONHEAD—Warners. Directed by Norman Taurog. *Al Woods*, Andy Griffith; *Stella*, Felicia Farr; *"Red" Wildoe*, Walter Matthau; *Jo Hill*, Erin O'Brien; *"Doc" O'Neal*, Joe Mantell; *Ensign Higgins*, Ray Danton; *"The Skipper"*, James Gregory; *Gutsell*, Joey Bishop; *"Windy Woods"*, Roscoe Karns; *Poznicki*, Claude Akins; *Chief Miller*, Ainslie Pryor; *Yoeman Kaffham*, Sean Garrison.

PREMIER MAY—Continental. Directed by Luis Saslavsky. *Jean*, Yves Montand; *Francois*, Yves Noel; *Annie*, Nicole Berger; *Therese*, Bernadette Lange; *Mme. Chapois*, Gabrielle Fontan; *Gilbert*, Walter Chiari; *Truck Driver*, Aldo Fabrizi; *Bousquet*, Georges Chamard; *Mme. Tartet*, Georgette Anys; *Blanchot*, Maurice Biraud; *Red*, Robert Pizani; *Saint Bertain*, Paul Demange.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS—20th. Directed by Leo McCarey. *Harry Bannerman*, Paul Newman; *Grace Bannerman*, Joanne Woodward; *Angela Hoffa*, Joan Collins; *Captain Hoxie*, Jack Carson; *Oscar Hoffa*, Mervyn Vye; *Peter Bannerman*, Stanley Livingston; *Danny Bannerman*, Ralph Osborne; *Colonel Thorwald*, Gale Gordon; *Grady Medcalf*, Dwayne Hickman; *Comfort Goodpasture*, Tuesday Weld; *Isaac Goodpasture*, O. Z. Whitehead; *Opie Dalrymple*, Tom Gilson.

SEPARATE TABLES—U.A. Directed by Delbert Mann. *Ann Shankland*, Rita Hayworth; *Sibyl Railton-Bell*, Deborah Kerr; *Major Pollock*, David Niven; *Miss Cooper*, Wendy Hiller; *John Malcolm*, Burt Lancaster; *Mrs. Railton-Bell*, Gladys Cooper; *Lady Matheson*, Cathleen Nesbitt; *Mr. Fowler*, Felix Aylmer; *Charles*, Rod Taylor; *Jean*, Audrey Dalton; *Miss Meacham*, May Hallatt; *Doreen*, Priscilla Morgan; *Mabel*, Hilda Plowright.

TOM THUMB—M-G-M. Directed by George Pal. *Tom Thumb*, Russ Tamblyn; *Woody*, Alan Young; *Ivan*, Terry-Thomas; *Tony*, Peter Sellers; *Queen of the Forest*, June Thorburn; *Tom's father*, Bernard Miles; *Tom's mother*, Jesse Matthews; *the shoemaker*, Ian Wallace; *Kapellmeister*, Peter Butterworth.

TUNNEL OF LOVE, THE—MGM. Directed by Gene Kelly. *Isolde Poole*, Doris Day; *Audie Poole*, Richard Widmark; *Dick Pepper*, Gig Young; *Estelle Novick*, Gia Scala; *Alice Pepper*, Elisabeth Fraser; *Miss MacCracken*, Elizabeth Wilson.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ **BIG COUNTRY, THE**—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: The greatest parlor trick, western-wise, since "Shane," as director William Wyler takes a very old story, adds Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Carroll Baker, Charlton Heston, Burl Ives, Chuck Connors, acres of breathtaking scenery, technicolor—and emerges with a highly entertaining film. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ **CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF**—M-G-M; Metrocolor: Tennessee Williams' explosive tale of a squabbling Southern family makes an absorbing session as Elizabeth Taylor takes her final step to full film maturity, with an invaluable assist from Paul Newman. (A) October

✓✓✓ **CASE OF DR. LAURENT, THE**—Trans-Lux: The case for natural childbirth—stated simply, movingly and in exceptional good taste. Jean Gabin, Nicole Courcel. English language dubbed in. (A) November

✓✓✓✓ **DEFIANT ONES, THE**—U.A.: Tense and compelling saga of white and negro escaped convicts, shackled together, who grow from mutual hatred to respect and admiration for each other. Fine acting by Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ **HOUSEBOAT**—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, three children and some friendly termites set up housekeeping on the Potomac in the year's most charmingly unlikely story. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ **MATCHMAKER, THE**—Paramount; VistaVision: Aply aided by Tony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine, Shirley Booth takes expert aim on another Oscar in the year's funniest film: a fast and furious game of romantic musical chairs. (F) September

✓✓✓ **ME AND THE COLONEL**—Columbia: In the France of 1940, Danny Kaye and Curt Jurgens play an offbeat but entertaining game of hide-and-seek with the Nazis—and with each other. Nicole Maurey and Akim Tamiroff lend sturdy support. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ **OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE**—Warners; Warnercolor: Amid scenes of magnificent pictorial splendor, Spencer Tracy gives a powerfully low-keyed one man show in the year's most unusual film experience. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ **STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, A**—Feldman-20th: Return of the classic battle of Stanley Kowalski vs. Blanche du Bois. By turns humorous, harrowing, grimly moving and tragic. For Brando, stardom; for Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden—Oscars; for the moviegoer, an unforgettable, screen experience. (A) 1951

✓✓✓✓ **VIKINGS, THE**—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: Glory and gore in days of yore—expertly brewed, ably dispensed by Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine, Janet Leigh, cast of thousands. (F) August

✓✓ **WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES**—Warners; Technicolor: Inept item about marauding feather hunters in turn-of-the-century Florida—proving that fine feathers make fine birds but not necessarily fine films. The color photography, however, is first class. With Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer, Gypsy Rose Lee. (F) November

...and it all began with Skippies by

Formfit



America's most successful slimmers in
3 styles 3 lengths 3 wonderful choices

Tall, small or medium—there's a light, free-feeling Skippies girdle perfectly proportioned for you. This personalized fit compliments your figure with comfort. You're smartly slimmed, shaped and smoothed with just a tender touch of elastics. With Skippies by Formfit, yours is a fashion figure.

SHORT—Skippies Girdle 938 (matching pantie 838) Elastic net, satin elastic front and back panels. White. S.M.L. \$5.95

REGULAR — Skippies Girdle 943 (matching pantie 843) Nylon elastic, satin elastic front and back panels. White, black. S.M.L.XL. \$7.50, \$7.95

TALL—Skippies Girdle 964 (matching pantie 864) Nylon elastic net, satin elastic front and back panels. White. S.M.L.XL. \$10.00

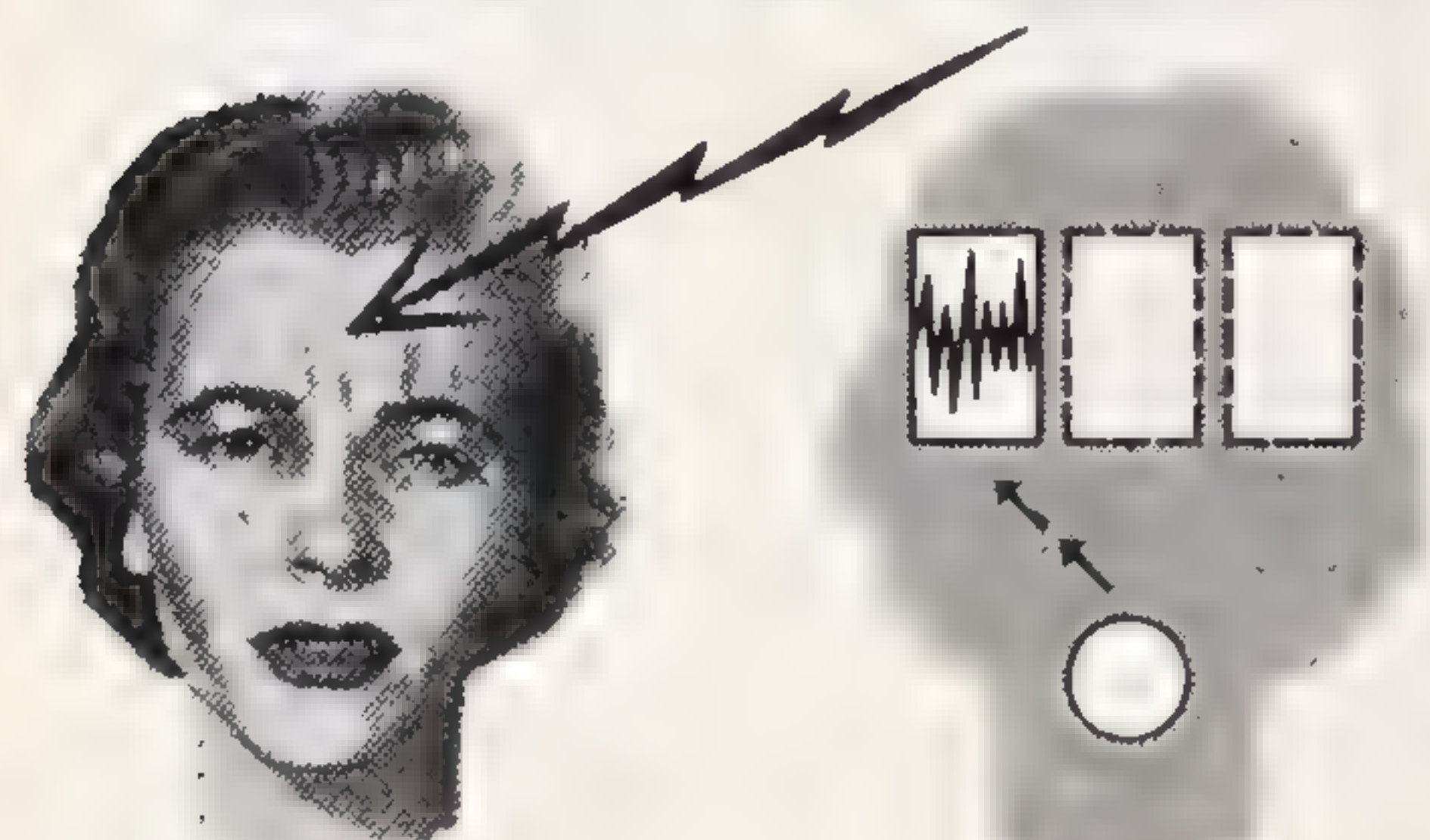
Shown with New "Romance" Bra 562 in white cotton broadcloth. Sizes 32A to 40C. \$2.50

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

WHAT DO DOCTORS DO to relieve **TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?**

3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients
of ANACIN® for headache pain.

**BETTER THAN ASPIRIN...
EVEN WITH BUFFERING ADDED**

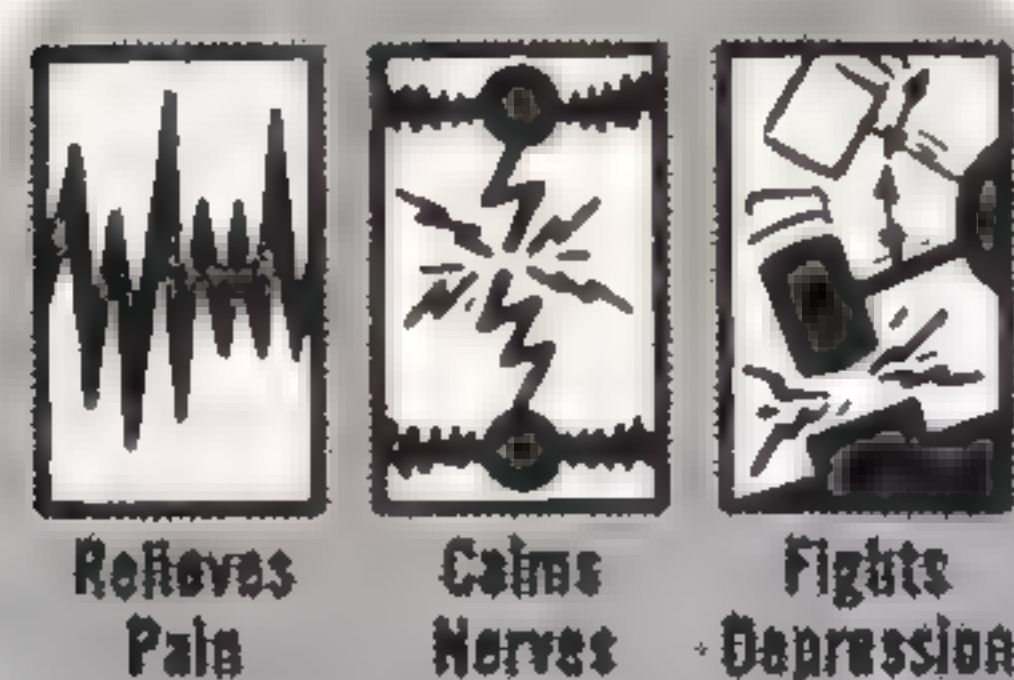


When pain
strikes...

Doctors know aspirin has
only one pain reliever...



Add buffering and you
still have only one



ANACIN
ACTS ALL
3 WAYS

**ANACIN relieves pain,
calms nerves, fights depression.**

Anacin gives you more complete relief than aspirin, even with buffering added. Here's why. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin (1) promptly relieves pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves—leaves you relaxed. (3) Fights depression. And Anacin Tablets are *safe*, do not upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today!

FOR FAST FAST FAST RELIEF



Presley Pin-Up

This is to let you know how much we liked the fine cover picture of our top star Pvt. Elvis on the October Photoplay. Thanks a million; it's a beautiful pin-up.
BETTY AND CAROL ANN MYERS
Miami, Fla.

Teenage "Trouble-SpotTERS"

It is the feeling of myself and many of my girlfriends that perhaps the motion picture studios should employ teenagers as "trouble-spotters." Here are a few examples of some mistakes which have slipped through the cutting-room critic's usually watchful eyes:

1. In "Peyton Place" king-size Cokes and Ivy League shoes were displayed. However, they did not actually come into use until 1957. I believe the movie was set in 1942 or 1943.
2. In "Paris Holiday," in the scene in the lobby of the Bernais Asylum, the Greek statues on the desk were changed in the middle of a scene.
3. In "Fort Bowie," during a scene of hand-to-hand combat between the Indians and the Cavalry, one Indian wore a very modern T-shirt.

BERNICE DEAL
Roseville, Calif.

A Treasure

Two of the darlinest people on TV are Jim Arness and Amanda Blake. Your September Photoplay fulfilled a long-felt wish of mine—a full-page picture of them together as *Matt and Kitty*. Its being in color was more than I could have hoped for. It was just like picking up an issue from the old days when actors and actresses were pictured together in the roles they were playing. Please do continue this and, again, thanks for the picture. I shall treasure it for years and years.

SHARON BURSLEY
Charlotte, Mich.

Mush?

I'm awfully tired of reading those silly letters written to Rick and Elvis from their fans. I'm a fan of both Rick and Elvis but not crazy enough to write a bunch of mush to someone I only know through his records or pictures. What's the matter with just writing them a nice friendly letter to let them know we're behind them—rather than moon over them day and night.

M.K.H.
Mannheim, Germany

Dedicated to Doris

Here is a poem I've written about my favorite actress, Doris Day:
... A pretty face with deep blue eyes

On her golden head the sunshine lies.
A smiling face, a winning grin,
Plus sparkling charm and heart within.
Doris sure has earned her fame,
To be like Dodo is my aim!

RITA BURDICK
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Oscar Time's Acoming

March and Academy Award time may be a long time off but here are my Oscar nominations for all they are worth:

- Best Actor—Montgomery Clift in "Young Lions"
- Best Actress—Kim Stanley in "The Goddess"
- Best Supporting Actor—Trevor Howard in "The Key"
- Best Supporting Actress—Claire Trevor in "Marjorie Morningstar"
- Best Direction—Carol Reed for "The Key"
- Best Song—"A Certain Smile" from the picture, "A Certain Smile"
- Best Picture—"Young Lions"

It would be interesting to see what ideas Photoplay's readers have concerning the above categories.

THE BLACK KNIGHT
Victoria, Tex.

What's With Sal?

Could you tell me what's been happening to my favorite, Sal Mineo? Is he making any new movies? Please tell me the latest on one of the finest young actors in Hollywood!

JOYCE ROCKLAND
Portland, Wash.



Surprise! It's Sal Mineo in a new role that really proves he's versatile.

What with squiring some of Hollywood's loveliest about town and completing his new picture, "Tonka," Sal's been a busy young man recently. The story of a horse who helps bring friendship between the Army and the fierce Sioux Indians during pioneer days, "Tonka" is quite a change of pace for Sal, who is cast as a young Indian brave. We think you'll agree that his performance helps prove your contention that he's one of the finest young actors around.—ED.

continued



Is it
true...
blondes
have more
fun?

One sure way to find out is to be a blonde... a beautiful, silky-haired Lady Clairol blonde! You'll love the life in it... the sheer bloneness of it! The soft touch and tone of it. It's all there for you in Lady Clairol, the fabulous new whipped creme conditioning hair lightener. So if your hair is humdrum brown

or dullish blonde, don't waste your days wishing, dreaming! Do something! Today! Make it silky, irresistible blonde in *minutes* with Lady Clairol! Such a happy way to brighten your locks, your looks, your whole life! Try Lady Clairol—Whipped Creme or new Instant Whip*.



Your hairdresser will tell you
a blonde's best friend is

Lady Clairol®

Whipped Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. ©1958 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn.

Lanolin Plus creates a new kind
of complexion finish!



Complexion Control

Liquid Make-up with Sunshine Vitamin D plus Vitamin A... gives skin sheer luminous beauty, even in the glare of the noonday sun!

Puts other make-ups in the shade! Only new Complexion Control Liquid Make-up gives your skin precious vitamins A and D *plus* the moisturizing miracle of its Lanolin Plus Liquid ingredient.

Complexion Control is so good for your skin, you can leave it on indefinitely without the inevitable drying, coarsening effects of ordinary make-up. Smooths and softens, every minute. Goes on evenly. Never streaks, fades, or changes color. Gives you the moist look that's the young look. Comes in six flattering complexion tones. Get *yours* today! \$1 *plus tax* wherever cosmetics are sold. (Also available in Canada)

COMPLEXION CONTROL Liquid Make-up by LANOLIN PLUS, INCORPORATED



continued

Debbie, Eddie and Liz

Elizabeth Taylor, we're disappointed in you. We were all out front cheering for you after Mr. Todd died and you went back to work and started to live again. We were glad when you started to date, too, but very shocked when we learned you were going out with Eddie Fisher. It isn't my place to say if you broke up Eddie's marriage or not. If so, I'm sure you didn't do it on purpose but you lost some of your fans in the shuffle and it wasn't your place to say Eddie didn't love Debbie.

JANET
Tucson, Ariz.



"Disappointed in Liz," a fan says.
"Don't blame her," writes another.

Dear Debbie:

... I only hope you follow your heart instead of your head. Remember, all is fair in love and war. You can beat out any woman in Hollywood, including Liz Taylor.

God bless and guide you and your sweet children.

MRS. FLORENCE MUSCATELL
Youngstown, Ohio

... The ones I really blame are Eddie and Debbie—Eddie for being so wishy-washy about the whole situation and letting Debbie and Liz both look foolish in the news stories; Debbie for taking the "romance" between her husband and best friend too seriously. Liz' behavior may be erratic but Debbie and Eddie didn't help by losing their heads.

ALMA LEWIS
West Point, N.Y.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

Surprise!

SAMSONITE TRAIN CASE SALE



from Nov. 1 to Nov. 29 only... save \$3 on this pre-Christmas Special



In Crystal Green, Rawhide Finish (shown), London Grey, Saddle Tan, Hawaiian Blue.

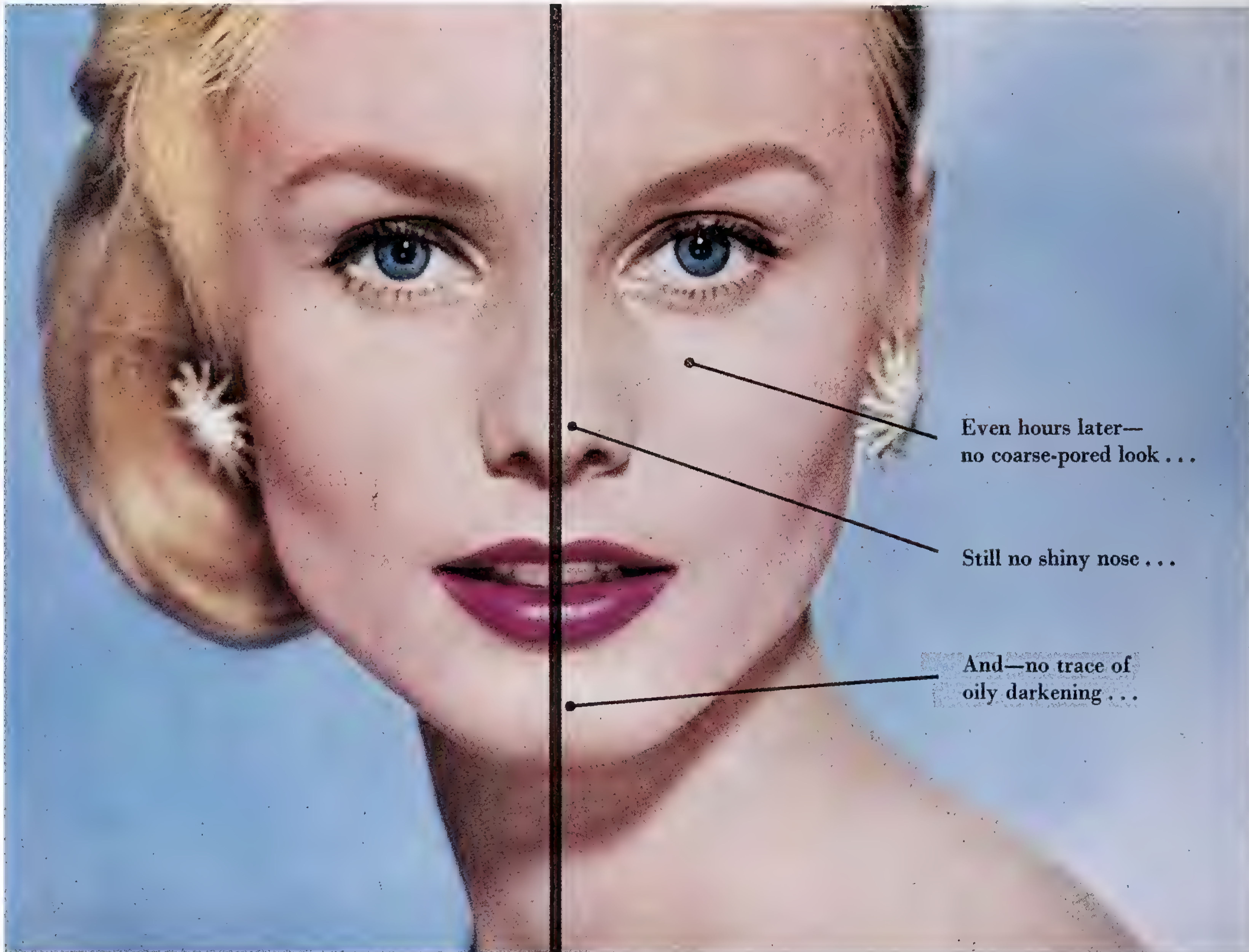
Here's your chance to get a Samsonite Train Case at a big saving. It's perfect as a gift; ideal as a special treat to yourself. Roomy inside holds 52 of M'lady's travel needs. The removable tray has sections for cosmetics and toiletries. The lid opens to reveal a *full width* mirror. "Travel-tested" finish is sturdy vinyl—washes clean. There are full length pockets inside, too. Get a Samsonite Train Case at this low price now! Sale is for a limited time only!

\$14⁹⁵

Regularly \$17.95

Samsonite *Streamlite*

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver. Makers of Samsonite Folding and Classroom Furniture. Prices plus existing taxes. In Canada through Samsonite of Canada, Ltd. Prices slightly higher.



Even hours later—
no coarse-pored look...

Still no shiny nose...

And—no trace of
oily darkening...

Instantly your skin takes on a luscious new perfection
... smooth as velvet, beautifully natural!

Hours later your complexion *still* looks radiantly fresh.
This amazing new liquid make-up never turns greasy!

DISCOVERED

a really long-lasting liquid make-up!

Its radiant glow never turns shiny...
stays velvety-fresh all day long!

Glow that lasts. Now—you'll never
look faded again. Just think of
it—a beautifully flattering
"cover-up" that stays so fresh-
tinted *all day long*. New Angel
Touch won't fade or streak.
Its radiance lasts.

Luscious finish that clings! Now
you'll never look shiny again.
Softly-tinted Angel Touch is

creamy-smoothing. Moisturizes
your skin without leaving any
oily film. This is why Angel
Touch stays velvety-fresh—
with powder or without!

Squeeze out one drop at a time!
Now—no waste, no spilly mess.
Heavenly squeeze bottle gives
just the amount you want.
Won't leak in your purse!



Stunning
new
squeeze
bottle

6 "Love-Light" shades
59¢ or \$1.00
plus tax

POND'S
Angel Touch

ROCK'S PERSONAL LETTER TO YOU:

"Sometimes I feel hurt
and kind of helpless..."



November 1, 1958
Hollywood, California

To All of You:

It's almost dark now, but not quite. It's twilight time, a halfway time between night and day that's always held a kind of magic for me. It's a time for catching your breath . . . for day-dreaming . . . for writing letters to very special friends. I'm living in an apartment now, just a living room, one bedroom, bath and kitchen. Instead of a view of lawn and trees, my windows look out upon other buildings. As I sit here at my typewriter, there aren't the looming, lit-up shapes of New York. But still I guess just apartment living reminds me of New York.

Two years ago, on Broadway, there was a play running called "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" Later it was made into a movie. I took a lot of kidding from my friends when it became a hit, because it didn't take much of an imagination to know that any connection between the title and someone you know was strictly intentional.

It was a good joke then, but now I find that some of the humor has gone out of it for me. Lately I find that a good many of the people I used to consider my friends—my fans—have been hearing several unflattering (to say the least) things about me. I've been taken to task for going "arty." I've been criticized for my divorce from Phyllis. And it's been whispered—often behind my back—that I'm moody and difficult to work with.

Sometimes when I hear the charges I feel hurt and kind of helpless. What can I do about it? What can I say?

(Continued on page 79)



Mom taught me
you have to work
at marriage.

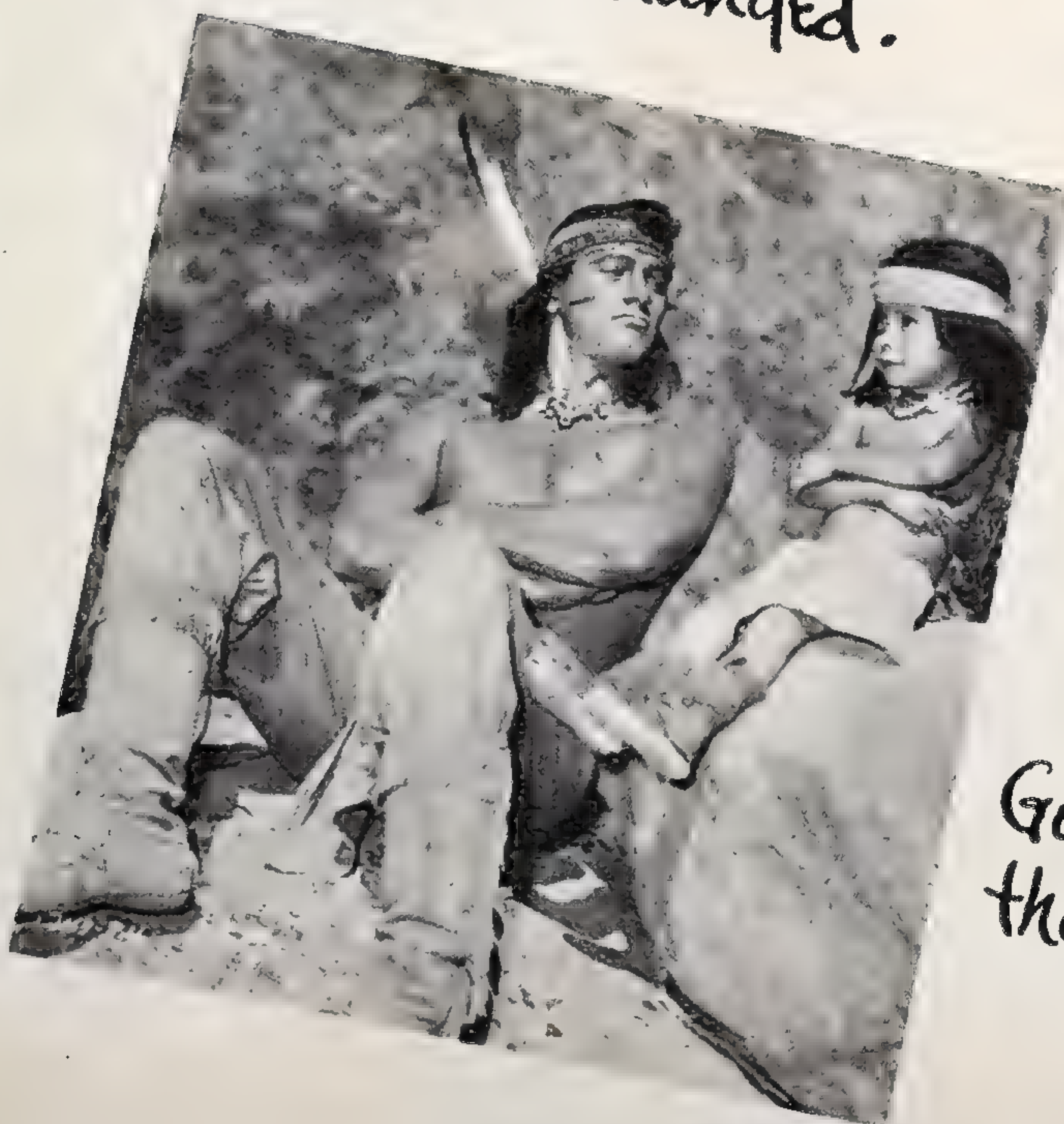


No two people tried
harder than Phyllis and I.

Acting was a dream
till after the Navy.



Well, yes, you could
say I've changed.



But, honest,
I haven't gone "arty."

Good parts,
that's all I ask.



EXCLUSIVE

**Marilyn's first
magazine interview
since the loss
of her baby**

the empty crib in the nursery

I heard the familiar, soft, breathy voice on the phone: "Tomorrow afternoon will be fine, Radie. It'll be nice to see you again."

As I hung up, my thoughts went backward in time—when had I talked with Marilyn last? Oh yes. There was the day I called her, because I'd expected to see her at a Broadway opening night, and she hadn't been there. "Arthur doesn't like opening nights," she had explained. "And since he's my husband, I do as he does." There was always a special note in her voice when she said "my husband," I remembered—a possessive pride that seemed to caress the two words.

And when had I seen her last? Well, it *was* at an opening night, an off-Broadway production that featured Arthur Miller's sister. I'd watched Marilyn hold hands with her husband all through the play and afterwards join the rest of the Miller family group. Before she went off with them, she told me that she and Arthur were planning to build a modern ranch house in Connecticut. She seemed bright and gay, and in those surroundings I said nothing about the baby she had lost just a few months before.

Time had gone by, and here we were (*Continued on page 90*)

by RADIE HARRIS



THE
FLY

HALLOWEEN IN HOLLYWOOD

the **FLY** will
get you if you
don't watch out!

*"Don't make a sound!" Barry Coe warns
Judi Meredith as they spy dreaded Fly.*





Margaret O'Brien's about to trip over Dick Sargent, Jennifer West, Ray Stricklyn, Mark Damon, Connie Stevens.

When witches fly and cauldrons seethe
Fourteen friends meet on All-Hallows Eve.
Together to brew a night of fun,
They decide to party at Ray Stricklyn's.

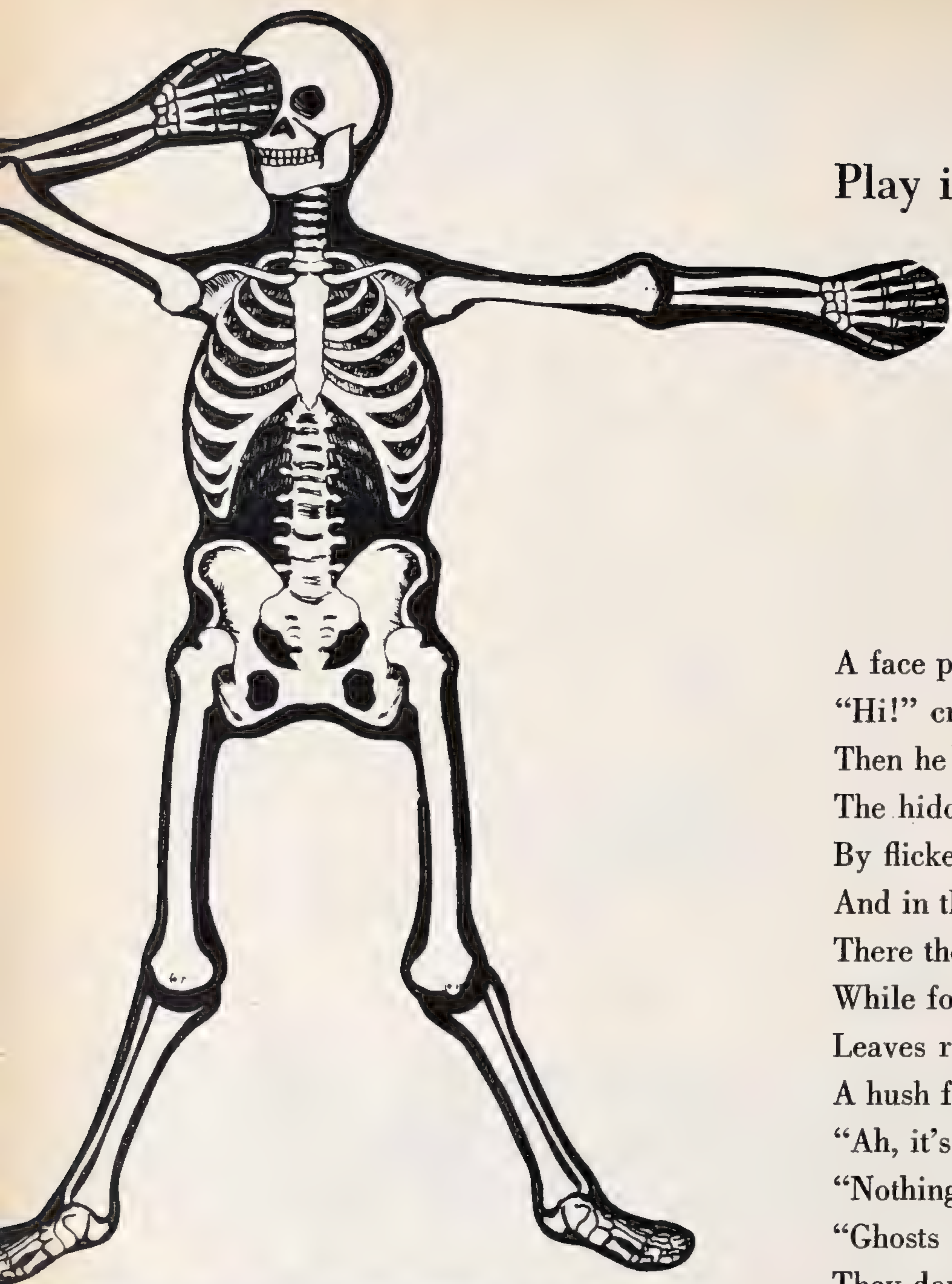
At eight of a dark and stormy night
They knock at his door and oh!—what a fright!
There in the middle of the cavernous hall
Stands a bony skeleton almost six-feet tall.



"Try a cannibal canape," Mark Damon urges lovely (but scared) Susan Kohner.



FOLLOW ME



Play it real ghoul, cats, and let's not flip.

A face pokes out from behind the bones,
 "Hi!" cries Ray. "Call this home."
 Then he proceeds to show the gang the place.
 The hidden trapdoors, and the winding staircase . . .
 By flickering candlelight their ways they wend
 And in the living room their journeys end.
 There they sit telling stories of ghosts
 While food is served by their "haunted" host.
 Leaves rustle outside and an owl goes, "Hoot!"
 A hush falls over the happy group.
 "Ah, it's only Halloween," they laugh it away,
 "Nothing to fear," is what they say.
 "Ghosts and witches and goblins tall—
 They don't exist—no, not at all."
 Yet, when the games and fun are through
 Someone whispers, "Nearly midnight—two minutes to."
 Then out of the shadowy darkness leaps
 A hideous shape—everyone shrieks.
 With hairy face and bulging eye—
 The body of a man, the head of a fly—
 The creature stalks our frightened friends.
 Oh when, oh where will this horror end?
 Then with a gesture fierce and rash,
 The monster tears off his terrible mask.
 And underneath is revealed to them—
 The smiling face of Al Hedison!
 The moral of this tale, here's what it's about—
 The Fly will get you, if you don't watch out!



"Why, Al Hedison, I'd know you anywhere!" laughs Jill St. John as she lifts up his voodoo mask, Al's idea of a "Fly."

'Cause the Fly's a big phony and Mr. Bones just ain't hip!



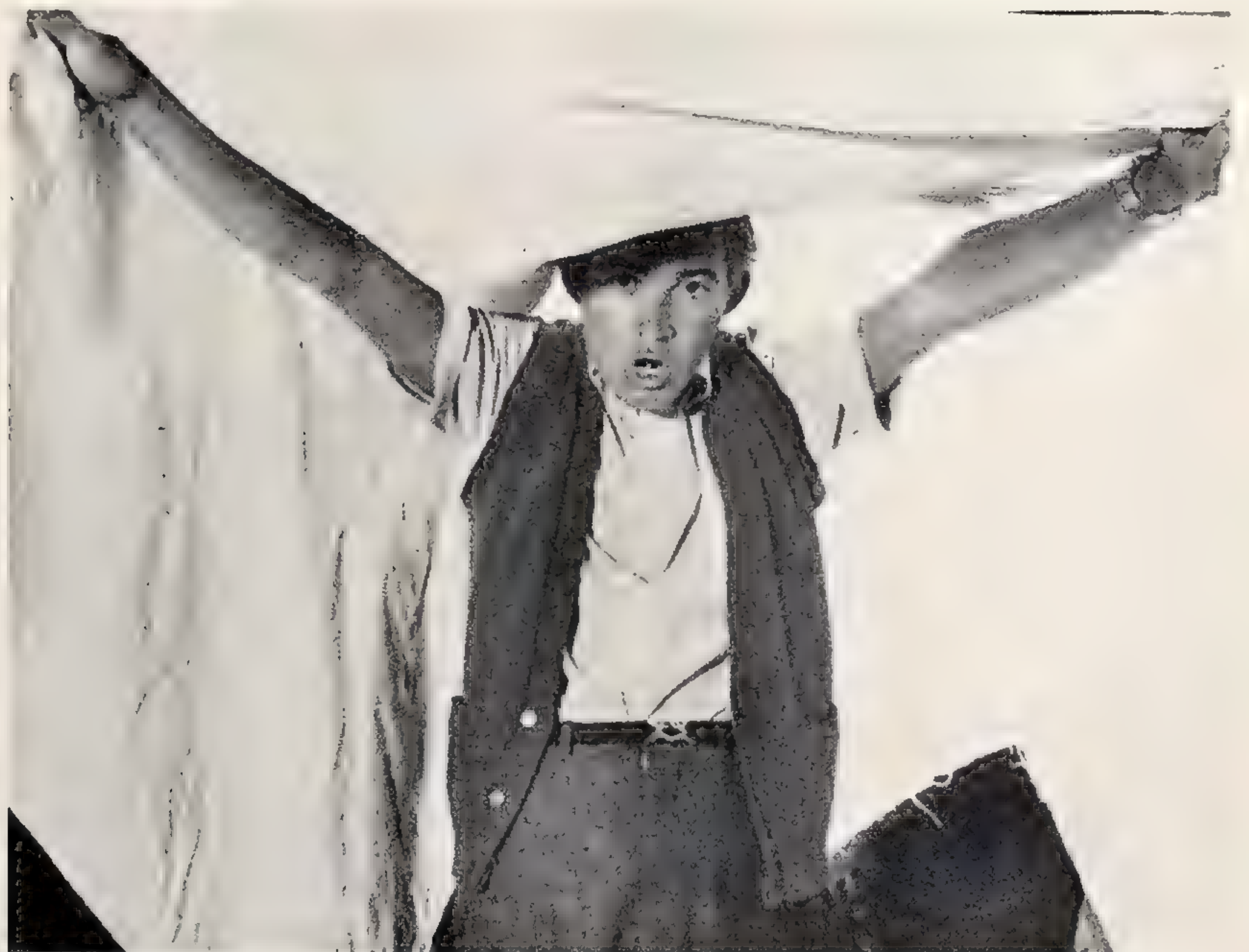
Loads of fun for all—but the victim! Guests wonder if dunker Mark Damon will ever let dunkee Ray Stricklyn up for air.

"HORROR" GAMES

GHOST STORIES—a person begins a story and at an exciting moment the person next to him must pick it up and go on . . .

FIND YOUR DATE—while a girl is blindfolded, other players shift positions to confuse her. She must find date from among group within five minute deadline . . .

CAN YOU TOP THIS—each player has to think up gruesome parody on a popular song, like: "Have You Ever Seen a Vampire Walking," "The Ghoul Next Door."



"Have sheet, will haunt," chants host Ray Stricklyn. There were no takers, guests were busy singing "My Ghoul Sal."



6 PAGE SECTION
on Debbie — Eddie — Liz

why Liz turned to Eddie

The reporters and photographers pressed forward as they glimpsed the face they had been waiting for. Liz Taylor came down the ramp of the TWA plane arriving from New York at Los Angeles International Airport. Her face, an expressionless mask, seemed a little thickened, perhaps because she held her chin lowered as she watched her footing on the steps. Hot afternoon sun glinted on a jeweled clip that trimmed her high blue turban and on the diamond-studded collar that circled the neck of her Yorkshire terrier, Theresa, which she held in her left arm.

The same California sun burned hot on the tired newsmen, who had been waiting there for hours. "Miss Taylor!" they called out. "This way, Miss Taylor." She ignored the voices.

Publicity agent Dick Hanley, her companion on the cross-country flight, ushered her rapidly, with a protective hand on her arm, to a special airline station wagon. It sped off; the newsmen ran in pursuit. By the time they caught up, thirty yards away, Liz had left the station wagon and gotten into a waiting limousine brought by her agent, Kurt Frings.

Through the car window, she looked blankly toward the raised cameras. Out of breath, the reporters clamored questions: "Do you know that Debbie and Eddie are breaking up? . . . Do you expect to see them? . . . Why did you come back to the Coast?"

Liz remained silent, until one of the reporters pleaded, "Miss Taylor, won't you please say something?"

Her lips parted, and out came one cool word: "Hello." (Continued on page 71)





what DEBBIE can't forget:

"We'd never been happier
than we were last year"

Debbie Reynolds sat alone in the big chair. A few months ago, she had sat there with Eddie and both their babies—it was a family-size chair, built to hold all four of them. They had turned off the lamps to let the firelight glow on the bright prints and warm colors of the room. She and Eddie had designed the room for family living; they had talked and planned and compared all the swatches of fabric and pictures of furnishings she'd collected on enthusiastic shopping trips. And they'd seen the room grow out of plans into reality around them.

Across the room that evening had been Debbie's mother and father, on the sofa they favored each time they came for a visit. No matter how often that was, their proud smiles showed that they couldn't get over the wonder of Debbie as wife and mother. They had watched her in the big chair, cuddling little Todd on her lap, her other arm around Eddie, who had one arm around her and the other around Carrie, who reached out *her* arms to baby brother.

"Look at you kids," Mrs. Reynolds had chuckled fondly, "all tangled up! How are you going to get out of there?"

Debbie had laughed, "There's no other way to sit in this chair. That's why we bought it . . ."

Now, on this cold night, she was learning another way

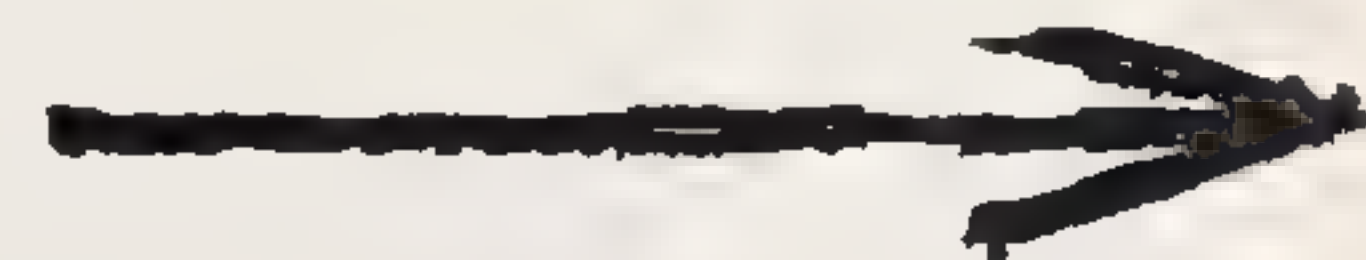
to sit in the chair—alone. It wasn't comfortable. It felt big and empty—the way the whole house felt without Eddie. Empty and lonely. The room they had done so carefully in white and rose, for warmth, for gaiety, was suddenly cold and quiet. So quiet she could almost hear Liz Taylor's voice out of the more distant past, the first time Debbie and Eddie had asked the Mike Todds to their new home for dinner. After the guests had been led all over the house on an inspection tour, Liz had stood by this hearthside, and she had said, "So cheerful, Debbie—it's such a happy room. It looks like you."

And Debbie's own voice had answered: "I *am* happy."

That had been true, Debbie thought, as the remembered voices echoed and faded. True then—even more true in the months that followed their move into the new house. The months had brought their second baby, brought evenings so serene that Debbie could say even now, with all her heart, to all who would listen: "We'd never been happier than we were last year."

Could enough have happened in so short a time to turn happiness into nothing but a memory? *What* had happened?

Sitting alone in the big empty chair, Debbie Reynolds began to remember. There had been little else for her to do since the awful (Continued on page 81)



"I now realize
that when you are
deeply in love
how blind one can be.
Obviously I was . . .
It seems unbelievable
to say that
you can live happily
with a man and not know
he doesn't love you,
but that,
as God is my witness,
is the truth."



Tragic triangle

Eddie's last interview

before the split-up



THIS interview was begun last August. It was never completed. At Hollywood's Television City the NBC studios were the usual mad-house, but the set where I was to meet and interview Eddie Fisher was bedlam. It was a bedlam because everyone was waiting for Eddie. He was late.

Eddie's head writer, Mac Benoff, was tearing his hair out and rushing in and out of doors.

"Where is he? Someone find him. How (Continued on page 63)



**Right before
Debbie's eyes
the "perfect" marriage
crumbled**



Dick Clark asks:



*what
does it mean
when
her socks
don't
match?*

I was sitting in the control booth of "American Bandstand" the other day, looking through the plate-glass window at the kids when I saw something that really rocked me. There was a pretty little blonde thing dancing with a tall, good-looking young man—and what did she have on her feet? One white sock and a striped one—that's what. "What's what?" I asked myself and during a break in the show wandered outside, casual like, to get hold of the situation.

Spotting the boy first, I introduced myself. "Pardon me," I said, "but what does it mean when her socks don't match?"

"That," Roger Hoit said, after introducing himself, "shows Valerie and I are dating each other—exclusively. Val," (Continued on page 38)





I'm unattached



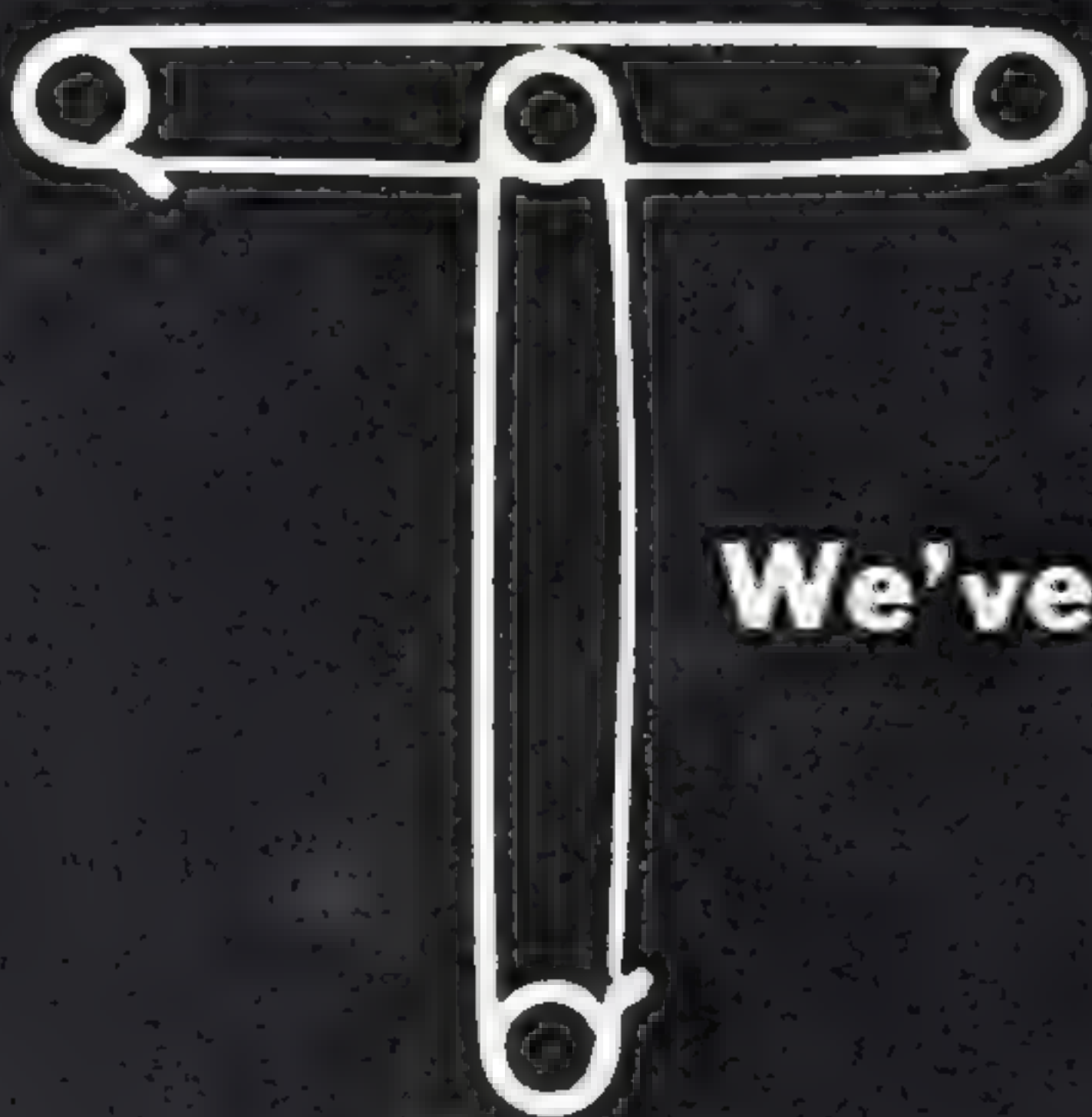
I want to be alone



We're dating



We're in love



We've quarreled



We're engaged

he tapped her on the shoulder and she turned to us. "I'd like you to meet Dick Clark. He wants to know about your unmatching socks."

Her blue eyes lit up and she smiled at Roger proudly. "It's for anyone who really has to be convinced that Rog and I aren't a bit interested in other dates," she said. "Their being striped? That means it's an informal date. We wear matching vests, too. See?" she said pointing to his and hers. And sure enough, both Roger's and Valerie Armstrong's were fire-engine red. "Ah, young love!" I sighed to myself and began to feel very grandfatherly.

Boy, you've really got to stay on your toes in this world if you're going to try to keep up with that gang at the soda fountain. Ask me, I ought to know. They're always coming into view with some gadgets, trinkets, style, or what-have-you. I keep asking myself, "Now why didn't *you* think of that when you were in your teens?" 'Course, that was in the dim, dark days of 1950. And, come on gang, put those pencils away and quit trying to figure my age.

I'm a natural fall-guy for anything new. When white bucks were introduced, guess who was first in line down at the nearest shoe store? You are sooo right. That's one fad that's managed to stay around for a couple of years. Another one I managed to get in on the ground floor with was the quick switch to levis or blue jeans. You've got to admit we were in good company with that one, since Marlon Brando, Elvis have all put their impressive OK's on them.

While we guys had our share of fads, we weren't far ahead of the gals. Their big deal was the "dog collar," and the words mean just what they say. The glamor girls around home really outdid "Lassie" with their dog collars. Only thing was, though, these went around the ankles instead of near the vocal chords. Around Mount Vernon, where I grew up, you could tell if a girl was going steady by checking up on that collar. If it was on the left ankle, man, she was all tied up! But on the right, well, (Continued on page 84)

PINS SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE

That is—if your language is the language of love. There are scads of fads around but this is the one that best shows your dating status. Wear pins on your sweater, blouse or—for fun—your skirt. Gold safety pins by Coro. Two for \$1.00. Gimbels, New York and May Co., Los Angeles. Girl's shirt and vest on preceding page by Ship 'n' Shore. About \$3.00 and \$4.00. At Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore. For stores nearest you, write direct to manufacturers listed on page 84

we go to **3** lovely weddings ...

JEAN SEBERG

**“Ooh!
I want everyone
to know—
I got
my wish!”**

It was to the sound of the rain, the gentle tap-tap-tap on the window-pane, that she awoke. “Oh no!”

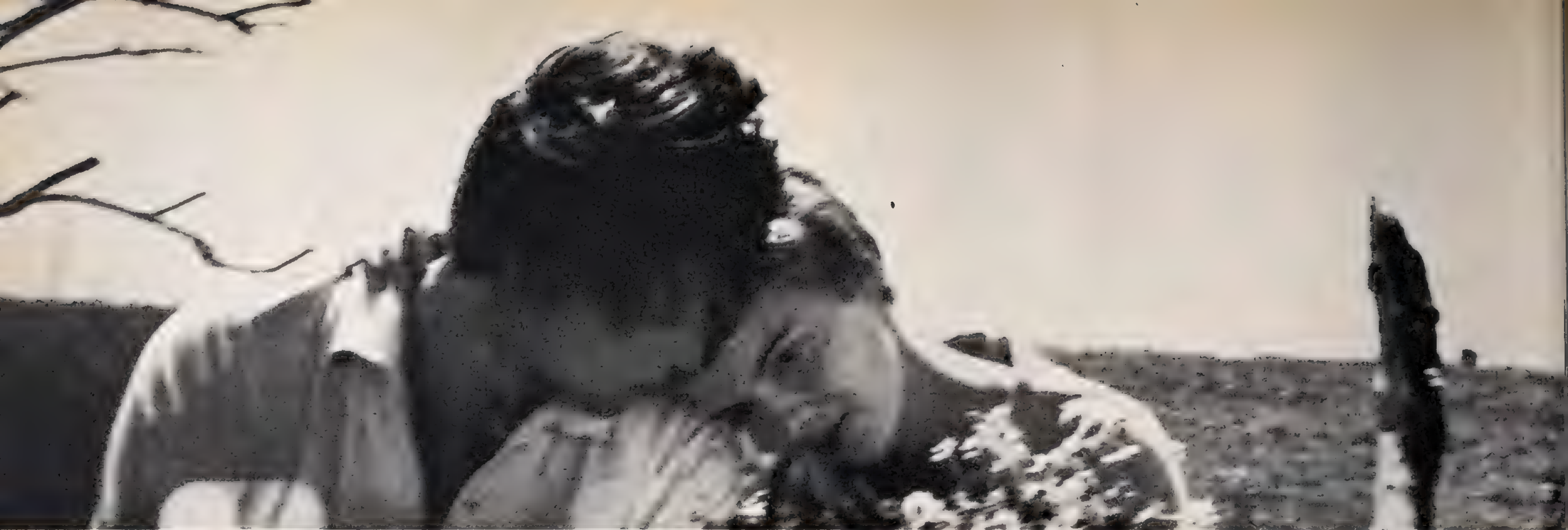
Jean Seberg said, suddenly opening her eyes wide.

“It can’t rain. Not on my wedding day.” She jumped out of bed and ran to the window. It was pouring.

Long, thin needles of rain lashed against the panes. She looked at the clock on her dresser. Six-thirty! Glancing around the bedroom she’d grown (Continued on page 42)

turn the page





**"We escaped ...
from all the things
we had to do
before the ceremony
to the thing
we really wanted
to do—
be all alone
in a world
of beauty."**



JEAN SEBERG

continued

up in, the room that had been hers again for the past month, her eyes stopped at the closet. There, on the door, hung her oyster-white silk moiré wedding dress. On the chair where she'd carefully draped it the night before was her veil.

She thought, "Happy the bride the sun shines on—tears for the bride the rain falls on . . ."

But no, she said. This isn't true. Rain is lucky. It is for me.

This was the kind of steady shower through which she always loved to walk, all by herself. Her mother'd say, "Jean, you'll catch your death of cold." But Marshalltown (Continued on page 66)



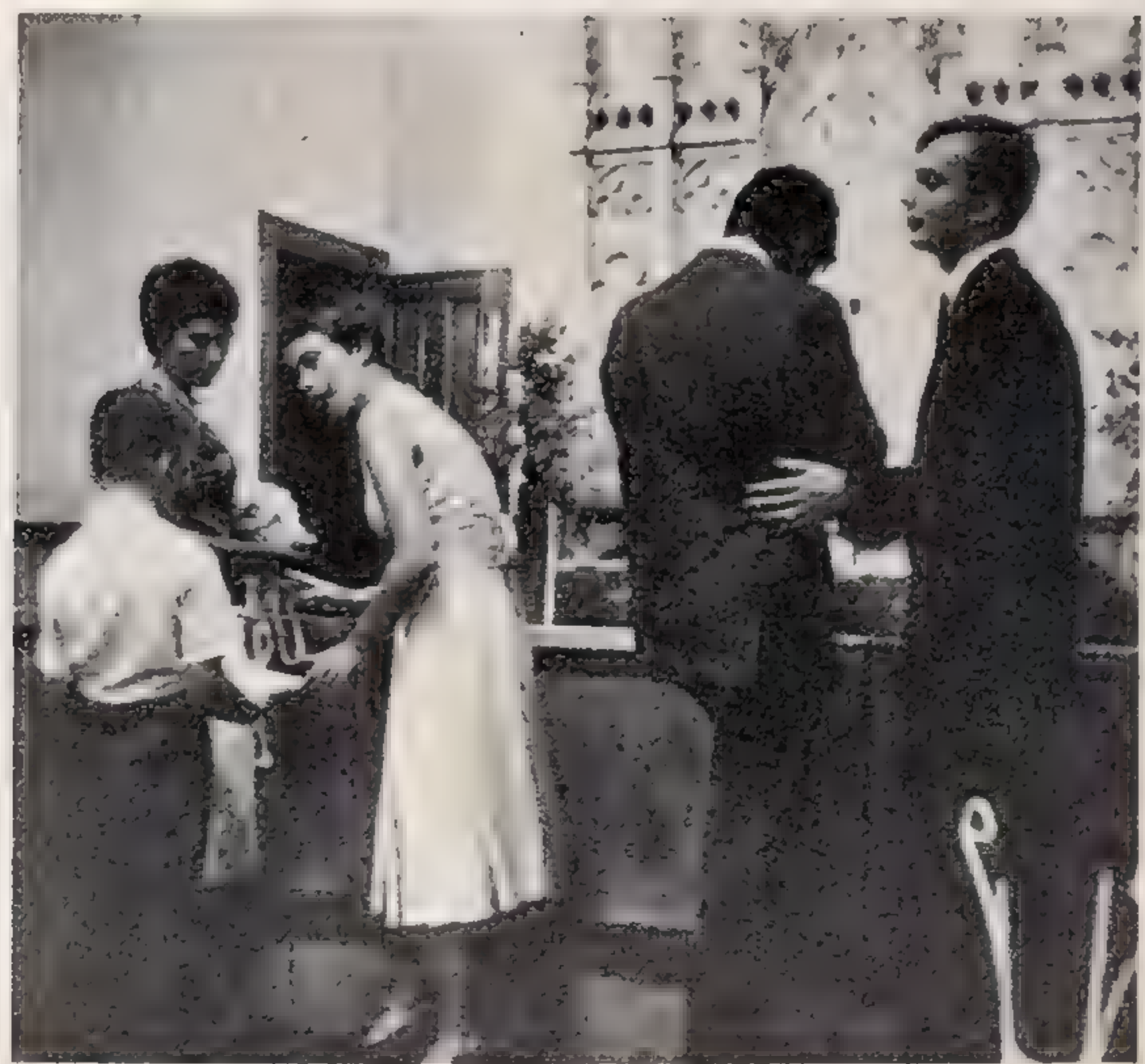
"We met water-skiing," Jean tells Marshalltown High friends.



Nothing like this in France! François is amused at the wonders of an American drugstore, run by his father-in-law-to-be.



In the Seberg home, presents and ribbon and wrappings pile up. "Let's not lose any of the cards," François warns Jean.



The rehearsal seems like pure confusion. "Where's the pillow for the rings?" the future bride asks little brother David.



But somehow it all works out into the beautiful orderliness of the ceremony—and Jean's first kiss as Mrs. Moreuil.



Shhh!

Don't tell anyone...

we eloped!

DIANE J. and PETER BROWN

The registrar at the Las Vegas marriage license bureau looked annoyed. Standing before her, anxiously pleading, were a tall brown-haired boy and a freckle-faced girl, dressed casually in frontier pants and cotton shirts. They were fingering the application they had just filled out for the third time. It was a routine form, one the registrar handled hundreds of times each week.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Brown," she said, frowning. "But frankly you don't look twenty-three. If you're underage, you know you

have to have your parents' consent."

"But I am twenty-three," Peter Brown protested. "Honestly I am. Look, that's what it says on my driver's license." He turned to the girl beside him, as if she could help him.

The registrar, too, turned her attention to Diane Jergens. "Why you don't look more than sixteen," she said, but a motherly note had crept into her voice, "even if your driver's license does say twenty-one. But I guess you might be eighteen and that's all a girl has to be. But, you young man," she eyed Peter, "you'll (Continued)

by **MARCIA BORIE** and **ROGER MARSHUTZ**



Hurrah, we're off. It was a glorious, sunny day and Diane, happily helping Peter load the car, forgot the invitations that would never be sent.

DIANE J. and PETER BROWN

Continued

need further proof. Don't you have your birth certificate or anything like that?"

"No ma'am, I . . . we . . . that is, we . . . but really I am twenty-three. Look, I'll get my folks on the phone and they'll vouch for me"

"I'm afraid we need more tangible proof . . ." the clerk's voice was firm and efficient again. Already, she was motioning to the next couple. "Until we have further proof, we won't be able to issue your license."

Diane and Peter turned away from the registrar's window and walked to one of the plain wooden benches in the office. They sat down, both feeling numb. "Oh, Peter," Diane moaned, "What are we ever going to do?"

"Don't worry," he comforted her. "We'll think of something." Peter was putting up a good, brave front. Inside, he was thinking, *What a way for an elopement to begin!*

It had really begun when Peter was informed that he was to be sent on a personal appearance tour late in September. It would take him across country and this meant he would be thousands of miles away from the All Saints Episcopal Church on the date they'd picked for their wedding.

(Continued on page 75)



Diane's wedding dress was carefully wrapped to keep it fresh—and also to keep Peter from previewing it.



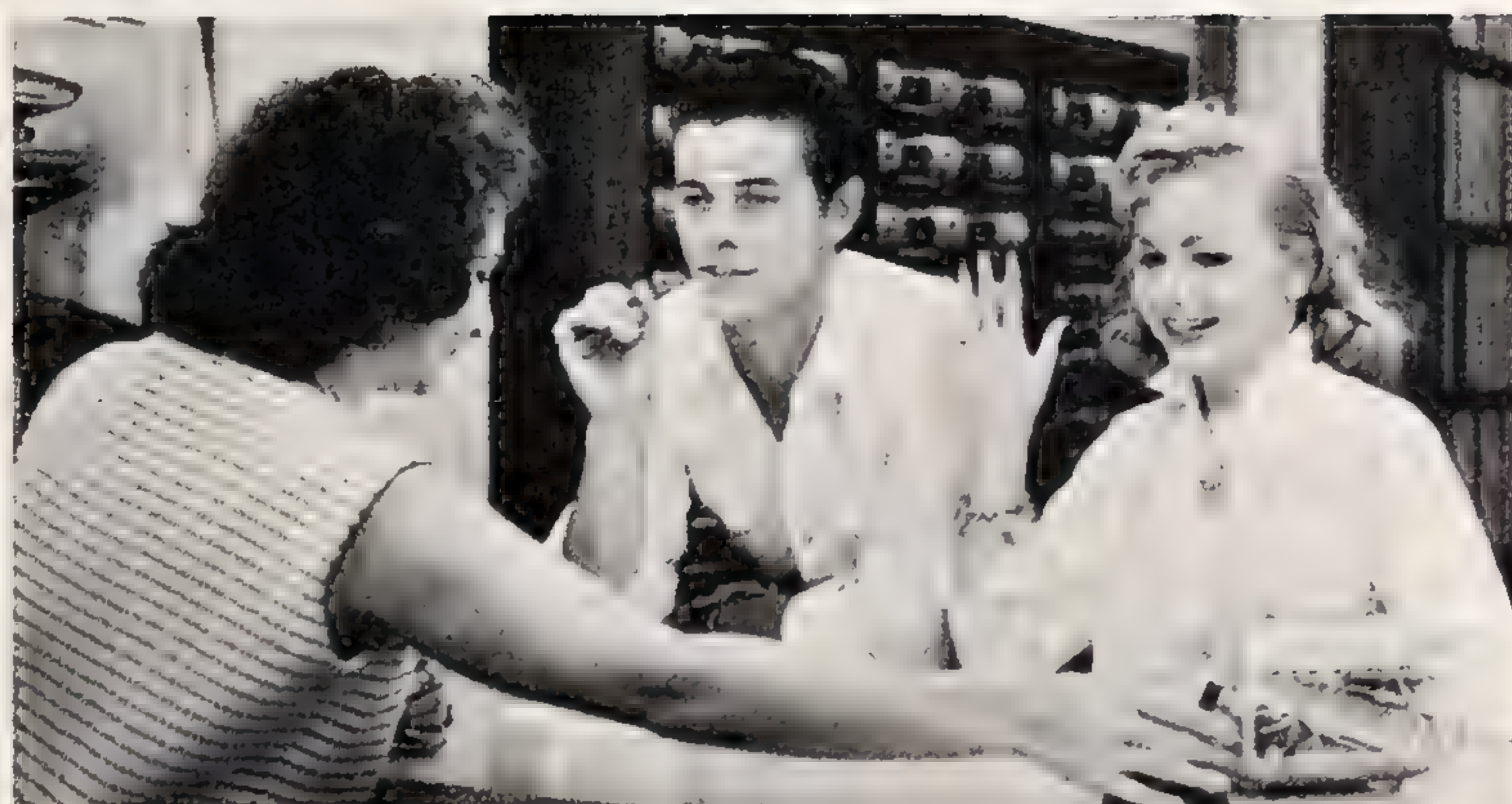
They'd started out so and her groom were left



Hey, we're married! Bill Coleman, who was best man, was first with the congratulations. But when Diane and Peter got back to the Sands Hotel, there was sparkling wine and a Niagara Falls of telegrams from friends.



gaily. Now both bride waiting at the church.



Too young? "Oh, no," Diane moaned. "Honest, ma'am, I'm not underage," said Peter. But the registrar was firm. All they could do was to wait for the proof to arrive.



At last, the waiting's over. Now Diane and Peter are just one step away from marriage.



"Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Peter Brown..." Diane kept whispering to herself. Then, laughing, "Hey, that's me!"

They leave the church, man and wife now. "Oh, what a time," said Peter. "We can laugh at it now," said Diane.



Pat Boone's 4-year-old daughter Cherry tells us—

“Hmmm, we had a wedding at our house”

I was flower-girl when Auntie Jenny Foley and Uncle Les got married. Daddy took pictures. Early Saturday morning Momma woke me up. Everybody was still sleeping. She showed me how to go down the stairs with the flowers. There were twenty-eight steps. I counted as I went down to Momma.



Some men brought a big cake into our house and put it on the table. It had pink icing and looked very pretty.



Before the wedding started, Aunt Jenny kissed me. Daddy sang "Because" and the "Lord's Prayer" from our balcony. Mommy had on the same color dress as mine. She was beautiful. When Uncle Les put the ring on Aunt Jenny's finger, Momma cried. And soon Grandpa Foley was crying too.



People stood in line and shook hands with Auntie Jenny and Uncle Les. They drove away in a car with tin cans on the back. I asked Daddy if I could be a bride. He said "Someday" and then my Daddy kissed me.



Robert Evans:

The young man stepped out of the red Ferrari convertible, leaned over the side of the car and lifted out a tan pigskin suitcase. In his left hand, he balanced a tennis racket. "Thanks a lot," he said in a deep, resonant voice to the man driving the car and nodded goodbye. He then turned and walked up the canopied concrete entrance towards the hotel.

He was in his midtwenties, tall and deeply suntanned, and walked with the easy spring of a boxer. He would have looked much younger, perhaps seventeen or eighteen, if it were not for his eyes, which were black and set deeply, giving a moody disturbance to his face.

As he passed, two teenage girls, who were sitting on the veranda of the Beverly Hills Hotel, obviously waiting to see film celebrities, turned around and watched him stop at the desk and ask if his room were ready.

"Who's *that*?" asked one girl, (Continued on page 68)

THE BOY WHO



COULDN'T CRY

CONTEST HOW TO SEW—UP A DATE WITH—TAB HUNTER



Who is the girl in these pictures?

She could be YOU! Read Tab's comments

on these holiday party clothes,

enter our fashion contest,

and you may be Tab's date-for-a-day!

by PAM LAW



Which date dress on these pages do you like best? Tab has promised to tell you his favorite as soon as Photoplay finds him a date. Are you the type for Tab?



1. Admiring the dress or the pose, Tab? He's not telling, but the dress tells you that *if you're the type*, there's a natural, fun-loving quality about you; your best dates are casual, not too dressy; you can be gay but serious too; you love simplicity. This movie-date afternoon dress (Simplicity 2736) is easy-to-make in Cohama's blue and green rayon and wool print. Richelieu jewelry. Coats & Clark zippers.



2. "That gold's a real dazzler in the sunlight" (quote from Tab). It will shine just as much by moonlight on winter nights *if you're the type* who loves a sparkle - and - glamour evening, who doesn't mind heads turning your way. Here's a costume of gold and white rayon brocade by Harvey Mills in a New Year's Eve dress (Simplicity 2783) and slightly flared coat (Simplicity 2694) lined in Skinner satin.



3. "Get that wind-blown back," jokes Tab, who agrees that every guy likes a dress when it's red. *You're the type* if you're in love with bouffant petticoats, the softness of chiffon, the rustle of a breeze—with just enough gaiety thrown in to prove that variety is the proverbial spice. A real Christmas party dress (Simplicity 2762) in Skinner's flame red nylon georgette. All shoes on these pages are by Capezio.



4. Tab can't keep a poker face with this one. His comment: "Sure keeps the cold out of winter!" *You're the type* if you're an adventure lover, the pace-setter of your crowd, if you can take a friendly ribbing on your conversation-piece clothes. These off-beat party-at-home separates have fringed skirt (Simplicity 2700) in wool plaid by Fabrex, top (Simplicity 2773) in Lebanon's versatile wool jersey.

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

1. I would like to meet Tab Hunter. I am: _____

2. I'd like to wear Simplicity Pattern Number _____

3. I like to sew. ☐ Yes ☐ No **If yes, why?** _____

NAME _____ **AGE** _____

STREET _____ **CITY** _____ **STATE** _____



For contest rules see page 78.



who will be the favorites for 1958?

All year Photoplay has told you about the stars. Here's your chance to tell us

Got a pen or pencil handy? You'll need it. At the end of this story you'll find a ballot on which you can vote for the Photoplay Gold Medal winners of 1958. We'll award Gold Medals, on your behalf, to your favorite male and female stars and to your favorite picture of the year, with special awards to your favorite newcomers.

The stars need no introduction. If they did, they could hardly be called stars. Throughout the year, you've read about them in our pages. You've seen their movies and you've followed their lives. Now it's your turn to tell us which stars have first claim on your applause.

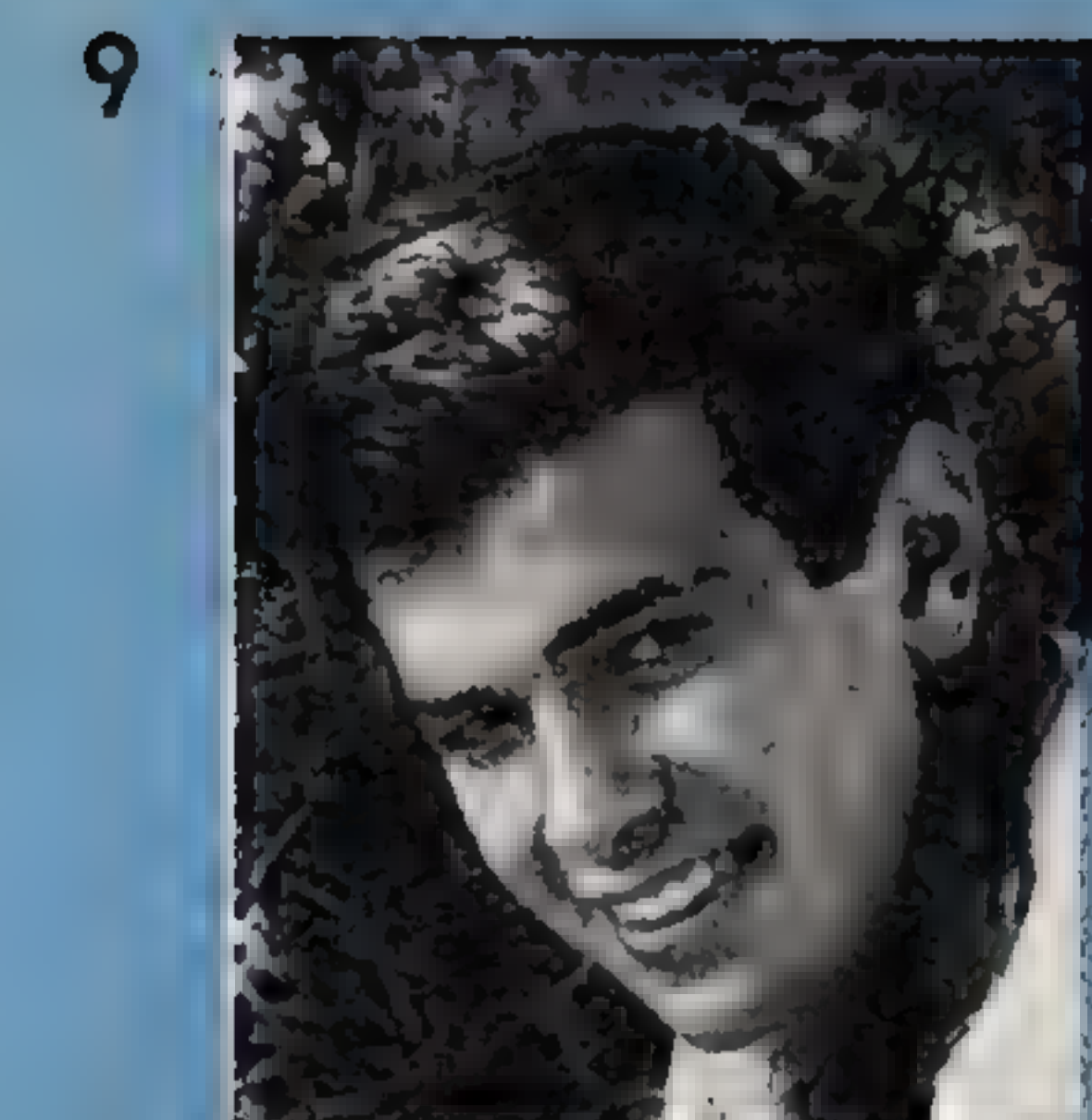
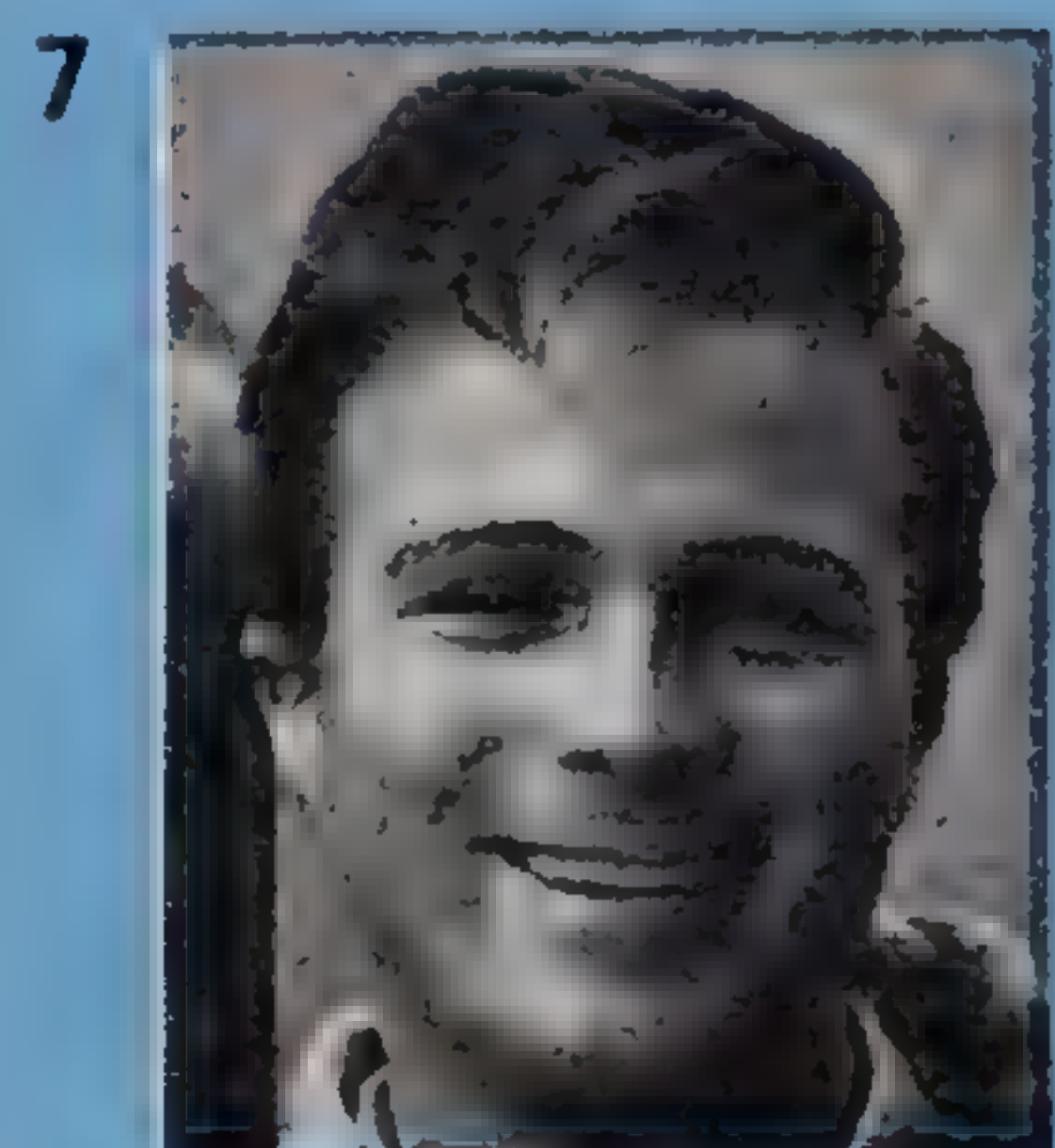
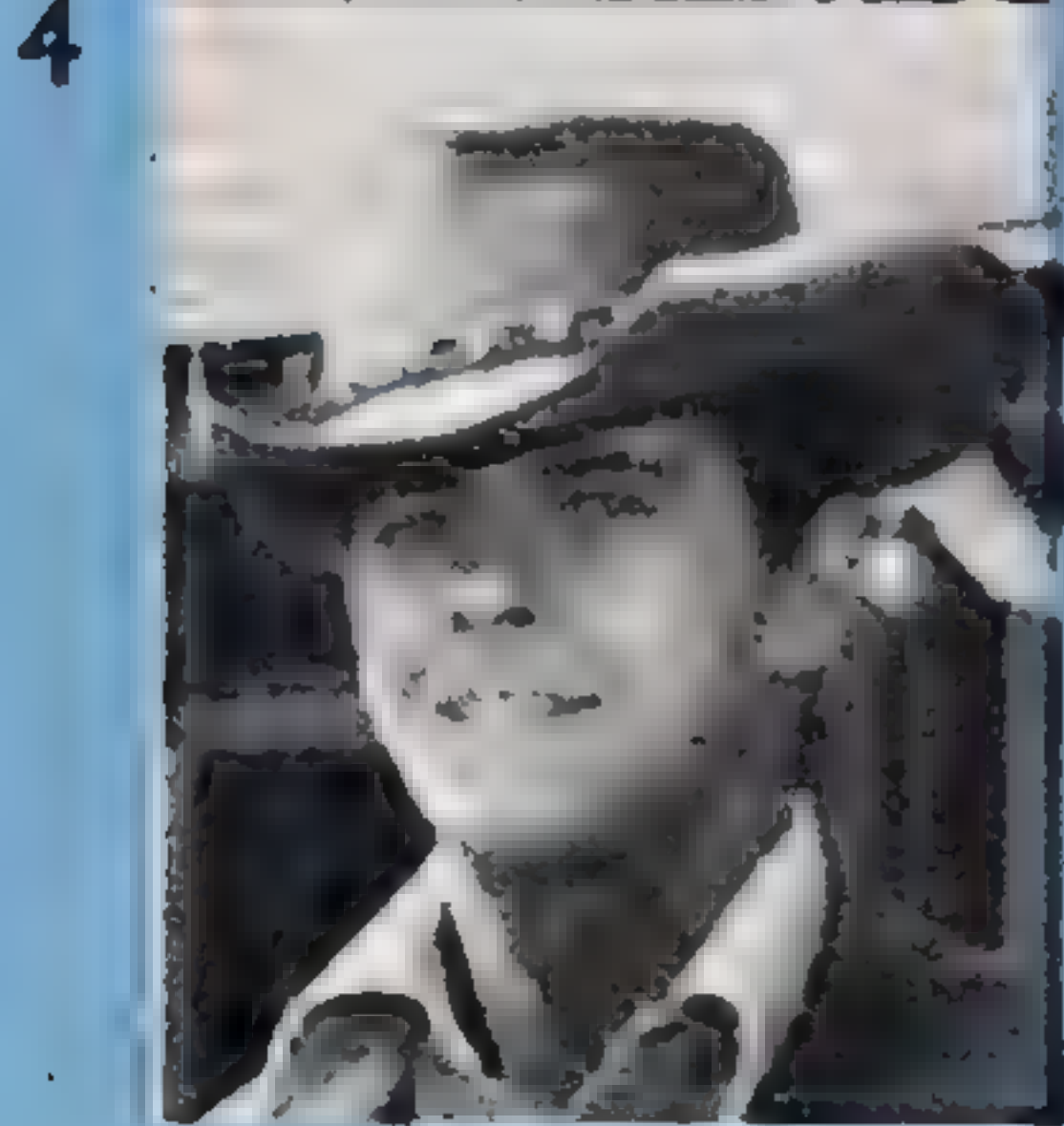
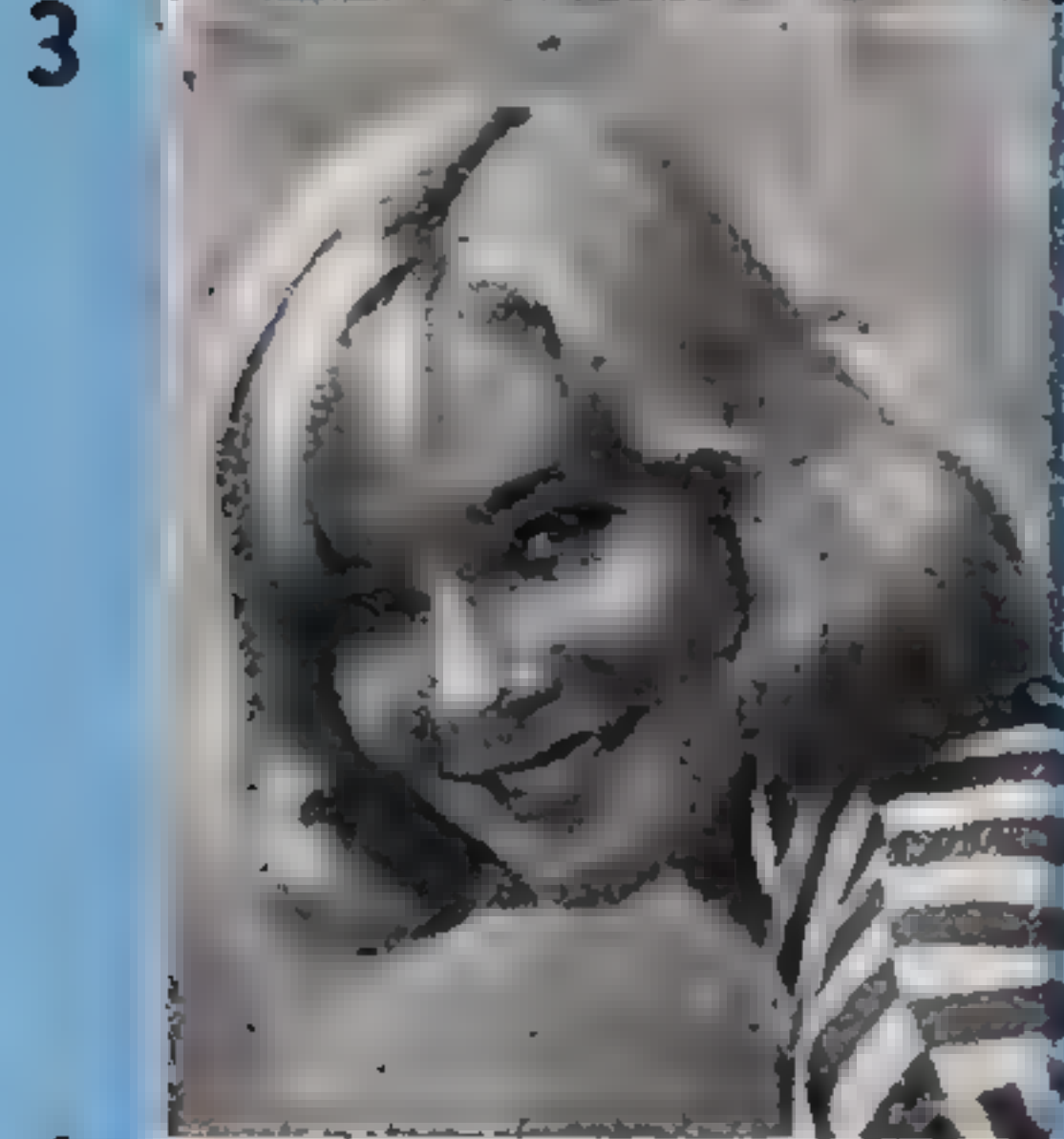
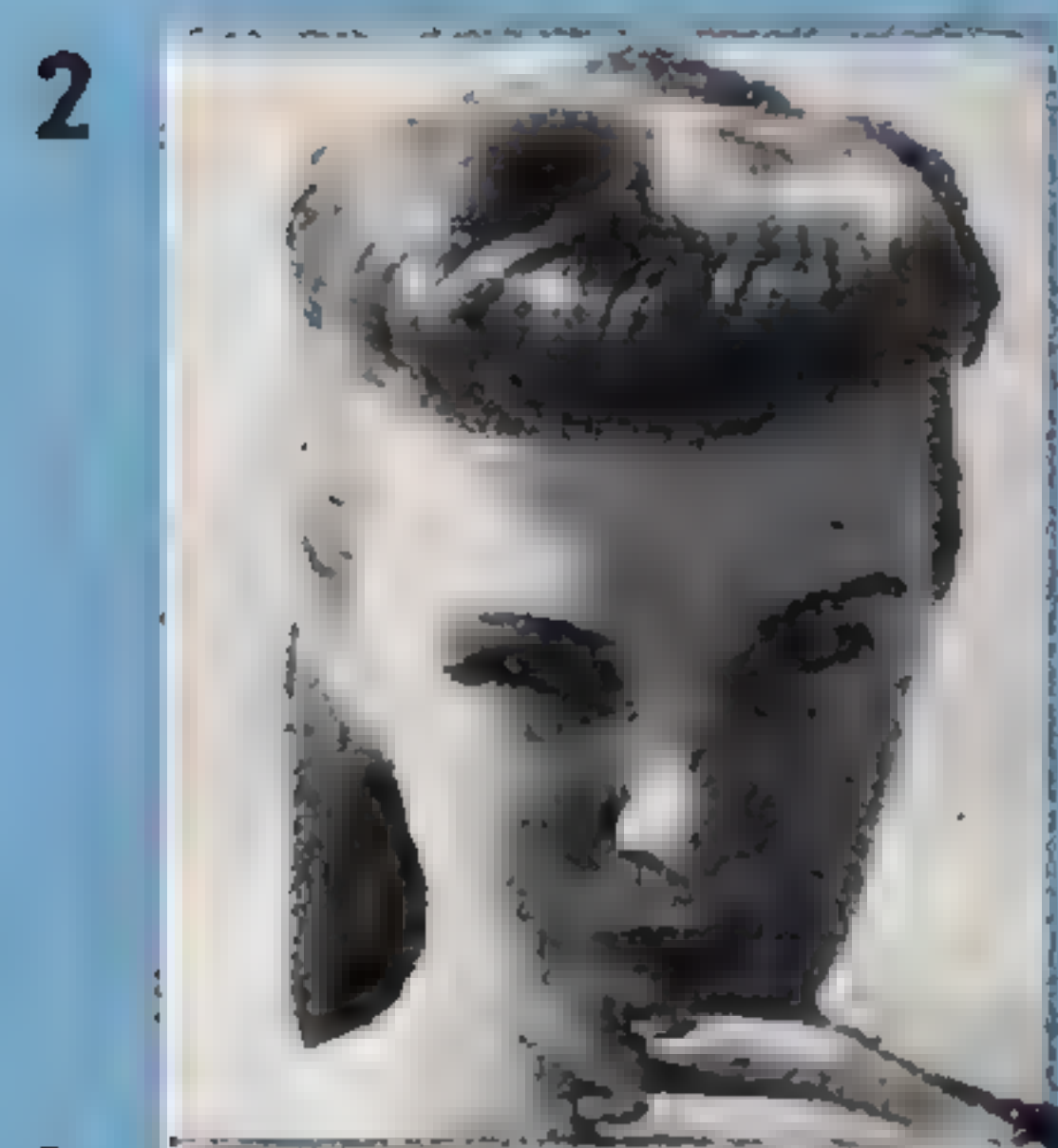
It's your turn, too, to tell us which new personalities—male and female—made the strongest impact on you through this year's pictures. You can vote for them on the same ballot, but here you might like an introduction first. Hollywood's newcomers are a truly new crop, with a new look about them. They're as different from yesterday's up-and-coming stars as you are from your parents. To understand what they are really like, you should know how they live.

(Continued on page 87)



Last year, Deborah Kerr and Rock Hudson were your favorite female and male stars. Now it's your turn again to fill in the ballot and tell us who will be this year's Gold Medal winners.

turn the page



Dolores Hart (one of your winning newcomers

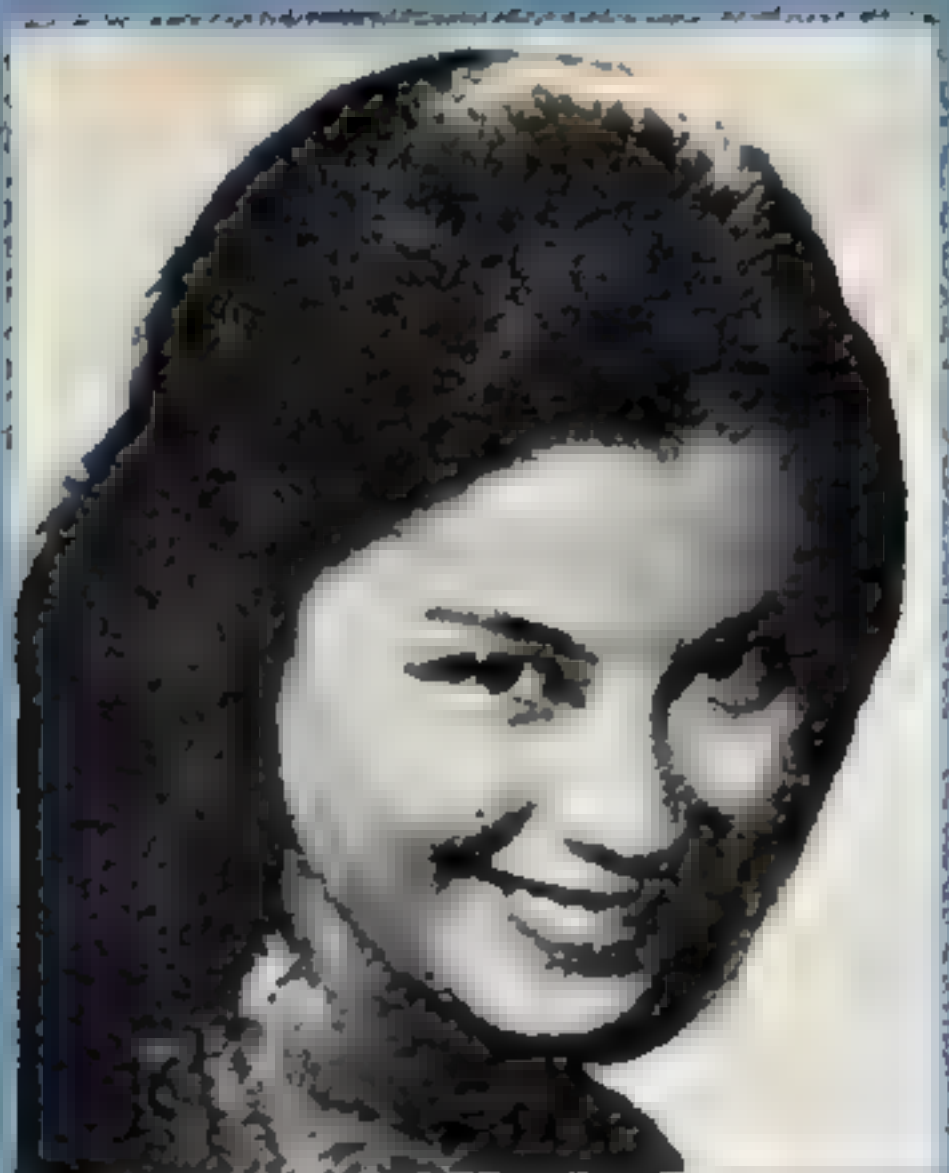
last year) toots her horn and says—

*vote today for
your stars of tomorrow*

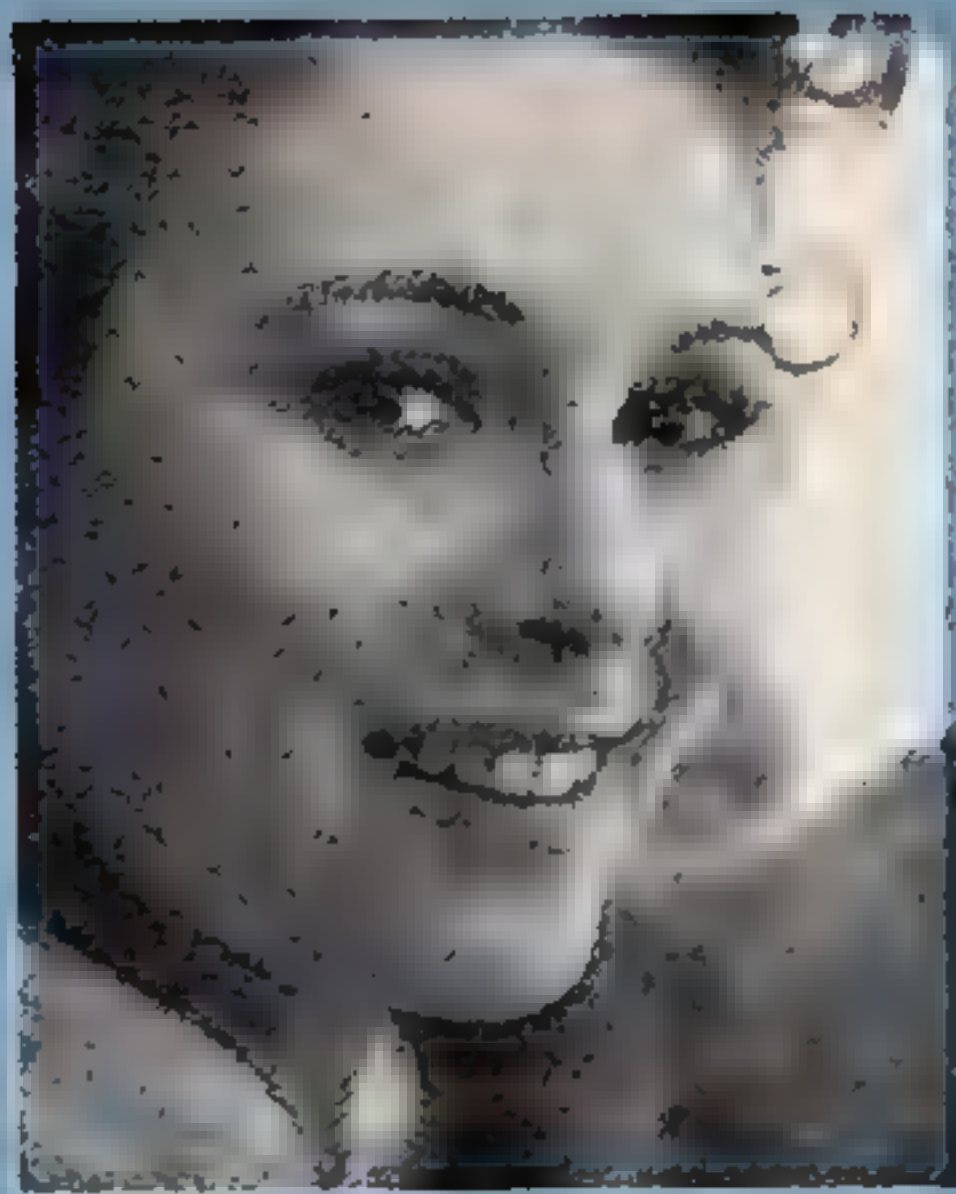
22



26



31



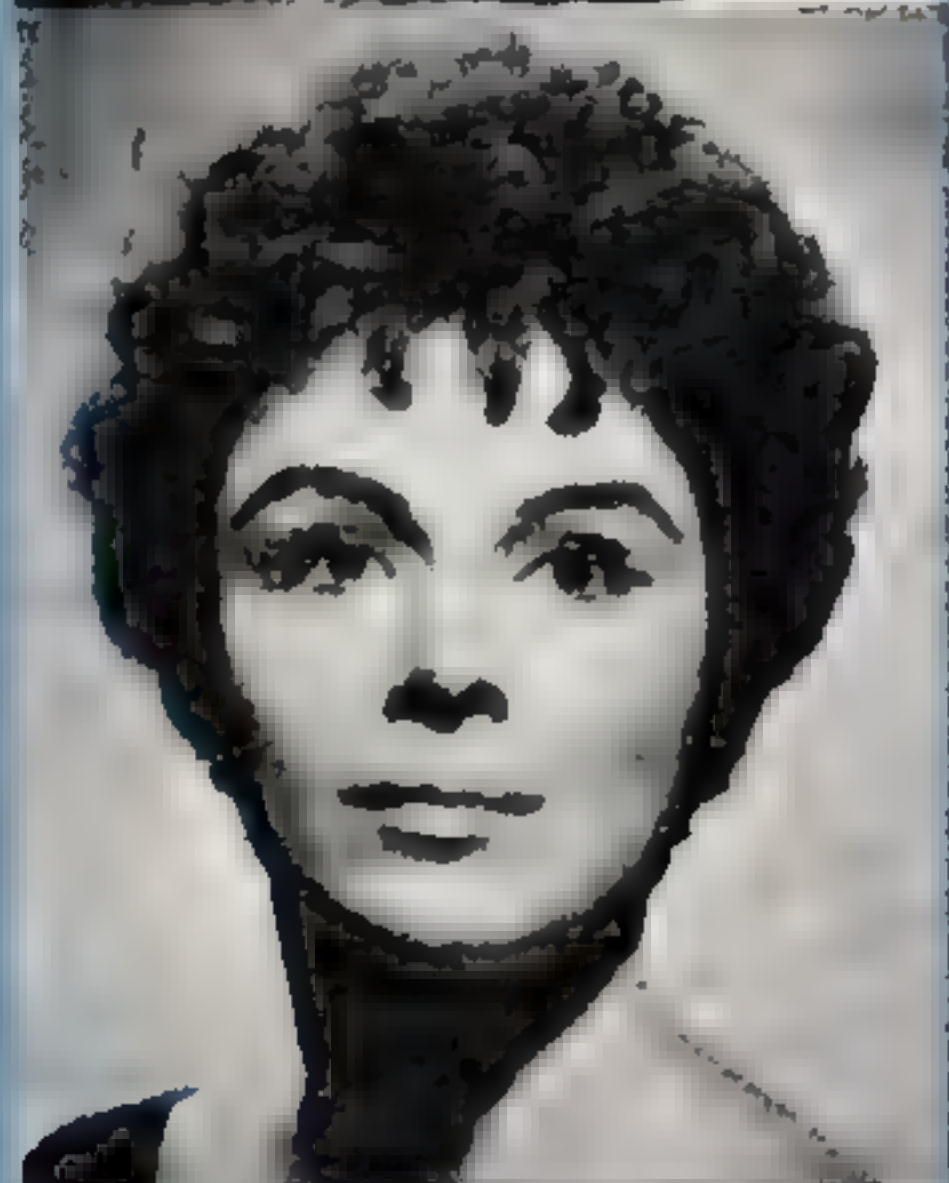
32



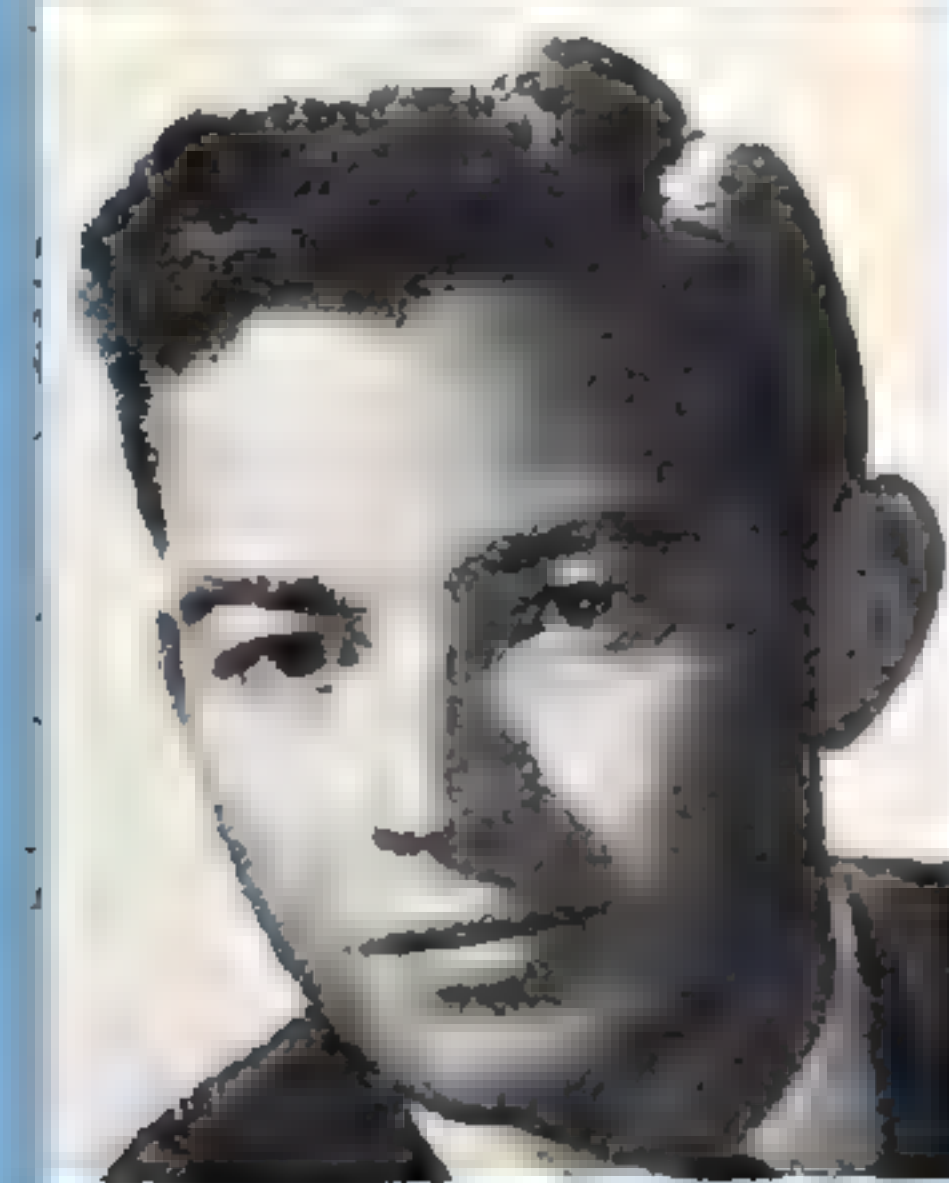
33



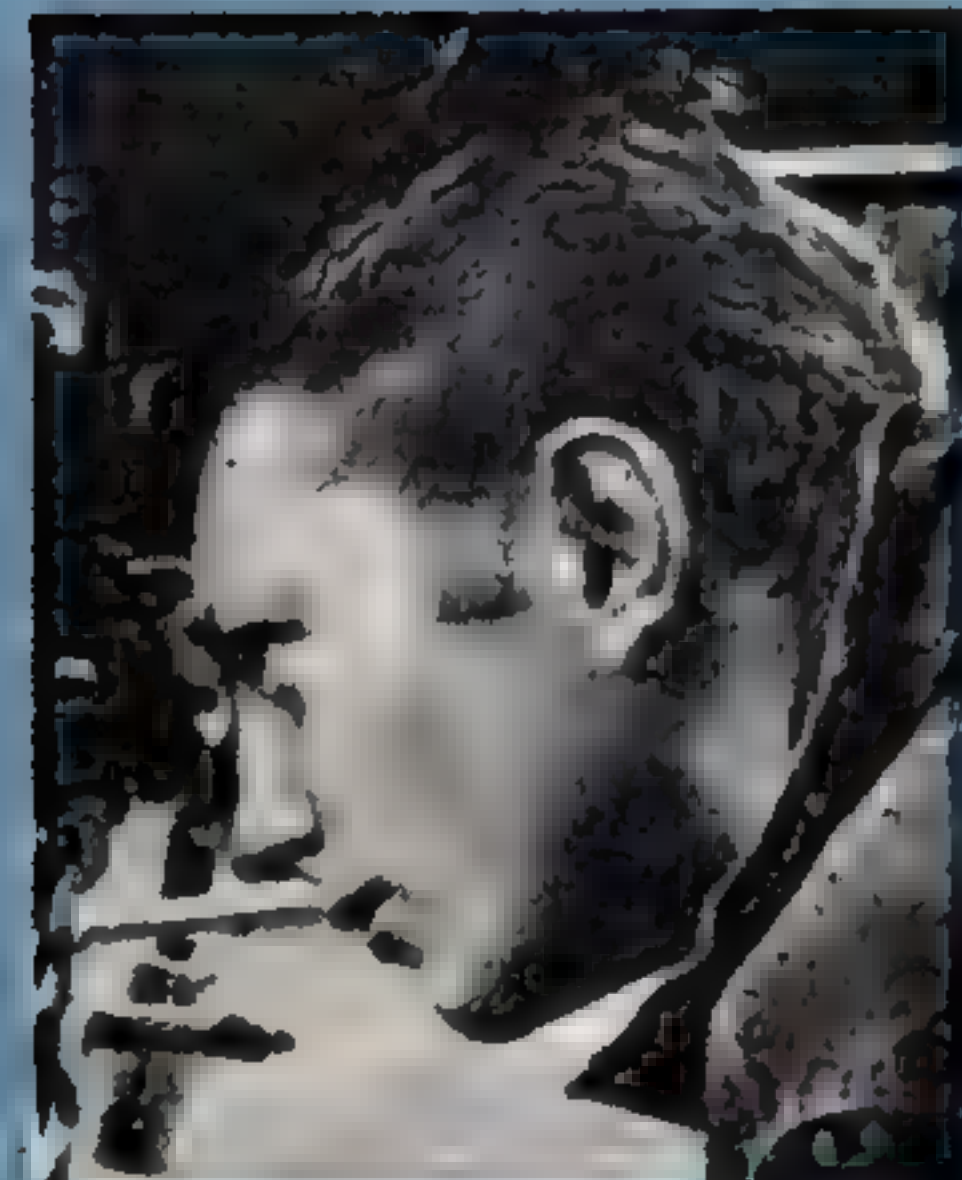
27



34



23



28



24



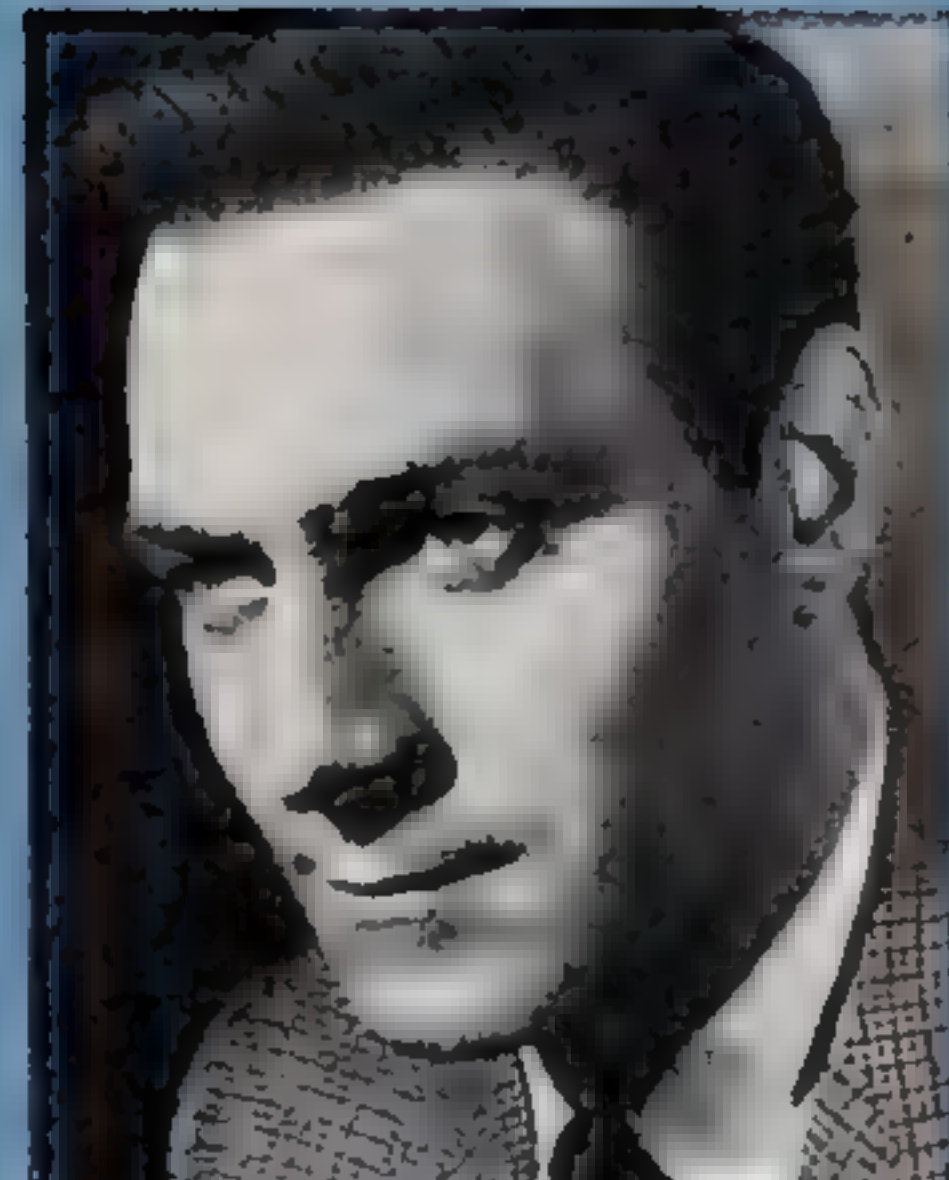
35



25



29



36



30



NEWCOMERS

- | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Adams, Nick | 13. Horne, Geoffrey | 25. Nelson, David |
| 2. Bee, Molly | 14. Jergens, Diane | 26. Nuyen, France |
| 3. Britt, May | 15. Jones, Dean | 27. O'Brien, Erin |
| 4. Brown, Peter | 16. Ladd, David | 28. Philips, Lee |
| 5. Byrnes, Edward | 17. Landon, Michael | 29. Plummer, Christopher |
| 6. Carere, Christine | 18. Lange, Hope | 30. Reed, Alan, Jr. |
| 7. Coe, Barry | 19. Louise, Tina | 31. St. John, Jill |
| 8. Crosby, Gary | 20. Lynley, Carol | 32. Sands, Tommy |
| 9. Damon, Mark | 21. Meredith, Judi | 33. Stevens, Connie |
| 10. Dee, Sandra | 22. Michaels, Dolores | 34. Stricklyn, Ray |
| 11. Gardner, Richard | 23. Mitchum, Jim | 35. Varsi, Diane |
| 12. Hedison, Al | 24. Moore, Joanna | 36. Whitman, Stuart |

turn to page 61 for your ballot

Dick Gardner wants desperately to keep his family together, yet he says—

I'M HELPLESSLY WATCHING MY MARRIAGE DIE



Deeply hurt and puzzled, Dick Gardner wonders, "How can my wife ask me to leave Hollywood, to quit a job that's so much a part of me?"

"But our marriage wouldn't last six months if I stayed here!" Joan Gardner says, close to tears. "What marriage does have a chance in Hollywood? Just name me one!" She collects herself and begins her side of the story, with her husband's silent consent. (Continued on page 85)

EDITOR'S NOTE:

You loved Dick Gardner as Private Cowley in "The Young Lions" and swamped us with fan letters which we forwarded to him. He was most grateful for your interest. Now Dick's in trouble. He asks you to read his story and then write a letter to him and his wife Joan. The address is:

**c/o Twentieth Century-Fox
10201 West Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles 64, California.**



How to dress as if money were no object

It's Simplicity itself to have the smart lines, the beautiful fabric, the "expensive" look you love. Just make your clothes (and the children's) with Simplicity Printed Patterns!

Simplicity Patterns give you the newest look in the simplest way. Even if you haven't sewed much lately, you can make clothes that look perfect. Each piece of a Simplicity Pattern is printed with such easy-to-follow directions, it's like having an expert advise you at every step!

Mother's dress, Simplicity Pattern No. 2723

Daughter's dress, Simplicity Pattern No. 2631

Fashion is

Simplicity itself

SIMPLICITY PATTERN CO. INC.





MARGARET O'BRIEN:

When I was scared or feeling real blue, I'd go to her and
she'd put her arms around me and in a few minutes every-
thing was all right. Then, without warning, my mother was gone

*who can I turn to now
that I'm all alone...*

The hospital corridor was dark and very still. A single light shone in the middle of the hall, casting a wide circle of light on the floor. At the far end of the hall, a nurse lit the desk lamp and glanced at her watch. It was time for her to make her early-morning rounds. She picked up her searchlight and started to walk along the corridor, the searchlight's small beam dancing jerkily up and down as she walked. She checked the first two rooms, but walked past the third

door knowingly. As she passed, the door opened and the nurse stopped and turned to see a girl about twenty step hesitantly through the doorway—her young body shaking as she tried to stifle the sobs that managed to escape her lips. She swayed for a moment, but the doctor who followed her grabbed her arm and she leaned weakly against him. The nurse shook her head and walked slowly toward the fourth door—there was nothing she could (Continued on page 91)

by LOUELLA CONDON

One of the most exciting women in the world... **NEW YORK**
 Fern Tailer Gimbel



From Paris to Rome to New York, busy exciting women deep-cleanse, deep-moisturize and beautify their skin with Pond's

SHE'S BUSY...YET SHE'S BEAUTIFUL...SHE USES POND'S

Pond's Cold Cream replaces the inner moisture modern living drains away

FERN TAILER GIMBEL, a tall striking flame-haired beauty, is a dedicated actress, hard-working fashion model and the mother of two young children. She scorns elaborate beauty ritual... *"I haven't the patience or the time."* Instead, she uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse—and to moisturize and beautify. *"My skin is never dry—it stays soft and smooth!"*



Deep-cleanses! Moisturizes and beautifies for hours afterward!

Goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off! Pond's is the fabulous deep cleanser that beautifies as it cleanses—actually moisturizes *below* the surface. From deep within your skin, it keeps sending freshets of moisture upward to give your complexion a lovely dewy softness

hour after hour. No other cream or liquid does for your skin just what Pond's does.

Use Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse at night—to moisturize and beautify under make-up all day.

WITH THIS ONE CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL!

who will be the favorites for 1958?

FILMS

Andy Hardy Comes Home
 Another Time, Another Place
 Auntie Mame
 Badlanders, The
 Barbarian and the Geisha, The
 Bell, Book and Candle
 Big Beat, The
 Big Country, The
 Blob, The
 Bonjour Tristesse
 Bravados, The
 Bridge on the River Kwai, The
 Brothers Karamazov, The
 Cat on a Hot Tin Roof
 Certain Smile, A
 Chase a Crooked Shadow
 Cowboy
 Cry Terror
 Damn Citizen!
 Damn Yankees
 Darby's Rangers
 Decks Ran Red, The
 Deep Six, The
 Defiant Ones, The
 Desire Under the Elms
 Dunkirk
 Enemy Below, The
 Farewell to Arms, A
 Fiend Who Walked the West, The
 Flood Tide
 Fly, The
 Fraulein
 From Hell to Texas
 Geisha Boy, The
 Gift of Love, The
 Gigi
 Girl Most Likely, The
 Goddess, The
 God's Little Acre
 Going Steady
 Gunman's Walk
 Handle With Care
 Harry Black and the Tiger
 High Cost of Loving, The
 High School Confidential!
 Horror of Dracula
 Hot Spell
 Houseboat
 Hunters, The
 I Accuse!
 I Married a Woman
 Imitation General
 In Love and War
 Indiscreet
 Inn of the Sixth Happiness, The
 Journey, The
 Key, The
 King Creole
 Kings Go Forth
 Lady Takes a Flyer, The
 Lafayette Escadrille
 Last Hurrah, The
 Law and Jake Wade, The
 Left Handed Gun, The
 Legend of the Lost
 Let's Rock!
 Light in the Forest, The
 Long, Hot Summer, The
 Man of the West
 Mardi Gras
 Marjorie Morningstar
 Mark of the Hawk
 Matchmaker, The
 Me and the Colonel
 Merry Andrew
 Missouri Traveler, The
 Naked and the Dead, The
 Naked Earth
 Nice Little Bank that Should Be Robbed, A
 No Time for Sergeants
 Old Man and the Sea, The
 Old Yeller
 Onionhead
 Paris Holiday
 Parisienne, La
 Party Girl
 Paths of Glory
 Peyton Place
 Proud Rebel
 Quiet American, The
 Rally Round the Flag, Boys
 Raw Wind in Eden
 Reluctant Debutante, The
 Restless Years, The
 Revenge of Frankenstein
 Rock-a-Bye Baby
 Run Silent, Run Deep
 Saddle the Wind
 St. Louis Blues
 Seven Hills of Rome
 Sheepman, The
 Sing Boy Sing
 South Pacific
 Stage Struck
 Summer Love
 Tale of Two Cities, A
 Tarnished Angels, The
 Teacher's Pet
 Ten North Frederick
 This Angry Age
 This Happy Feeling
 Time to Love and a Time to Die, A
 Tom Thumb
 Tonka
 Too Much, Too Soon
 Torpedo Run
 Touch of Evil
 Tunnel of Love, The
 Twilight for the Gods
 Vertigo
 Vikings, The
 Voice in the Mirror
 Whole Truth, The
 Wild Is the Wind
 Wind Across the Everglades
 Windom's Way
 Witness for the Prosecution
 Young Lions, The

STARS

Angeli, Pier
 Bacall, Lauren
 Baker, Carroll
 Bardot, Brigitte
 Baxter, Anne
 Bergman, Ingrid
 Bogarde, Dick
 Booth, Shirley
 Borgnine, Ernest
 Boyer, Charles
 Brando, Marlon
 Brazzi, Rossano
 Brynner, Yul
 Calhoun, Rory
 Caron, Leslie
 Chandler, Jeff
 Charisse, Cyd
 Chevalier, Maurice
 Clift, Montgomery
 Collins, Joan
 Conte, Richard
 Cooper, Gary
 Curtis, Tony
 Day, Doris
 de Havilland, Olivia
 Derek, John
 Dietrich, Marlene
 Dors, Diana
 Douglas, Kirk
 Egan, Richard
 Ekberg, Anita
 Evans, Robert
 Ferrer, Jose
 Fonda, Henry
 Fontaine, Joan
 Ford, Glenn
 Franciosa, Anthony
 Gable, Clark
 Gavin, John
 Gaynor, Mitzi
 Gobel, George
 Granger, Stewart
 Grant, Cary
 Grant, Kathryn
 Griffith, Andy
 Guinness, Alec
 Harrison, Rex
 Heflin, Van
 Hepburn, Audrey
 Heston, Charlton
 Holden, William
 Hope, Bob
 Hudson, Rock
 Hunter, Jeffrey
 Hunter, Tab
 Hyer, Martha
 Jones, Jennifer
 Jourdan, Louis
 Kaye, Danny
 Kelly, Gene
 Kendall, Kay
 Kerr, Deborah
 Kerr, John
 Ladd, Alan
 Lancaster, Burt
 Lanza, Mario
 Laughton, Charles
 Leigh, Janet
 Lemmon, Jack
 Lewis, Jerry
 London, Julie
 Loren, Sophia
 MacLaine, Shirley
 MacMurray, Fred
 Magnani, Anna
 Malone, Dorothy
 Martin, Dean
 Mason, James
 Mathews, Kerwin
 Mature, Victor
 Mayo, Virginia
 Milland, Ray
 Mitchell, Cameron
 Mitchum, Robert
 Murphy, Audie
 Murray, Don
 Nader, George
 Newman, Paul
 Nielsen, Leslie
 Niven, David
 North, Sheree
 Novak, Kim
 O'Brian, Hugh
 Owens, Patricia
 Palance, Jack
 Parker, Fess
 Peck, Gregory
 Perkins, Anthony
 Powell, Jane
 Power, Tyrone
 Presley, Elvis
 Pulver, Lilo
 Quinn, Anthony
 Ray, Aldo
 Reed, Donna
 Reynolds, Debbie
 Richards, Jeff
 Robertson, Cliff
 Rooney, Mickey
 Rush, Barbara
 Russell, Rosalind
 Ryan, Robert
 Saxon, John
 Simmons, Jean
 Sinatra, Frank
 Stack, Robert
 Steiger, Rod
 Stevens, Inger
 Stewart, James
 Sullivan, Barry
 Strasberg, Susan
 Tamblyn, Russ
 Taylor, Elizabeth
 Taylor, Robert
 Todd, Richard
 Tracy, Spencer
 Turner, Lana
 Wagner, Robert
 Wayne, John
 Widmark, Richard
 Wilde, Cornel
 Williams, Esther
 Wood, Natalie
 Woodward, Joanne
 Wynter, Dana

Fill out your ballot, paste it on a postcard and mail to: Gold Medal Award Ballots, Box 2511, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. All ballots must be received no later than December 31, 1958.

For your list of new personalities and their pictures, see pages 54 and 55. For their film credits, turn to page 89

GOLD MEDAL BALLOT

MY CHOICE FOR THE GOLD MEDAL WINNERS OF 1958

BEST MALE STAR _____

BEST FEMALE STAR _____

BEST MOTION PICTURE _____

NEW PERSONALITIES WHO MADE
 THE GREATEST IMPRESSION ON ME IN
 1958 MOVIES

MALE _____ FEMALE _____

this page is yours

You've asked us why you can't help write Photoplay. Well, here's your chance. To help launch this new feature, we have Beth Hoffman, sixteen years old, from Encino, California, writing about Diane Varsi.



I still can't believe it happened to me, my interview with Diane Varsi, that is. Sitting and talking to her in Hamburger Hamlet, with all the kids in nearby booths craning their necks to see her, was the most exciting experience of my life, but I guess I'd better start at the beginning so you'll know how this wonderful thing came about.

After seeing "Peyton Place," I couldn't get over Diane Varsi. I may as well admit I saw the picture five times and, as I hope to be a writer, I decided to send her a fan letter and ask for an interview.

"I will gladly let you do an interview on me," she wrote. "If you send me your phone number, I will call you as to when and where it will be. Sincerely, Diane Varsi."

A few moments after I'd arrived, I saw her walk in the door. Even though she had no make-up on at all, not even lipstick, she was more beautiful than I had imagined. She wore a black scarf, black blouse and black capris. She ordered coffee and apple pie.

As we started to talk, she removed her scarf and I noticed her hair was rather long. She wore it straight with bangs. When I told her I loved her hair, she remarked, "It's about the same color as yours—sort of ash blonde."

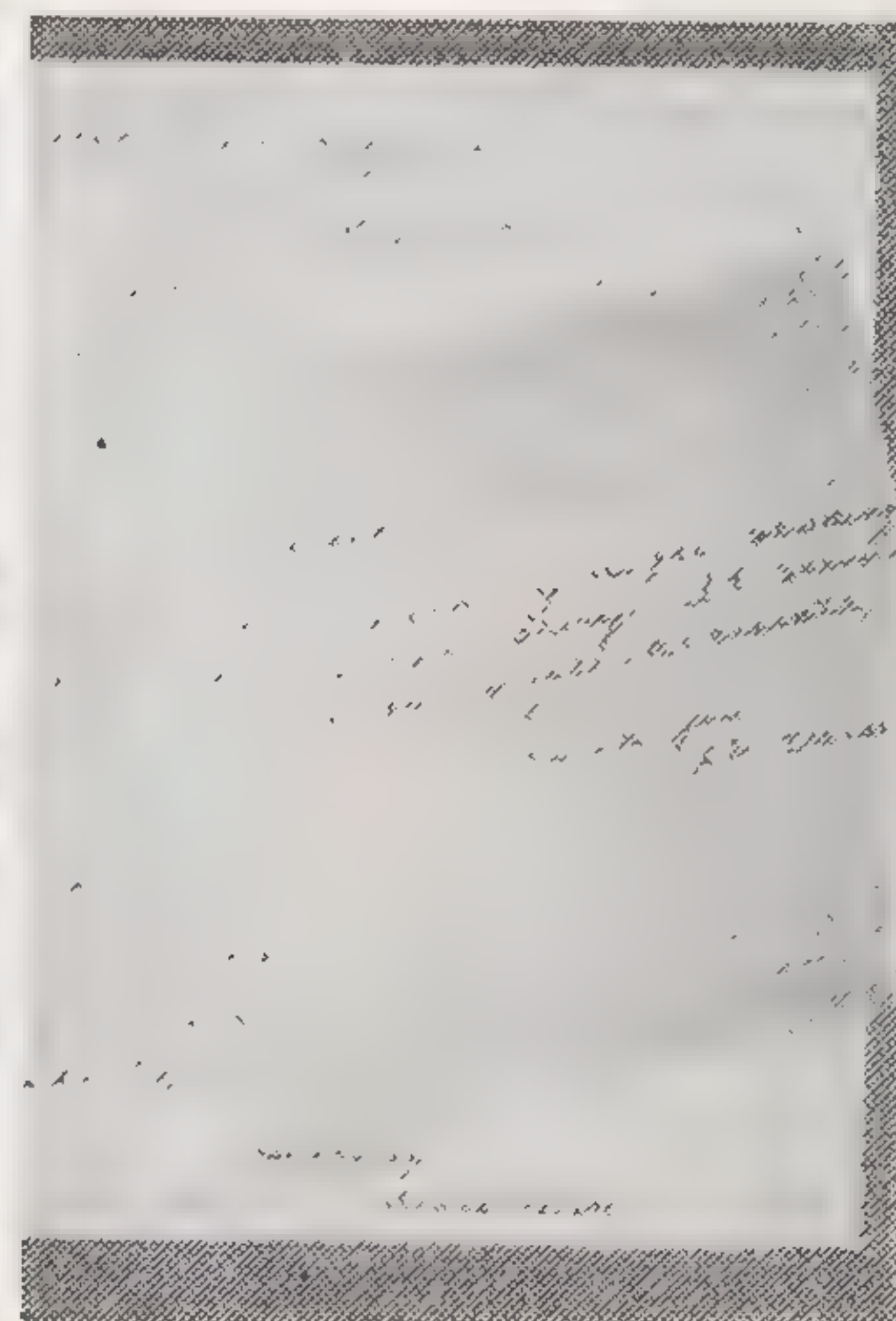
She seemed to be interested in me. For a moment I wondered if she was going to interview me or if I was going to interview her. She asked me if I thought my parents were good parents. "Do they tell you what to do?" she wanted to know. I said, "Yes." I asked her if she minded when people told her what to do. She sat quietly and answered, "It

depends on what it is." She spoke very quietly.

Miss Varsi thought it was fine that I wanted to be a writer. She said she loved poetry and reeled off names of about a dozen poets, half of whom I'd never heard of. She told me she'd written some poetry herself. She said she'd quit school at fifteen and since then has had "my own little school."

She hasn't any close girl friends and keeps an hour of each day for herself, during which time she is completely alone. She loves the beach and likes to go there to think.

As we walked out of the coffee shop, she asked, "How are you getting home?" I said, "I have a ride, thanks." I almost wished I hadn't—she might even have driven me home.



Beth prizes these letters and an autographed photo which reads in part, "Dear Beth: . . . I really hope you keep writing . . . Thank you for your time. Diane."

She stood there as I started to cross the street. I was so excited that while crossing, I turned around and yelled, "Thank you!" She nodded and then yelled back, "Be careful." When I got to the other side of the street, we waved again.

I'll never forget my interview with Diane Varsi.

Continued from page 35

can we rehearse lines if he doesn't okay them?"

"So start rehearsing," said the production man.

Benoff turned a charming green.

"They're Eddie's lines so naturally it would help if he were here to study them."

"You still hanging around?" someone grunted at me.

"I'd like to nose around at long as he's late and get a few quotes about Eddie from some of the people who work with him."

"Yeah, lots of luck," came the reply.

The "lots of luck" was tinged with sarcasm.

A harassed young blonde woman walked by with a pile of scripts in hand.

"What do you think of Eddie," I shouted above the din.

"Eddie who?"

"Eddie, *who*? Eddie Fisher."

"Are you a reporter or a writer?" she asked, eyeing me suspiciously.

"That's right."

"I think he's great—just g-r-e-a-t!"

A prop man excused himself as he hauled a large floral-covered trellis past me.

"What's Eddie Fisher like to work for?"

"Why?" he called, not even stopping.

"Well, I'm doing this story and—"

By this time I had gotten the feeling people were pointing me out—and then avoiding me like the plague. Where people had been bustling around me only a minute before—I was now standing completely alone in the middle of the stage. Even though it was the middle of August I felt a distinct chill.

Bernie Rich, one of Eddie's oldest and best friends from his Philadelphia days, appeared from somewhere out of the shadows and gently but firmly led me over to a chair away from everyone and everything that was going on.

"Why don't you wait until Eddie gets here to start your story. I doubt if you'll get any material from his staff," he said, somewhat nervously.

I wondered.

"Is Eddie *always* late?"

"Well, Eddie has a tendency to moodiness when things aren't going well with the show or his other enterprises. It's to be expected. Then, too, Eddie can't just hop out of bed and race to the set. In the mornings, he's a slow starter."

I turned my head just in time to see the star of the show enter a side door. He had to pass directly in front of me to get to where he was heading but I had to do everything but stick out my foot and trip him to get his attention. He seemed to be off in another world.

"Oh the interview—sure—I forgot. I'm sorry," he stammered as I tried in vain to get him into the chair next to mine.

"I'm really here to find out about the rumors, Eddie. Are you and Debbie having fights, not getting along or—well you know what the gossip has been."

He looked me straight in the eye.

"You can print it in headlines. I've never been happier in my life."

He walked over to the bandstand and I watched him run through his lines for the next hour.

I knew he had been telling me the truth. I knew it was the truth and yet there were a hundred and one things I wanted to ask. There was *something*, something I couldn't put my finger on—something I sensed. I don't know if I got it from the

a must for every television fan

TV's Top Stars



the exciting, absorbing stories

of television's greats . . . the part they play

on your set . . . their home life

Here's the greatest . . . TV's TOP STARS 1959 . . . the brand new book produced by the editors of TV RADIO MIRROR.

Here in one glamorous package is everybody of importance in the television world. Here are 95 absorbing stories of your favorite television stars. This great book takes you behind the scenes and tells you hundreds of little known facts about the greats of television. Here you will learn how your favorite star got started in television . . . here also are facts about his present role . . . and anecdotes about other people in the cast. Here, too, you read about the roles these famous folks play in real life. Now you can meet their wives . . . their children . . . and learn about their hobbies.

Only 50¢ At All Newsstands
This great package containing 95 stories and 200 pictures is only 50¢ a copy—while they last. Get your copy now at your favorite magazine counter and get greater enjoyment from your television set.

If your newsdealer can't supply you, send 50¢ with this coupon

Steve Allen
Desi Arnaz
James Arness
Gene Autry
Lucille Ball
Molly Bee
Jack Benny
Polly Bergen
Milton Berle
Pat Boone
Richard Boone
Lloyd Bridges
Peter Brown
George Burns
Ronnie Burns
Raymond Burr
Rory Calhoun
Dick Clark
Dorothy Collins
Perry Como
Chuck Connors
Pat Conway
Brod Crawford
Bing Crosby
Bill Cullen
Robert Culp
Bob Cummings
Gail Davis
Jimmy Dean
George de Witt
Eddie Fisher
Myron Floren
Tennessee Ernie Ford
Pete Fountain
James Franciscus
Dean Fredericks
James Garner
Dave Garroway
Genevieve
Jackie Gleason
Arthur Godfrey
Eddie Gorme
Barbara Hale
Bob Hope
Robert Horton
Will Hutchins
David Janssen
Betty Johnson

Jack Kelly
Phyllis Kirk
Peter Lawford
Steve Lawrence
Jerry Lewis
Shari Lewis
Art Linkletter
Jack Linkletter
Alice Lon
Shirley MacLaine
Jock Mahoney
Dean Martin
Lee Marvin
Groucho Marx
Darren McGavin
Jayne Meadows
George Montgomery
Garry Moore
David Nelson
Harriet Nelson
Ozzie Nelson
Rick Nelson
Kathy Nolan
Hugh O'Brian
Jack Paar
Patti Page
Betsy Palmer
John Payne
Elvis Presley
Donna Reed
Dale Robertson
Roy Rogers
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
John Smith
Ann Sothern
Craig Stevens
Gale Storm
Ed Sullivan
Shirley Temple
Danny Thomas
Clint Walker
Jack Webb
Lawrence Welk
Andy Williams
Guy Williams
Loretta Young

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC., Dept. WG-1258
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid a copy of TV'S TOP STARS 1959. I enclose 50¢.

Name..... PLEASE PRINT

Address.....

City..... State.....

papers, the people around Eddie—or Eddie himself.

The answer was of course—in Eddie. That made it more difficult.

In spite of all the stories, releases and publicity on him—his kindness, his thoughtfulness, his lighthearted boyishness and everything else that's been printed, Eddie Fisher is a very complex person.

He doesn't rave, he doesn't rant and to the best of my knowledge he'd never pulled any of the usual prima donna stuff so many stars are rightly accused of. But he is difficult in one of the most offbeat ways that a star could be and it might even be called a phenomenon in Hollywood.

When he was a poor boy in Philadelphia, Eddie's reaction was not to resent the seemingly cold world into which he'd been born but, instead, to win it over. He began by making two friends, Joey Foreman and Bernie Rich, now both Hollywood actors and his closest friends today. Bernie, as a matter of fact, is also associate producer of Eddie's TV show.

The friendship between Eddie and Joey Foreman is a strong but also a rambunctious one. They have alternately fought and made peace again ever since they have known each other. A battle is followed by an exchange of warm pledges which soon falls into battle again. As a youngster, Eddie once got a sports coat with blue shadow-stripes from Joey. He still has that jacket. Their shoe sizes are the same now and Joey often finds himself in Eddie's shoes. Joey has always been the larger of the two, aside from shoe size, but as a boy Eddie would never admit this meant he was also the stronger.

One afternoon, when they were twelve, Eddie and Joey began a fist fight at the corner of Sixth and Shunk Streets in Philadelphia. It didn't end until they were rolling around on the sidewalk and passersby pulled them apart. For a year, they didn't speak to each other, although they were exchanging lines daily on the same radio show for Skipper Dawes (another old friend who's now working with Eddie). Then Eddie fell ill and Joey decided that he just had to visit him. When Joey walked into his bedroom, Eddie was so deeply affected that he had to duck under the covers to hide his emotions.

Both Eddie and Joey have been chess players since they were boys and there is nobody they'd rather beat than each other. Nobody, that is, unless it's Debbie's father, Ray Reynolds. But with Ray they admit they have no chance. He is the old master of their chess circle.

Some months before Todd was born, Eddie had a week off, after a continuous grind of shows. Since Debbie was busy on a picture they decided that it would be wise for him to get a complete rest

by spending the time at their Palm Springs house. The only mistake Eddie made was to take Joey along. Aside from their sleeping hours they never got away from the chess board, and during the week a fine altercation was generated when Eddie won ten straight games and jokingly refused to let Joey forget it.

"There was one thing in which Eddie was better than I, and this I admit," Joey Foreman says. "Eddie was a charmer. It worked with all kinds of people but what burned me up of course was that it seemed to work with girls I wanted to impress. He knew the right thing to say and had it said while I was still fumbling around for a word. It's like a challenge to him to win people over. I don't know anyone who has ever met him and talked long enough to get his views who hasn't fallen for him."

Eddie Fisher wants to be **LIKED!** Perhaps more than anything else in the world he wants to be liked. The trouble is—he wants to be liked by *everyone!*

He'll never turn down an interview, always show up for a benefit show, help his old friends, stand in awe of those who were stars before him and give them their due and constantly and continually charm the pants off every man, woman, child and animal he comes in contact with.

And what happens?

He wears himself thin.

He wears himself out.

And then he has to retreat into himself—friends call it "his moods"—to regain the strength to face the ordeal of being an all around good guy."

It's enough to wear anyone out, let alone a person who's in the public eye, surrounded by a staff constantly and besieged by fans, writers, sponsors, song pluggers and on and on.

A good friend of his once said that Eddie had a tendency to listen to everyone who had access to his ear and base his judgment on what he was told. He was afraid if he turned his ear he might lose a friend.

Yet he can be as stubborn as they come once he has actually disagreed with someone and more often than not it takes a third person to try and patch up the rents and tears in some friendship that Eddie professes to value so highly.

When Eddie had a serious falling out with his old pal, Bernie Rich, it was Debbie who brought them together. Not by trying to make Eddie see that he might possibly have been in the wrong but wisely—by maintaining her friendship with Rich's wife Margie. Eventually Eddie and Bernie drifted back together again.

Eddie has had a number of these altercations with Bernie, just as he does with

Joey Foreman and others. Each break, each misunderstanding seems to wear him down just a little bit more. He seems to be determined to be liked—but liked on HIS terms.

If Eddie and Debbie *were* having trouble—could this desire, or better, still this *craving* to be liked—have anything to do with it? Could Eddie be spreading himself so thin that he just didn't have the energy left to cope with the problems—the everyday problems that we must all face—in his personal life at home with Debbie?

"Life is more fun at home than anywhere else," Eddie had said. Yet, two people with different interests, outlooks and temperaments have to work pretty hard at a marriage, no matter how much in love they are.

"It takes a pair of youngsters more docile than show people could ever be to live in marriage over a period of years and not disagree at times," Bernie Rich had remarked. "Eddie and Debbie have been known to have domestic rows. Eddie has a tendency to moodiness when things are not going well with his show and related enterprises; he will worry about a word of criticism and then closet himself up as he tries to fathom the reason for it. And Debbie, after all, is a young mother whose days can go as wrong as any young mother's."

"When they are both out of sorts," Bernie went on, "the same thing can happen with them as happens to any young couple. But the truth is that they are more bothered by the stories of their fighting than the fights themselves. And one thing they are adamant about—what happens between them stays in the family."

Debbie is a girl who much prefers her own home, her two infant babies, her garden and her constant reading of novels and scripts nightly in front of a fire or in a corner of the nursery.

Eddie loves all this very dearly but he must also get out with people, travel, shake hands, listen, talk, and *make friends*.

Debbie saves her energy for her work, her small and close circle of friends, her home and family—her few interests.

But Eddie expends more than he has. He wears himself out. He gives, gives, gives to everyone and anyone and being only human—he has to explode, he has to let down, he has to gain back the strength that has made him the personality he is and he has to go into "his moods."

Home would seem the best place. At home there is comparative privacy. At home one doesn't have to work at being liked because one is loved. Home is safe and secure and home is—Debbie.

But a marriage must be worked at at all times and by *two* people. Strength has to come from both sides—maybe a different kind of strength—but both must give.

Thinking of all this I watched Eddie run through a song and he put as much into it as if he were performing in front of a TV audience. When he finished he was obviously out of his mood and his old self again. He smiled and joked and waved to me as if he were seeing me for the first time. I waved back somewhat foolishly feeling as if I were involved in some sort of a game where I didn't know what the exact rules were.

Perhaps that's what I'd sensed when I'd first come in. Maybe everyone was on edge until Eddie arrived. What would he be like? How would he feel today? This skinny young man who wanted to be liked by the world but who was very tired. Maybe the feeling I had gotten from the script girl, the prop man, the friend was

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

December's children run neck and neck with Santa—and sometimes lose out on gifts and cards. Why not remember your favorite with a birthday card?

Rod Cameron on the 7th

Lee J. Cobb on the 8th

Jeff Chandler on the 15th

Dan Dailey on the 14th

Marlene Dietrich on the 27th

Kirk Douglas on the 9th

Irene Dunne on the 20th

Ava Gardner on the 24th

Greer Garson on the 29th

Betty Grable on the 18th

Van Heflin on the 13th

Richard Long on the 17th

Lee Remick on the 14th

Barbara Nichols on the 10th

James MacArthur on the 7th

Dewey Martin on the 8th

Tony Martin on the 25th

the same one that Debbie greeted Eddie with every night when he walked in the door. If that were really so—it was too bad. But Eddie had said he'd never been happier in his life and that was going to be my story. If they're in love it had to work out. All the rest was just a matter of growing up—of growing WITH a relationship. And marriage is the most important of all relationships—it was worth working at above all else.

Eddie had said he realized this all over again when Mike had died. Big Mike Todd was a man Eddie had worshipped and he'd been flattered when Mike seemed to depend on him. Seeing Liz and her kids left alone, Eddie had made a silent prayer. "Keep our family safe and sound. Keep us together. . . ."

Eddie had flown with Liz to the funeral in Chicago. Mike had been his best friend and he was helping his widow through this terrible time. Debbie had quickly agreed to take care of Liz' kids during the first terrible days after Mike's death. "After all," Eddie said, "Liz is just about Debbie's best friend."

The four of them had had such good times together, wild, crazy, laughing times. Mike was always turning up with fabulous gifts for Liz and Eddie, not to be outdone, kept showering Debbie with gifts, too. He'd bought her a full-length mink and three mink stoles, a diamond watch, diamond earrings, a diamond pendant and pin, a T-bird, a Continental, charms in pearls, gold, sapphire and jade by the dozen. Debbie had protested these extravagances, but Eddie kept following his impulses and buying her gifts.

When their son was born, Debbie and Eddie named him Todd after their friend. "Mike would have liked you," Eddie whispered to his infant boy. Then, delighted at having a son, Eddie went out to choose

a diamond and pearl bracelet for Debbie.

The lights dimmed and Eddie walked towards me—hand extended. The big grin on his face made me feel good and I knew the story would be good.

"Had a lot on my mind before, rehearsals always get me," he explained as he sat down and sprawled his legs out in front of him.

"You want to know about Debbie and me? There's nothing to know. We couldn't be happier. Debbie's not only just happy as a wife and mother, she's *busy* and happy. If I happen to remind her she's also got a career as an actress she looks at me with blank eyes for a minute as if she'd forgotten about that altogether. Debbie's world is full of her babies, her new house and, if you'll pardon the expression—ME!"

"Is it true that when Debbie was pregnant you had a telephone installed in your car so you could be in touch with her all the time?"

Suddenly the smile faded and a peculiar expression appeared on his face.

"I got the idea from Mike—Mike Todd. He had one in his car. The day it was installed I made the first call to Debbie to see how she felt and then I called Mike. I knew he was out driving and I thought it would be a kick talking to him from one car to the other. Do you know what that guy said to me?"

Eddie's tight lipped expression relaxed into a smile.

"I said, 'Mike this is Eddie. I'm calling you from my car.' And do you know what Mike answered? He said—

"Hold it a minute, Eddie—my *other* phone is ringing. . . . Then, after we'd talked, Mike said, the way he did if he was talking to me from Moscow, Paris or his car, 'I love ya.' 'Me, too,' I shouted back at him before he could hang up."

Eddie looked down at his hands and then up again.

"He was a great friend. I liked him and you know—he liked me."

I thanked Eddie and told him I had all the information I needed.

"I just wanted to see you and get the mood of the story. I wanted to make sure there was no basis for the rumors going around."

He turned a violent pink and looked down at me as he pushed his chair back.

"I'll say the same thing to you I said to a certain columnist, who shall remain unnamed, when she printed I'd moved out on Debbie just before Todd was born. I asked her how she could dare run such an item like that when we were just about to have another baby. And you know what she said to me? She said she had a reliable source for her information. They always say that. Well, I'll tell you exactly what I told her. What more reliable source is there than *ME*?"

The production man appeared from the wings and told Eddie he had a long distance call waiting.

We shook hands and as I watched him walk off I put my Debbie and Eddie love story into place in my mind.

Halfway across the stage Eddie stopped and turning around called to me above the low din of the orchestra warming up.

"Don't forget what I said. When you want the truth—*call me*. What more reliable source can you have than me if you really want the truth? You can always get me."

That was two weeks before he flew to New York.

I haven't been able to reach him since.
—L. POLLOCK

WATCH EDDIE ON NBC-TV'S "THE EDDIE FISHER SHOW," TUESDAYS AT 8:00 P.M. EST.

Now! Easier, Surer protection
for your most intimate
marriage problems



1. **Germicidal protection!** Norforms are *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract*. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. **Deodorant protection!** Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. **Convenience!** These small vaginal suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Tested by doctors... proved in hospital clinics

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to Dept. PH-812
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

"I GOT MY WISH"

Continued from page 42

never looked prettier than after a rainfall, when its streets shone like patent leather and the shop lights sparkled on the puddles of water. In her slicker and rain hat, she would walk through the rain-soaked streets and daydream of the someday when she'd be a famous actress. She'd come home only when her sneakers were soaking wet. She had no idea then of marrying a tender, gay, impulsive man who could understand daydreaming. Then, he was a vague shape, a clouded vision. Now, she knew he was tall and lean with thick brown hair that kept falling onto his forehead. François—with his funny English and thick French accent.

"Bonjour rain," Jean whispered, feeling suddenly giddy. "Today I become Mrs. François Moreuil. So, come to my wedding. You're welcome."

How François liked the rain, too! And he loved long walks and bowling and golf and food and dancing and tennis and swimming and water-skiing . . . and thank heavens, Jean'd say, for the water-skiing. This was how they met.

"But how else?" François teased her in front of her friends.

Her friends, so anxious to meet her husband-to-be, had given them an old-fashioned party the very first day François arrived in Marshalltown—ten days before the wedding.

And all that following week the household was littered in gay tissue paper and silver ribbon. Presents, presents, presents—everywhere.

"Look, Coco," Jean pointed out. "Look at this beautiful silver platter from Otto Preminger."

But he looked at her and said, "But here's another toaster," and she made a face at him and he laughed.

Later that week they went to Lloyd's, Marshalltown's biggest restaurant, to check on the champagne François' father had sent all the way from the vineyards of France.

François insisted on going over and over the arrangements for their reception with Lloyd Barlow, the owner. That impressed her mother, since her dad never took an interest in such things.

"Our goblet will go here," François said, "where Jean and I will be sitting. It's been in my family for years, and the bride and groom always drink a toast out of it at weddings."

Mr. Barlow asked him about the turkey. "Ah, the turkey," François said excitedly, forgetting his English a little. "The turkey? . . . It should be almost the centerpiece for the table. Deboned and then put back together again."

"But that's impossible," Mr. Barlow announced.

"Why?" François wanted to know. "I've seen it done so many times."

"Well," Mr. Barlow said, "maybe it's done in France, but I wouldn't think of doing such a thing to an American turkey."

François began explaining in minute detail, waving his hands through the air, but Lloyd Barlow nodded his head and said, "Impossible."

Taking a deep breath, François prepared for battle. But Jean grabbed his arm and took him aside, speaking quietly to him in French, and he agreed to what they called "the famous turkey compromise." One turkey would be used for eating, it was decided, and another turkey would serve as the centerpiece.

All through that week before the wedding, there never was time. They barely made the dress shop on Friday afternoon. Jean had to try on a new Empire dress she had bought, and she was standing in front of the three-way mirror.

"Darling Jean," François said to her, "the hem, it's not straight." And suddenly he lay flat, with his chin touching the floor, and stretched out to check her hemline. "There," he said proudly, "on the right side, see? It's a little bit too long."

The salesgirl, stunned, looked at him as if he had descended from outer space. She got down on her knees and adjusted the hem. François dusted himself off.

Then, the Friday afternoon of the wedding rehearsal, François and Jean drove to the church, and François met Jean's Aunt Ella Mae, the florist, and they went over all the flower arrangements. François wanted a French setting. He even drew a plan in water colors for Aunt Ella Mae. He requested "Two large bouquets of yellow roses here, on either side of the altar, and behind them, we would like tiers of potted ferns."

François' best men, Arnold des Contades and Edoardo Brufferio, flew in that day.

When Jean's mom and dad came by, Jean said, "But you don't need a rehearsal. You've been through all this only last month when Mary Ann got married!"

But it was her eight-year-old brother, David, the ringbearer, who stole the show that afternoon. Walking solemnly down

the aisle in front of Jean's maids of honor, Martha Glick and Lynda Scott, he stretched out his arms, pretending he was holding a make-believe pillow.

"But where's the pillow?" Jean said. "I know I brought it."

Her grandmother had sewn it for her, a white satin eiderdown pillow for David to carry the rings on.

"I don't want to dirty it," David said. "It's so pretty I thought we'd save it for the wedding!"

Everyone laughed, including Reverend Christenson.

But when she looked up at François, he was weeping. Oh dear, she wondered, what are we going to be like tomorrow!

After the wedding rehearsal ended, Jean whispered in his ear, and the two of them ran off. They drove to the outskirts of town and left the car by a fencepost, and they walked through the windblown Iowa fields, grinning happily, arms around each other, in the reddening glow of the late-afternoon sun.

What a luxury, Jean thought, an hour with François, the two of us together . . . and alone.

"Look," she said, pointing to a jumble of yellow wildflowers in the distance.

"Come," he offered, "and I'll pick you a bouquet for a bride."

"I'll race you," she said. "Last one there—"

"Loses a kiss," François winked.

They ran. He gave her a head start, but he soon caught up with her and put his arm around her waist, and the two of them ran along together until they tumbled down in the thick of the yellow flowerbed.

"Here," François snapped a flower at its stem, "is a flower for the famous American actress."

"And here," Jean picked a flower between them, "is one for the famous French lawyer."

The two of them giggled.

"But here's a whole handful," he said solemnly, "for my wonderful American wife!"

They kissed and lay there looking at the vast sky and the deepening colors of the sun, and in a while they got up and filled their arms with flowers.

"Oh Coco," Jean said, "I'm so happy." She buried her face in the flowers. "I wish . . . I wish today, this moment . . . could last forever."

She smiled at him, and he put his arm around her, and she said, "But tomorrow will be wonderful, too. Oh Coco, these are the happiest days of my life."

They walked for a while.

"Hey," he said cheerfully. "Will they throw rice at the wedding? Like this?"

He began tossing the yellow flowers in the air and at her. She tossed some back, and suddenly they were throwing their armfuls of flowers everywhere, as high up as they would go, and the blossoms came raining down on them, raining in torrents . . .

The rain had stopped.

"Jean," her mother called. "Are you coming down for breakfast?"

Jean pulled on her tartan bathrobe and went downstairs. She wasn't hungry, but she wanted to be with her family, to see them all eating quietly together on the last morning of her life as Jean Seberg.

"Come on, Jean," her brother Kurt teased. "Tell us where you're going on your honeymoon!"

"Wouldn't you like to know," she teased back. But really they didn't know. François might be called any day for the French Army.

They sat around the kitchen table then, not saying very much. Jean read the stack of telegrams near her plate and



Don't Miss! ELVIS PRESLEY'S HEARTBREAK HOUSE

PAT BOONE
Talks About Early Marriages
Plus

Exciting Stories About:
Jayne Meadows • Steve Allen
Garry Moore • Kathy Nolan

all in the December TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstands

soon she went back upstairs to get things ready. There was the last-minute packing and a diary she wanted to write in and . . .

Suddenly the morning vanished.

Crowds of people mobbed the church—her friends from Marshalltown High, all the nodding acquaintances of her family and so many people she had never seen before. Everybody loves a wedding, Jean said to herself as the wedding car, a big black Cadillac, pulled up to the church.

Photographers called out to her, "One more, Miss Seberg." Jean posed for pictures with her maids of honor, Martha and Lynda.

In the middle of the picture-taking, her mother hurried up to her, "Jean, Jean, you'll never guess what's happened to François. He was so nervous he locked the car and left the keys inside. Now they've had to call the garage to get someone to break in."

If it had happened to someone else, maybe it would have been funny. For a brief moment, Jean had an uneasy feeling that things weren't going to go right. Tears welled inside her, and she thought, "I'm going to cry. I can't help it, I'm going to cry because I want this day to be perfect."

But before she had time for tears, her father was offering her his arm. Mrs. Stephen Melvin began playing Bach on the organ—as Jean had wanted—and the wedding procession started down the aisle.

At the altar banked with ferns and yellow roses stood François.

"How handsome he looks!" Jean thought. She smiled at him. The Reverend Christenson began the brief service and spoke to them quietly for a few minutes about the duties of marriage and its privileges and joys.

Soon, they were walking up the aisle, arm in arm, Jean and François. They waited to greet the guests in the vestibule of the church.

Jean's father kissed her, shook hands with François. Her mother, crying, kissed her and then stood on her toes to kiss François' cheek. Soon all the guests were coming toward them, shaking hands, kissing, congratulating. . . .

When the line ended, the rain began again, and Jean and François ducked out of the church while everyone showered them with rice—just the way they'd laughed about it the day before. In the car, François took Jean in his arms.

"I know," she laughed. "I was warned. Henri Dauman, the photographer, told me the groom never kisses the bride at a French wedding."

"Darling," François said. "He was teasing! Oh, my love, you looked so beautiful that all the customs of France couldn't have held me back."

"And so you kissed me twice."

"No, three times!" He added to the total then and there.

Leaning her head against his shoulder, Jean thought, "Dear God, thank you for making my dreams come true. I wanted to be an actress, and I've had my wish, and I've wanted to be a good wife, and now I'm Mrs. François Moreuil."

Raindrops tapped against the car window.

"I wish," Jean said in a whisper as she looked at her bride's bouquet of white rosebuds, "I wish I could throw it to every girl who's ever put on a slicker and a rain hat and walked for blocks and blocks—"

"What, darling?" François asked.

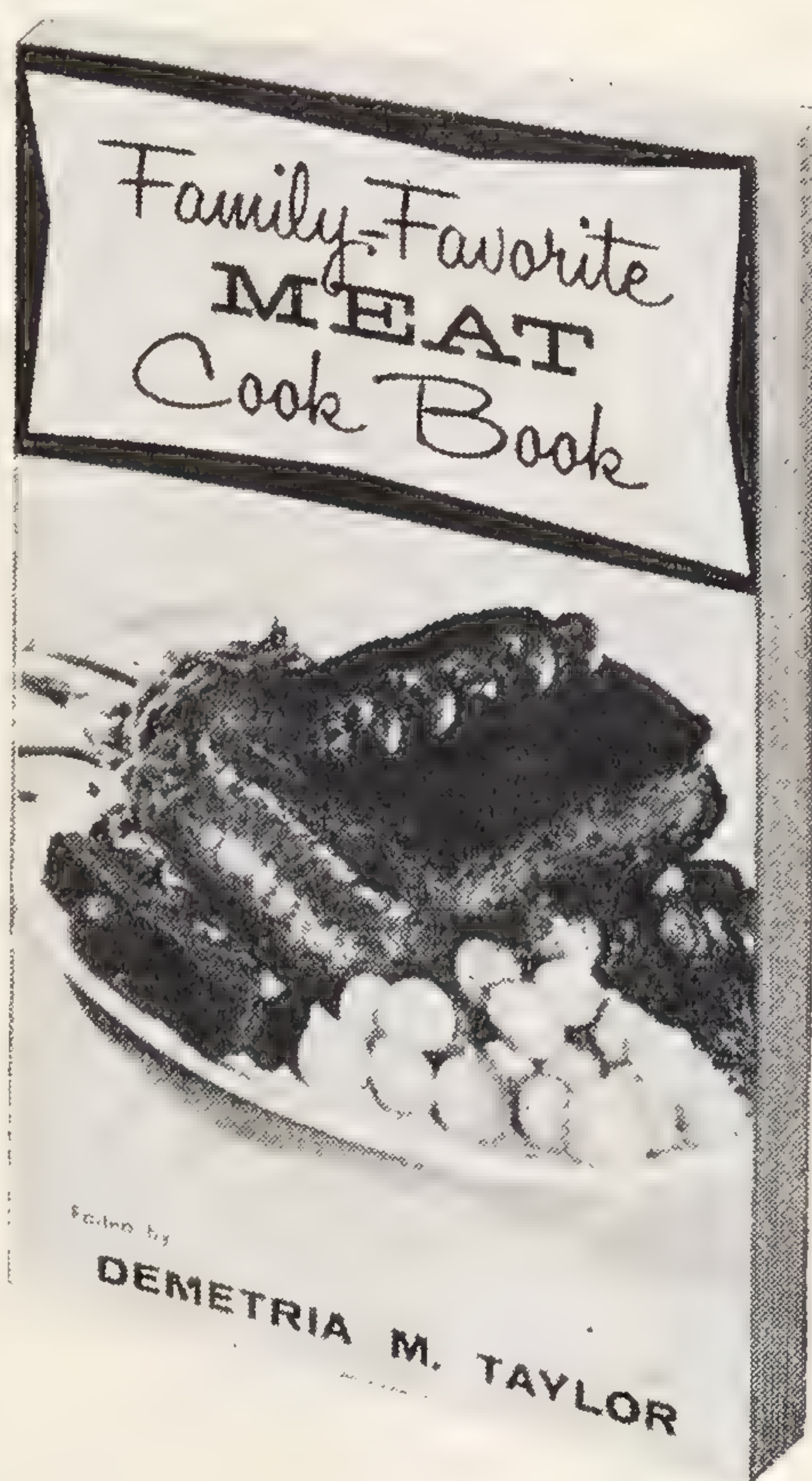
"—Blocks and blocks in the rain and daydreamed," Jean went softly on. "I wish all their daydreams could come true the way mine have."

And François shrugged and tightened his arm around his puzzling American wife.

—CHRIS JOHNS

**This new, exciting book will serve you well
for many a year in answering the
ever-recurring question:**

What shall I serve for dinner tonight?



Just think of it—no more dinner-time worries! With the help of Demetria Taylor's new *meat* cook book you can add excitement and glamor to all your dinners.

Now there is no need to serve your family the same old humdrum dinners night after night. Now there are new and better ways to prepare meat. Now there are endless ways to add variety and excitement to all your meat dishes.

Don't you be satisfied with old-fashioned methods of preparing beef, lamb, pork and veal. Today's new methods open up a whole new world of taste-tantalizing dishes that will amaze your family and friends.

Here for the beginner, as well as the expert, is a cook book on meat dishes exclusively. You can buy today's best bargain at the meat counter and *then* find a new and interesting way to serve it.

Only \$1.00

The price of this exciting new cook book is only \$1.00 in the paperbound edition and only \$2.50 in the hard-bound edition. Get your copy of this remarkable book today and add sparkle to all your dinners.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES—

OR MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Bartholomew House, Inc., Dept. WG-1258
205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me a copy of FAMILY-FAVORITE
MEAT COOK BOOK. I enclose ☐ \$1.00
paperbound. ☐ \$2.50 hardbound.

NAME.....
(please print)

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

You need this book:

- For meal-planning inspiration
- For never-ending variety
- For help with the food budget
- For time-saving preparation

You'll love this book:

- Because every recipe is someone's favorite
- Because every recipe is kitchen-tested and easy to follow
- Because the cross-reference index is so complete you can't miss the recipe you want
- Because you'll learn the latest methods for cooking all varieties of meat

Continued from page 48

nudging her friend and discreetly pointing to the young man.

Her friend, obviously expert in such matters, studied him closely. "I don't know," she finally admitted, adding quickly "but whoever he is, he's got to be somebody!"

He was not: Bob Evans, at that time, two years ago, was not an actor. But there is small difference between then and now. For today, even as a much-talked about new star, little is known about Bob Evans. His friends maintain they really don't understand him; his fans know him even less; and to his co-workers and Hollywood, he's a puzzle. Not since Brando has a new personality been surrounded by so many rumors, so little fact and so much mystery.

"Partly, this is because of the way he looks," says Gordon Douglas, who directed him in his latest picture, "The Fiend Who Walked the West," which should add to the growing legend. "When you have a personality as vital and intriguing as his, rumors just naturally spring up. Bob Evans will never be able to escape unnoticed—even in a crowded room."

At a crowded studio function in Hollywood late last summer, Bob was standing at the far end of the room, alone, when a well-known producer, who had seen Bob play the Spanish bullfighter, Romero, in "The Sun Also Rises," spied him on the far side of the room, standing alone.

Making his way across the crowded room, he went over to him, and introduced himself and, in careful, precise English, asked: "Would you like to be introduced to some of the people here?"

Noticing Bob's hesitation, he added quickly, "You do speak English?"

Bob said yes and they both laughed. "What are you doing in Los Angeles?" the producer asked. "Aren't you fighting in Tijuana this weekend?"

Thinking it was a joke, since they both were at the same studio, Bob said good-naturedly, "No, not this weekend, but I will be fighting there next Sunday."

"Good, good," the producer replied. "I'd like to take my wife down to see you," and shaking Bob's hand, he said goodnight and walked away.

Realizing later that the producer had been serious, Bob looked for him to tell him who he really was but he had already left. The producer probably would not have believed him anyway.

Part of the reason for the mystery surrounding Bob today is that, unlike most new young actors, he's embarrassed when he has to talk about himself. He dislikes posing for pictures and cringes when he finds his name in the columns. He has been known to hire a press agent to keep him out of print.

He is one of the most romantic young actors on the screen today. Yet, when the studio checked with him to find out why he did not attend a Hollywood premiere, he honestly admitted: "I couldn't find anyone to go with me." He lives in New York, in a two-and-a-half room furnished apartment that is not his own, simply because he likes the view. He can be seen frequently walking alone along Second Avenue late in the evening, guarding these walks as private and as a time to think.

It is almost as though Bob Evans were two people. One, a young sophisticated man-about-town, who looks as though he were born in a tuxedo and rides around in sleek black convertibles. This

seems to be a built-in excuse, one to overshadow the other—the boy who avoids crowds, dislikes parties, insists upon being left alone and is reserved to a point of moody shyness.

It seems that to understand the mystery of the man today, one must go back to the boy of yesterday . . .

Bob Evans' world, as a child, was the City.

He was born in New York, just thirty blocks from the Riverside Drive apartment where he lived most of his childhood. His world was bound by the Museum of Natural History on the east, the bicycle path in Central Park on the north and to the south, the sciences room at the Central Library on 42nd Street. The Drive, with its winding road and rim of lovely parks with swings and tennis courts and benches filled with young mothers and nurses and baby carriages, was a good place to grow up.

His aunt, who took care of his four-year-old brother Charles, when his mother was in the hospital, liked to tell him how his father, after hearing that he had a second son, came home, and for three hours without stopping played Chopin on the piano. His father was a dentist, but when he was a young man, he was a concert pianist and music was always part of their tightly-knit life ever since he could remember. Sunday afternoons, after dinner, while his mother cleared away the dishes, his father used to take down the brown Couperin practice book and give him a lesson.

Some afternoons, after school, he used to knock on the door of the white-haired gentleman across the corridor and sit on the stool placed by the window and listen to Mr. Rachmaninoff play. "Someday, I will teach you, too," the famous composer and pianist said after listening to him play a Schuman march. "You have talent." But a week after that he left on a tour and died.

"He shouldn't spend so much time at the piano, anyway," the neighbors would say. "He should get out in the fresh air; look how thin he is." And his uncle, when he came to visit, would bend down and wave a finger at him, almost touching his nose, and say, "Look how big and strong Charles is." And he would stand there, a bashful five-year-old, and bury his finger deeper into the hole in his trousers pocket, until his father would notice and come to his aid and say, "Ah, let the boy alone."

It was true, Charles never got sick, while he was always getting a cough and rumble in his chest that kept him home in bed at least once during winter with fever.

It was the winter when he was seven that the cough did not go away and the doctor came every day and the nurse stayed all night and his mother looked worried. And even when his father brought the radio close to his bed and said he could listen to it whenever he wanted, he didn't. He just slept.

They didn't tell him then that the doctor did not expect him to live, but he knew, somehow, even when he was getting better, that everyone, even Charles, treated him differently and he began to feel that he was not like other kids.

He can still remember that day . . .

From their thirteenth floor apartment, with the bed pushed closer to the window, he could watch the kids rolling up a good-sized snow fort in the park across the street. It had been snowing all day, an icy snow. And because the day before and the one before that had been cold, by five that evening the streets were covered. He could hear the superintendent scraping his shovel against the sidewalk, cleaning a path to their lobby. And

suddenly rebelling at having to stay in bed another minute, he pushed back the blankets with his feet, not bothering to put on his slippers or robe and rushed to the window. Opening the window, not more than five inches so the snow wouldn't blow in, he shoved his small fist outside, scooping up a handful of cold, icy snow. Then he rolled it into a snowball.

"Are you out of bed?" he heard his mother's voice from down the hall, and hopping off the windowseat, he ran back to bed, covered himself with the blankets and had both eyes shut tight by the time she opened the door.

"Oh, Bobby," she said, "How will your chest clear up . . . and you opened the window." And he watched her, with one eye shut tight, close the window and put on the guard. "You'll never be able to go out and play . . ." she was saying, but all he could think of was his melting snowball, under the blankets.

"I hope she goes, soon," he thought and kept his eyes closed.

"Come on, now. Stop fooling. I want to take your temperature."

"Right, now?" he asked, forgetting his sleep.

"Yes, right now."

And by the time his mother finished reading the thermometer, what he had feared had happened. His snowball melted and disappeared, leaving only a big wet spot on his pajama shirt. No seven-year-old ever felt more deeply wounded.

"Is Charles in, yet?" he asked, belligerently.

"No, he's still sleighriding . . ." his mother started to say. And then he let his quick temper flare and shouted at her, "I don't want to stay in bed any more." And he started to cry. "I want to be like other boys . . ." And then, feeling guilty, he apologized and said he was sorry and didn't mean it and, yes, he would like the radio on . . . to Jack Armstrong.

He turned over in his bed, turned the dial and listened to the voice—big, booming and suspense-filled—tell him: "Tonight, we bring you the adventure of Jack Armstrong, who when we last saw him, was lost in the deep jungles of South America . . ." and leaving his mother behind on Riverside Drive and the kids outside in the snow, he escaped into the tough, double-fisted world of Jack, the all-American boy, into the world of radio he someday was going to make his own.

He fell asleep and he was Jack and when his father came in and sat down beside him on the bed and turned on the light he didn't know, at first, where he was.

His father's face was blurred and he blinked his eyes to bring him into focus. He looked down at the package he was holding and watched him untangle a knot in the string on the box. He was always fascinated by the way his father used his hands, especially when, sometimes, he watched him work on Saturday mornings in the office.

He wondered what was in the package. He knew it was not a toy. He didn't like toys and wondered why his father would bring him a surprise tonight. They had an agreement; surprises were only for little boys. "Remember, Bobby," he said, taking out a small bronze statue of a boy, "it's better to have a few fine things like this and time to grow to love them . . ." And he began to talk about that afternoon and how mother had told him he had cried and had said he did not feel like other boys. "You should never try to be like someone else," his father told him. "You must find out who you are and be yourself and do what you want. You should never cry, because crying means you've admitted defeat."

But, that night, after dinner, his moth-

er and father decided they would not take a vacation that summer, instead they would send Bobby away to camp. Maybe he needed more companionship.

He went to camp until he was nine. From then on, it was mutually agreed—not without effort on everybody's part—that he was just not camp material. "If it's possible," his mother used to say after his three months away in the country, "he comes home thinner and greener-looking than before."

"He's a brilliant boy, brilliant," the director, whom he'd never seen before, kept repeating to his father. "It's just that he likes to sit and read all day." But his father didn't seem to mind too much when the director told how he went off for swims at the end of the session when most of the other boys were out of the water and how, when he lost them on a hike, he sat by the waterfall, eating his peanut butter sandwiches until they returned and picked him up on the way back.

"I guess he's not a joiner," his dad laughed. "We'll have to let him hit tennis balls instead of baseballs," but the director, who was now perspiring and who kept insisting he had worse cases than this, was not to be discouraged. On the following Wednesday, he announced: "Bob Evans you will have the lead in the camp play."

Everybody's parents seemed to come up that night; it was the last big event of the camp season and everybody was excited. He had the opening scene.

The prop committee had two blue bunk blankets sewed together for the curtain, and the kids who were Indians had to tie some feathers behind their ears with glued paper, but in the heat, they kept falling off so they used adhesive tape, which stuck to the skin like skin.

When the curtain went up, he was already standing in the middle of the stage, and found his parents immediately. He didn't have much trouble finding his mother. She was sitting in the second row, a little off to the side, waving her program. He didn't wave back. He had to listen for his cue. After a sharp hiss from the director off-stage, he was on.

Throwing out his arms in a magnificent sweep, he began: "I have . . ." and stopped. He might just as well never have learned his lines, all he could concentrate on was a buzzing around his ear. Then he felt something buzzing his knee, but he couldn't look down, after all he was the Chief. But maybe nobody would notice, he thought, if he wiggled his knees a little, so he waited for a second until the insect alit, then, bending his legs slightly, he knocked them, one-two, together . . . and then let out a howl that brought down the curtain.

Two counselors carried him off behind the set while a third, taking out a match, struck it. He watched him bring it down closer and closer to his knee. They're going to burn my wound out—like medicine men, he suddenly jerked his leg free and let out another howl. "Stop, don't torture me."

The counselors later apologized and told him they had just wanted to see what was wrong, but by that time, the docor already found out he was stung by a wasp and the audience had left and the play never did go on.

He didn't feel bad, but for some reason everybody kept saying, "Don't feel bad."

One thing was certain, that night, nobody—including his mother and father—ever thought he'd have any future on the stage. That's why, three years later, when he was twelve and had made up his mind, he didn't tell them about it in the beginning.

He had seen the ad on the back page of

Sunday's sport section, buried somewhere in between the want-ads and for-rent notices. He noticed it first because the school had the same name as his: Robert Evans School for Radio Acting. It promised to get you a job on radio if you took the course, so later that week, on Friday, he took a bus to the school.

The school lobby was filled with kids and he met a boy, about sixteen, who told him he'd finished the course and was now going over to NBC for an audition.

"Why not go to NBC direct?" he asked and went along with the boy.

They both filled out, in duplicate, application forms and left them with a lady at the reception desk. Ten days later, three days before the Christmas vacation, his father came to breakfast and handed him a long, white envelope from NBC with a letter asking him to come down for an audition. He thought it was a good idea then to tell his father he had decided to become an actor. But, from the way his father took it all, just looking over the top of his glasses and saying "good luck" before picking up the morning paper, he had a suspicion he didn't take him very seriously.

That same day during study period he made up an afternoon schedule for himself for the next eight hours—one hour for tennis practice, another for judo and two hours at the library. And the following week he spent part of every afternoon in the 82nd Street & Amsterdam Avenue library, collecting Ibsen plays and copying down sections that he liked and wanted to rehearse.

He took the notes along with him when he went down for his audition, and when his turn came, he stood up and read from them as noticed the other people did, even though he knew them by heart.

"I'm a funny-looking kid," he thought nervously waiting for the auditions to end, "I'd never hire me if I were them." And even when the lady behind the casting desk, Miss Eleanor Kilgallen, called him over and said: "I'm going to give you a job on radio, you'll probably regret it the rest of your life," he didn't quite believe her. But she gave him a script and he knew she was serious.

His only problem now was getting the sixteen dollars to join the actors union.

He rode uptown, at first trying to concentrate on the script, but he was too excited, so instead he read the advertisements, thinking how they always picked girls who want to model or do something like that for Miss Subways. When he got out at the stop near his father's office, it was already dark and the office was crowded and he had to stand in the outer waiting room. The nurse wanted to tell his father he was there but he told her, no, it was a surprise, not to tell him. His father worked later than usual, so they had to take a cab instead of the bus home. He was glad, it turned out to be easier to talk.

"It sounds good," his father said, when he had finished and, although his father was tired, he could tell he was pleased.

"Just so long as you've thought it through carefully. If that's what you want, go right ahead. Make your own decisions, then you'll never be sorry. And let me give you the sixteen dollars . . . No, not as a loan," he insisted.

Even though he knew it would disappoint his parents who were so proud that he was one of the few kids to get accepted into the Bronx School of Science, he decided he had to go to a school nearer NBC. He chose the Haaren on 57th Street and Tenth Avenue, a finishing school, as some of its students liked to boast, for young delinquents to polish off such social arts as fistfighting, truancy and needling a



Clearasil Personality of the Month

SONYA STARR, student at Thomas Starr King School, Los Angeles, says:

"When ugly blemishes appeared, I just couldn't face my friends. My mother bought many, many remedies, but nothing seemed to work until we used Clearasil. With Clearasil, my complexion soon had a 'new look,' and I soon had a new outlook."

Sonya Starr

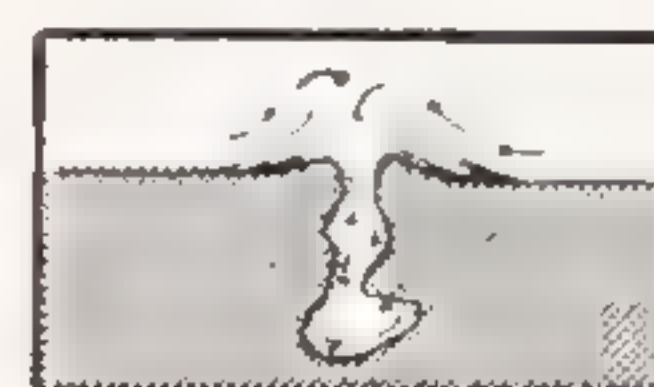
SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

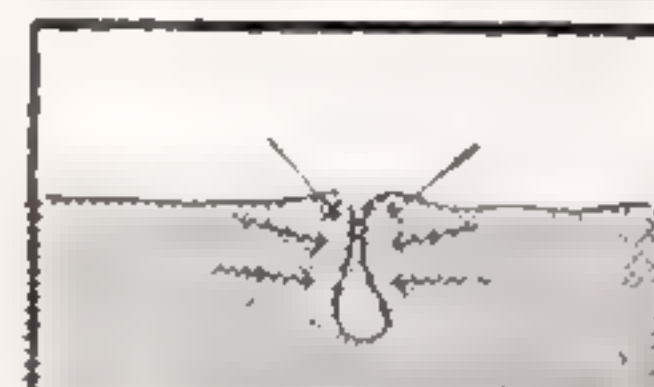
SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works*.

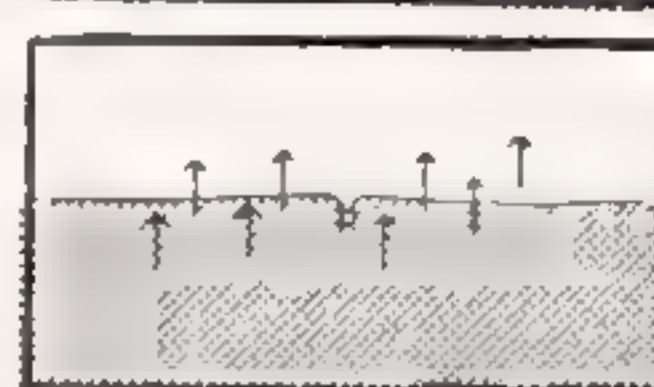
HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. Penetrates pimples. 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. Stops bacteria. Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



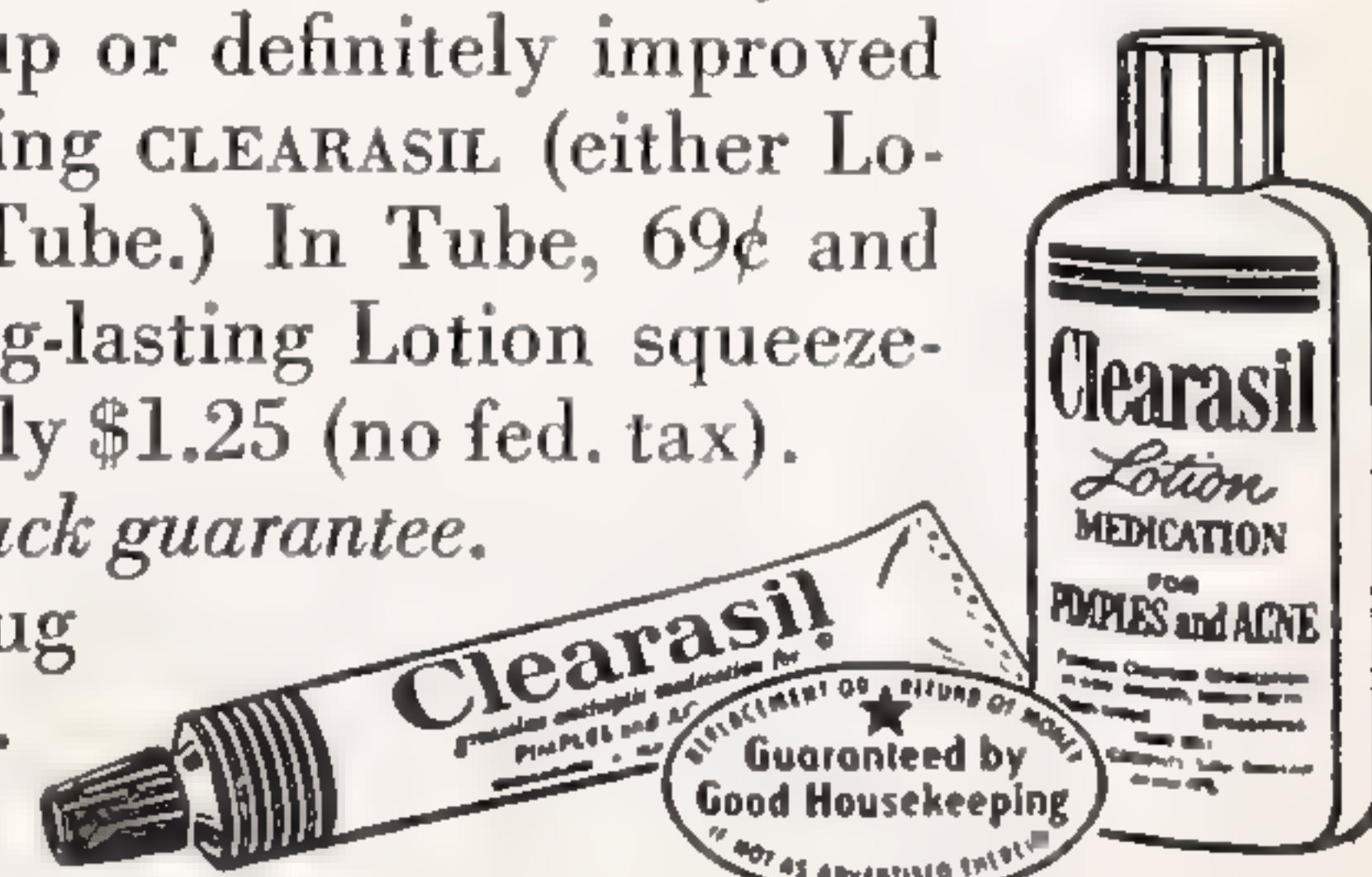
3. 'Starves' pimples. Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either Lotion or Tube.) In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle only \$1.25 (no fed. tax).

Money-back guarantee.

At all drug counters.



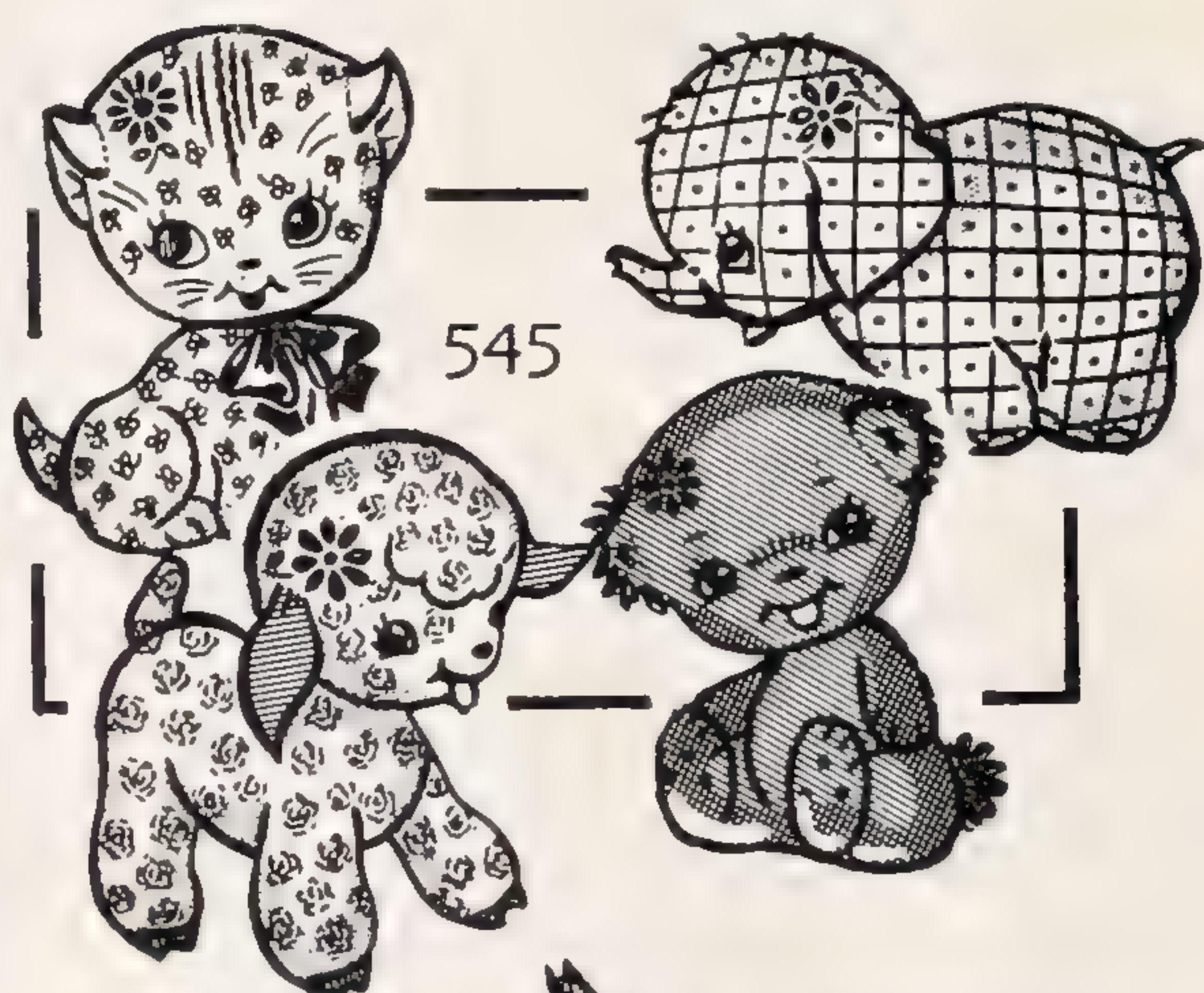
LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

YOUR NEEDLECRAFT



Lovely Anne Heywood likes to make her Christmas gifts.

SEE ANNE IN RANK'S "FLOODS OF FEAR"



7161—Ho! Ho! Ho! He's a 12-inch Santa doll to delight the tots. Easy to make from a man's size 12 cotton sock. Pattern directions for doll and clothes.

7044—One doily in lacy fern design makes a choice gift; try making a buffet set of three for something more lavish. Crochet directions for doily in 13- and 19-inch sizes.

545—Baby animals for baby hands are made from two pieces plus ears and tail. Transfer pattern of 4 toys 6x6 inches.

762—Cozy slippers to make from just two main pattern parts for each. Directions for small, medium, large, extra large include pattern pieces, embroidery transfer.

7358—Patternful of potholders to make from colorful scraps, sure to be a welcome gift. Directions include embroidery transfer for seven potholders.

victim. And an actor was a perfect victim. "Where ya goin'," singsang one of his senior classmates one day, tagging along with four or five of his black-jacketed Hellcats. "Goin' to put on your make-up?"

"I don't need any . . . but you sure could use some," he flipped back as they walked to the 57th Street bus stop.

A loud giggle, quickly smothered, broke into the conversation and both boys turned to see a tiny girl, about thirteen, looking at them. "Why don't you pick on somebody your own size?" she laughed.

"I'll show ya . . ." the bigger boy threatened, shoving her off the curb and sending her books sprawling.

Without thinking, he grabbed the older boy by the jacket, swung him around and with his right hand, gave him a punch which knocked out three of his teeth and split his lip.

"I'm in a hurry. I can't wait now, but meet me at NBC at two o'clock," he said, "and let's pick up her books."

Not until he was on the bus did he think. *What if they all ganged up on me?* Beginning the next day, he started spending the hour and a half between rehearsals at the local gym, ultimately becoming a three-time finalist in amateur boxing association elimination.

That afternoon, after the show, the boy was waiting. He went home with him to explain to the boy's mother that he had done the damage and was willing to pay. After a hot cup of chocolate, he invited the boy's parents to his next Saturday's show, "Let's Pretend." From his own earnings, for the next ten months, he paid for the dental work, not telling his father, who could have done it for nothing.

Television was the new challenge and when he was eighteen it brought him a movie offer. "Why don't you take a rest," his mother suggested, worried because he looked tired. "Drive down to Florida with Dad and me, before going out to Hollywood."

Halfway down, in a little town in Georgia, they stopped for gas, and when he got out for a Coke, a sudden jab of pain in his chest bent him over and he felt as though he was partially paralyzed. After that, his Dad drove and he lay in the backseat. They stopped at a local doctor's along the way, but the doctor said not to worry, it was indigestion, too much driving, it would go away.

It did not, and thirty-six hours later, at Palm Beach, a specialist examined him in the hotel room and said, if he had not been called in then, the boy might not have lived. His lung had collapsed and was pressing against his heart.

The next three months, he lay flat on his back, unable to rise, able only to stare at the ceiling above. It seemed then, he had lost all he had struggled for.

And then one day, after his parents and his sister Alice returned to New York, leaving him alone, the nurse brought in a small package from his father with a bronze figure of a boy. And as he lay there, he remembered a boy of seven and he remembered a lot of things he had forgotten. That one must create his own world and find his own identity and solve his own problems. And he began to learn to love the sunlight flooding in on the ceiling and to listen to the shouts of people coming home at noon and to find joy in the childish world of his five-year-old sister's daily telephone calls. And, at eighteen, he no longer felt alone. During those three months, the boy became a man, and today, the man is called a mystery, but when you begin to understand the boy, you can begin to understand the mystery.

G. SANDS

SEE BOB IN 20TH'S "THE FIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST."

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

Continued from page 31

Did Liz Taylor know then that headlines were naming her as the immediate cause of the trouble in the Eddie Fishers' household? If she knew, she did not show it. She did not look upset—merely annoyed, as if the voices and questions were coming from another world, which did not concern her.

They were coming from the real world. But that has never seemed quite real to Elizabeth Taylor, who has spent most of her life in a sheltered, unreal world all her own—a soft, comfortable, pretty world, with her beautiful self at the center. It became a fabulous kingdom while she was married to Mike Todd; yet Mike did not create it. It grew up around Liz when she was a little girl, a child with a shining, spiritual sort of beauty. Everyone she knew tried to keep her safe inside her world, and this protection she accepted serenely, as a matter of course. There was only a hazy dividing line between her own life and the make-believe life she lived on the screen, where everything always turned out happily.

On the screen, the twelve-year-old Elizabeth rode a splendid horse to victory. When the picture was finished, a studio representative told her, "We have a present for you, Elizabeth." She was led to a stable, and there was the horse, towering over her. She stood on tiptoe to put her arms around its glossy neck, and she felt a soft muzzle rubbing affectionately across her shoulder, as if to say, "Yes, Elizabeth. I'm real, I'm yours."

But all the events inside her special world didn't go on turning out as happily as a smoothly written script. A child can be given presents; a woman can't be given a successful marriage. On one of the first nights of the honeymoon, an eighteen-year-old bride shouldn't be alone in her stateroom. But Elizabeth was. She huddled in a brocaded chair in a luxury suite aboard the Queen Elizabeth and fingered the chiffon of her negligee and sniffled quietly, hearing the whisper of the sea outside the portholes and the music of the ship's orchestra, up on the deck where Nicky Hilton was gaily gambling.

The scene was very badly written, so these pages in the script were torn up and thrown away. After divorcing Nicky, Liz could again play the beauty pursued by dozens of adoring men. Or, when the time came, she could play the cherished wife of an older man, the mother of his sons—a charming picture. Life with Michael Wilding promised peace and stability. But the picture was spoiled by vulgar little details of real life—like money. Wilding was an actor of some standing, but even back in England and most particularly in Hollywood Liz far overshadowed him. When the hurt to his normal male ego canceled out Mike Wilding's usual good nature, arguments shook the stability of the marriage. And when he kept quiet and took the hurt, the peace of the household sagged into dullness. Not yet twenty-five, Liz refused to settle down in such a world.

And then she met Mike Todd. Life with this Mike promised everything except dullness. Yes, they quarreled. Later, Liz was to say tenderly, "Our fights—and we had plenty—were a sort of love-making." Liz and Mike Todd quarreled even while they were courting. And, as always, Liz sought the comfort she had been brought up to expect.

One evening, a date with Todd broke up in a storm of angry words, and Liz fled



HOW TO TURN EXTRA TIME INTO EXTRA MONEY

For the woman who can't work at a full time job because of home responsibilities, here is a book that turns dreams into practical earning plans. The authors—Bill and Sue Severn—show you hundreds of ways in which others have made good earnings and found personal satisfaction by turning their limited free hours to profit.

Part Time Jobs

This practical book tells you what part time jobs there may be in the area where you live—how to find them, and how to land the job you want.

A Small Business Of Your Own

Every type of spare time earning is explored—selling things, starting a small home business or service of your own, cooking, sewing and raising things for profit, mail orders, souvenirs, and the tourist trade. Here you will find out exactly how to start, how to build up a steady income, how to escape some of the pitfalls others have had to discover through costly experience.

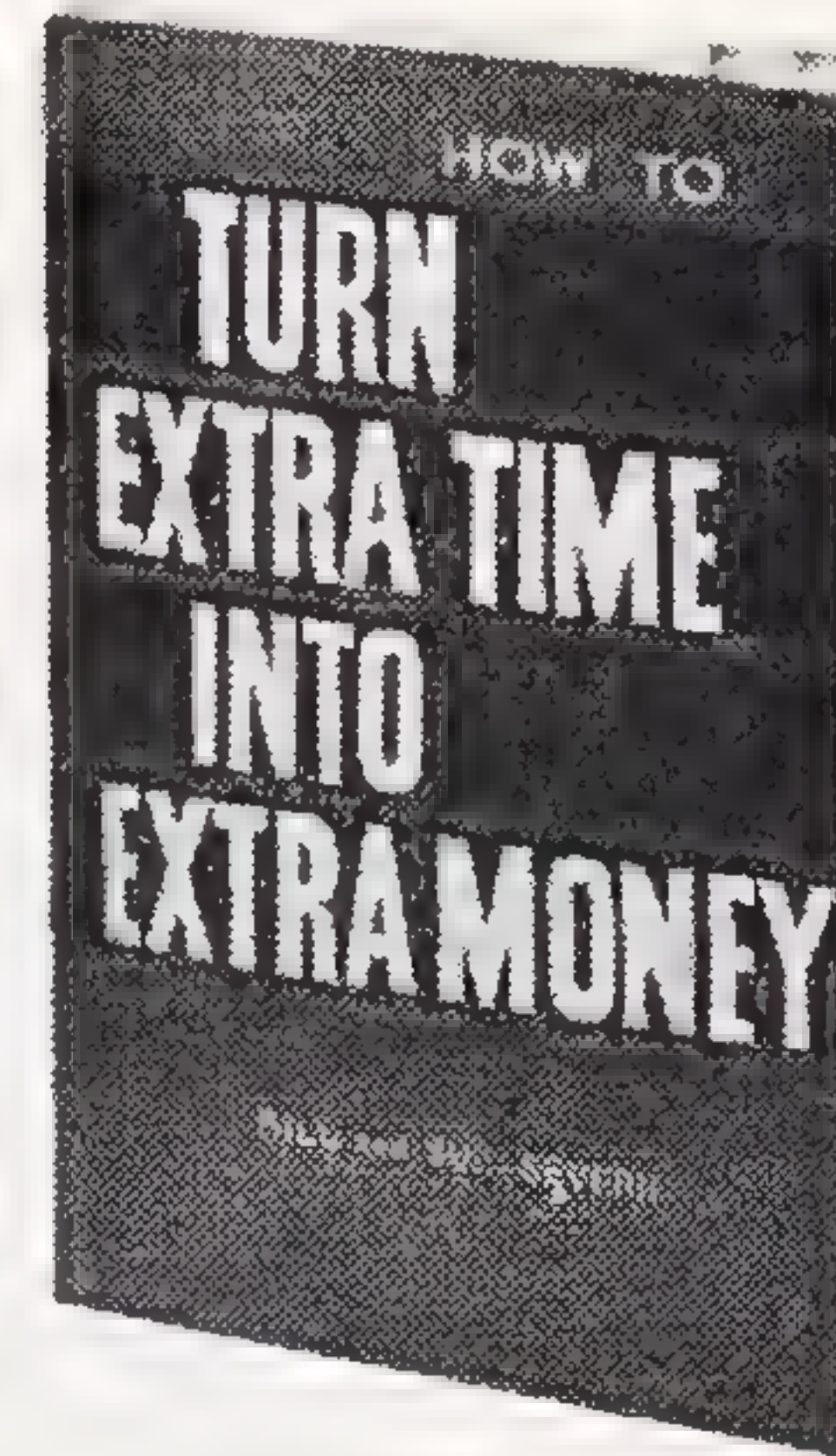
A Plan For You

The authors of this really helpful book show you exactly how to exchange extra time for extra money. This book is based on personal interviews, plus the very latest advice of business, financial and government consultants. It is written in plain dollars-and-cents words and it is very easy to understand. It is jam-

packed with information and ideas that will let you work out a plan to fit your particular needs.

Only \$1.00

This exciting and inspiring book may well open up an entirely new world for you. Get your copy now and learn the many ways to put extra money in your pocketbook. Price only \$1.00 for the paperback edition or \$2.50 for the hardbound edition.



AT ALL BOOKSTORES

OR MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Bartholomew House, Inc.
Dept. WG-1258
205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me a copy of How To Turn Extra Time Into Extra Money. I enclose ☐ \$1 paperback ☐ \$2.50 hardbound.

NAME.....
(please print)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

home by herself. The house was silent; little Michael and little Christopher were asleep upstairs. In the living room, Liz fretted and worried and finally picked up the phone and dialed a familiar number. Eddie Fisher's sleepy voice answered.

"Eddie, it's Liz. I've just had the most awful fight with Mike. The things he said—"

"Aw Liz, it'll blow over. You wait—you'll hear from Mike."

"But I've just got to talk to somebody. Can you come over?"

It was after midnight. On the phone, Liz could hear snatches of Eddie's voice: "Liz . . . sounds upset . . . wants me to . . ." And she could hear the gentle murmur of Debbie's voice.

Eddie came over. He sat beside Liz on the couch and gave her the soothing words she wanted to hear: "You know Mike loves you. He didn't mean it. Any minute now, that phone's going to ring."

As far as Eddie Fisher was concerned, Mike Todd could do no wrong. "My boy," Mike called him. While Mike's boy and Mike's beloved talked together, thoughts of the quarrel melted away. It was two in the morning when Eddie patted Liz's hand and said, "Everything's going to be all right. Want me to make some coffee?"

"Tea, please."

Eddie was in the kitchen when the phone at last did ring. Liz leaped for it, whispered, "Hello," and heard the rough-edged voice she'd been longing for: "Liz, baby. I'm sorry."

At that moment, Eddie sang out, "That's Mike, isn't it? Hey, where do you keep the tea bags?"

The voice in Liz's ear exploded into a roar that made her hold the receiver away. "Who's that with you?!"

In the happy times that followed, the incident made laugh material for the four-some: Liz and Mike, Debbie and Eddie. "Who's that with you?" became a running gag.

It was Mike with Liz, Liz with Mike, always. As Mrs. Michael Todd, Liz saw her world expand gloriously to make the earth their kingdom. Her whim was law, but she had no important decisions to make, no big responsibilities. Mike was her king. Did she want to see the dancing bears in the Moscow circus? Did she want to buy a \$3,000 ball gown in Paris? She saw the bears; she bought the gown (and found when she got it back to New York that it was too tight). There was nothing smug and pompous about their enjoyment of luxuries.

If reality threatened to break in, Mike was always there to shield her. In the hospital, fearing that she might lose their baby, that her own life was in danger, she felt his big hand close around hers, and heard the reassuring words: "You're my little girl. Nothing's going to hurt you." She believed him, and baby Liza entered their world.

But at last reality did smash in, and Mike Todd was not there. It was on a night of rain; Liz had gone to bed after waiting for a phone call that never came, a call from Tulsa, which was to have been Mike's first stop on the flight across the country in his private plane. She slept fitfully. In the morning, Dick Hanley and Dr. Rex Kennamer came to her door. Before they spoke, she knew what they had come to tell her.

For months, the moments after that kept recurring in nightmares. The pat-pat-pat of bare feet running frantically through a house suddenly filled with terror. A voice screaming wordlessly, senselessly—her own voice, but somehow apart from her. Fingers scrabbling at windowpanes, at a closed door. She wanted to get out of this nightmare of tragic reality and go back to her own safe world, where the phone would ring and she would hear Mike's voice.

The friends were still there to help and comfort her. Debbie Reynolds, saying, "What about the children? Liz, let them stay with me for a little while." Eddie Fisher, with her on the long flight to Chicago, with her at Mike's graveside. Her brother, Howard, taking her out of the terror-haunted house to stay in his San Diego home, with her children. When Liz finally went back to work, studio friends closed in around her to shelter her with kindness. Her dressing room was filled with the scent of red roses, gift from her director and fellow players, whose card read: "You are deep in our hearts." And there was a small bunch of violets from the crew, men who had known her as a twelve-year-old.

On the set, Liz at first choked and stammered over lines that echoed reality too sharply: "You don't know what it is to lose someone you love." But soon she felt at home among the lights, microphones, cameras—familiar and reassuring to her.

When the picture was finished, she plunged into a search for the way back. In Palm Springs, she had been happy with Mike. So she went to Palm Springs,

a lush green miracle among the bare sands and mountains. But the palm trees and the brilliant flowers now looked garish and dead; Mike wasn't there. She had to be taken home in a state of nervous collapse.

Liz flew to New York, and again friends greeted her. There was Monty Clift, who'd been through troubles of his own. His sensitive face lined with the understanding born of hard knowledge, he told her, "Liz, there are some things you just have to learn to live with."

They were having dinner at the Luau, where the exotic food and the colorful Hawaiian decorations are meant to create a holiday mood. But Liz suddenly saw herself there on an earlier evening, wandering into the little shop connected with the Luau, and exclaiming over a straight-cut, slit-skirted dress.

"Whaddya call *that*?" Mike had growled.

"It's a muu muu. Oh, Mike, I've got to have it!"

"All right, honey. But you'll scare the natives!"

Mike's voice was all she could hear; Monty's receded into mere sounds. She couldn't bear to stay in the Luau a moment longer. "Monty, I want to go home, please." She fled from New York, back to California. Places weren't enough; without Mike, they were nothing.

One evening while she was having dinner with Debbie and Eddie at their house, they were talking eagerly about his coming night-club date in Las Vegas, at the Tropicana Hotel. "Coming to Vegas for the big night?" Eddie asked Liz.

"You know I am. I wouldn't miss it!"

And Liz was there at a ringside table when the music blared out an opening theme and Eddie came onstage. She applauded each number with real enthusiasm. At the lavish party that the Tropicana management threw afterwards, she found a moment to tell Eddie, "Mike would have been proud of 'his boy'!" Now she could say the beloved name without tears.

Sympathy had gone out to Liz before this, but at the party her friends watched her and felt a load lift from their hearts. "Look at Liz, will you? She's certainly her old self again."

Liz had found the way back—not through places, but with people. She danced with Rock Hudson, smiling, at ease; she danced with Arthur Loew, Jr., her escort that evening. In Arthur's company, she almost felt like a teenager again, because they'd been part of the same crowd in the days before her first marriage. They shared pleasant, trivial memories: "Remember the time we were over at Janie's and you dropped the hamburger into the fire? Remember . . ."

It was Arthur who introduced Liz to the sun-drenched, quiet town of Tuscon, Arizona, hidden away in the mountains. She had come there for the first time only two weeks after Mike's death, so weak that she had to be helped off the plane. This town, rousing no memories of Mike, offered her a true refuge. The people and the press of Tuscon shielded her with an amazing conspiracy of kindness: no flash bulbs, no prying questions, never a word in the papers. She was simply accepted as a welcome visitor, and she kept coming back.

The town had had a deep meaning for Liz ever since she first entered the Tuscon home of Arthur's sister, Jane Morse. Riding was Jane's favorite pastime, and she had promptly taken Liz out to the stables. As soon as the doors opened, the air was full of the strong, earthy smell of horses and hay and leather. To Liz, it was the odor of her childhood, and she suddenly felt safe again,



I saved my MARRIAGE

A spade is called a spade on the radio program "My True Story". It brings you frank stories about *real* people—about their hates and fears, their loves and passions. When you hear these dramatizations, you may easily recognize some of the problems that are keeping you from finding happiness. So listen to these emotion-packed stories. Each one is taken right from the files of *True Story Magazine*.

Tune in Every Morning to
"MY TRUE STORY"

National Broadcasting Company

What happens when a woman reaches the "dangerous age"? Read "Faithful? Don't Be Too Sure" in December TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newsstand.

the little girl with her arms around the neck of the splendid horse that had been given to her for her very own.

Anxious for her children to know such a friendly, outdoor life, Liz began bringing them on her visits. Eventually she decided to rent a house in Tuscon. She was just about to move in when the idyll was shattered by an unlucky mistake: The local paper, in an otherwise discreet and sociable article about the new neighbor, gave the street address of the house.

The article came out on Saturday. On Sunday, crowds of idle, curious tourists—not townspeople—swarmed up and down the street, looking for Liz, thinking she had already moved in. Teenaged kids drove by the house, honking their horns, calling out, "Hey, Liz! Can I have an autograph?"

Reality had crept into her refuge, reminding Liz that she was a celebrity, sentenced to live in the spotlight. She couldn't go back to Tuscon. All right, then—she would vacation like a celebrity. She cabled for a reservation at the Hotel du Cap in Antibes, on the French Riviera. And perhaps that's where she should have gone. Perhaps three lives would have been happier if Liz had gone to Antibes...

Confusion over her passport delayed her, to begin with. When she opened the safe-deposit box and took it out, she read with a shock: "Mr. and Mrs. Michael Todd." She had forgotten that she and Mike had a joint passport. Forms were filled out and sent through; a passport for Elizabeth Taylor Todd arrived. She flew to New York to start the trip—but dawdled around there.

On the Friday before the Labor Day weekend, Eddie Fisher called her at her hotel suite. She wasn't surprised to hear his voice; she knew he was in town for discussions about his TV shows for the coming season.

"You won't believe this," he announced, "but Grossinger's is opening the indoor swimming pool at long, long last. You are hereby invited to the ceremonies."

"Eddie! What are you talking about? I don't understand a word."

He chuckled and explained. Grossinger's, famous Catskills resort, a favorite among showpeople, had been building an indoor swimming pool—or at least talking about building one—for years and years. A model of the pool had been displayed in the lobby for so long that all the regular guests joked about it. "Now," Eddie went on, "it's really finished, and Jennie Grossinger's asked me up for the opening. I'm driving up Sunday afternoon with Danny Welks. Want to come along?"

"Well..." Liz said. "I don't know whether—"

"Come on! It's wonderful country, and the weather forecast sounds fine. You'll love Jennie—love the place. It'll do you good."

"All right," Liz laughed.

"We'll pick you up about four or four-thirty. Okay?"

"Okay." Shaking her head in amusement, Liz hung up. She'd never been to Grossinger's and couldn't really picture what it was like, though she knew it had strong associations for Eddie: He had gotten his first break as a singer there; he and Debbie had been married there.

Well, at least it would be something different for Liz. The French Riviera could wait; she had been there before—with Mike.

It was almost dark when they arrived. From the many buildings of the sprawling resort, lights glimmered through the trees and the cheerful chatter of a holiday crowd drifted out. The car kept going, to a secluded row of private

homes. Among them was the Grossingers' own house, where Liz and Eddie and Danny were to stay.

When the three entered the living room—wide-windowed, furnished and carpeted in soft shades of green—Jennie Grossinger greeted Liz warmly, taking both her hands. "You're just as beautiful as your pictures. Now—you'll want to change for dinner. You'll be at our table." Her tone was cheerful and brisk, with only a hint of the solicitude that everyone showed toward the young widow.

Every head turned when Liz, in a simple black cocktail dress, walked into the spacious dining room in the main building. Paul, the Grossingers' son, said later: "We've had plenty of celebrities here, but not one who ever created the commotion that Liz did. Everybody just had to get a look at her." There were a few gasps of surprise, but mostly the other guests just stared and whispered among themselves.

With Eddie, Danny Welks and Milton Blackstone, Eddie's manager, Liz was seated at the Grossingers' big table. She forgot about all the eyes focussed on her; she had the illusion that she was just dining with a family, in their home. Eddie, too, seemed utterly relaxed, free of the moods that Liz knew (and Debbie knew much better). When Abe Freedman, the maitre de, came over to say hello, Eddie introduced him to Liz. "Abe remembers me when I worked here for thirty dollars a week."

"And he was glad to get it," Abe grinned.

For Eddie, these were home grounds. After dinner, the group went through the crowds milling around the lobby and talking, as they usually do at this hour, and strolled along the winding path under the trees to the rustic building that houses the theater. With Danny, Liz sat in the front row and applauded when Eddie was called up to the stage to take a bow. "Labor Day weekend at Grossinger's is lucky for me," he said. He didn't have to explain; almost everyone present remembered that a green kid had once gone up to this stage to sing at this holiday time, nine years before.

And it was in September, too—the 26th, 1955—that Eddie and Debbie were married, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Etess (the Grossingers' son-in-law and daughter). This evening, several people asked Eddie casually, "Where's Debbie?" And he answered each time, "Home in California, with the kids."

The Etesses also live in the secluded row at the edge of the grounds, but it was too dark to see far when the group returned to the Grossingers' house. Getting ready for bed, Liz heard the rustle of leaves outside, the fiddling of crickets, the rising and falling buzz-saw of locusts—all placid country noises. New York seemed very far away; so did the Riviera and Palm Springs and Tucson—and California.

Liz slept peacefully through most of the morning, while Eddie and the other men rose early to get a start on the golf course before the weekend crush. There were 1,500 guests at Grossinger's, and a good many of them jammed in to cheer the ceremonies opening the indoor pool. But late in the afternoon of Labor Day the crowds at play all over the grounds began thinning out, and after dinner the roar of departing cars rose to a crescendo and then died away, and the country noises took over.

Starting to wane, the moon rose late. The green of the Catskill slopes looked black, with lighter slashes marking the trails where skiers would swoop in a few months. There is a walk that honeymooners and sweethearts know, past the

Have Fun Keeping Slim and enjoy sweets in ANY form!

Save

32

Calories

in a cup of coffee or tea, for example, by using 2 drops of PEARSON SAKRIN LIQUID SWEETENER instead of sugar!



Nothing could be easier. You simply switch from sugar to PEARSON SAKRIN LIQUID SWEETENER to sweeten your coffee, tea, food, fruit, baking, etc. Your taste can't tell the difference—NO bitter after-taste as with so many sugar substitutes. Contains NO calories... NO sugar... NO salt... NO sodium... Absolutely non-fattening.

One tiny drop of PEARSON SAKRIN equals the sweetness of a whole teaspoon of sugar. Only 69¢. At Drug Stores and Supermarkets.

Write for FREE Recipe Book R-12, Box 38D, Miami, Fla.

Pearson sakrin®
LIQUID SWEETENER

New "Look"



Eyes Sparkling Bright and Rested in SECONDS!

Just two drops of safe EYE-GENE in your eyes—and presto!—gone is that tired, irritated look and feeling due to smoke, glare, dust, lack of sleep, TV, etc. Use every day. 75¢ and \$1.25 sizes in handy eye-dropper bottles.

Safe EYE-GENE®

Stops Bad Breath INTERNALLY!



You Simply Can't Offend

No other method dares make this claim!

For quick, safe, sure, 'round-the-clock freedom from odors of strong food, alcoholic beverages, smoking, etc., take wonder-working, pleasant-tasting "ENNDS" Tablets containing the miracle extract, Daratol®.

"ENNDS" act internally where sprays, mouthwashes, toothpastes simply can't reach. Can't upset the stomach. Trial size at Drug counters only 54¢.

"ENNDS"®

becoming attractions



A. It's a gift! Popular Marcel Rochas colognes, "Moustache" for him and "Femme" for her, in handsome aerosol spray flacons. Each, 4-oz., \$6.00.*

B. Savon de Giro, French milled soap in the colors and fragrances of the six famous Giro perfumes. Three of a kind, \$2.50. Six cakes, assorted, \$4.50.

C. For a satiny complexion all over: Monico's fragrant, smoothing "SiBon" dry skin bath oil. 4-oz. bottle, \$2.00* and generous new 8-oz. size, \$3.50.*

D. Fancy you with Charles of the Ritz new custom-blended pressed powder case: clockwise, basketweave, \$8.75*; tortoise-shell, \$2.00*; enamel, \$5.00*.

E. Note for Christmas: Worth's "Je Reviens" fragrance duo, cologne in 2-oz., fluted Lalique flacon and golden 1-dram flask of perfume. Set, \$5.00.*
* plus tax.

tennis courts (deserted now) to the lake. Bathers stopped going there after the outdoor pool was opened; grasses grew again around the margin of the lake, so that there was not a sign of people. (Who wants people?) The still water caught the moon . . .

The sky was gray and rain threatened when Liz and Eddie left Grossinger's at quarter of four on Tuesday afternoon, for the fifteen-minute drive to the air field built especially for the resort. Without a qualm, Liz stepped into the private plane that Eddie, Welks and Blackstone had rented. There was even a sense of exhilaration at the lift you can feel only in a small plane when the wheels leave the runway. Airborne, it banked, and Liz could see below her the scattered buildings among the greenery, the gun-metal sheen of the lake, all tilted at a strange angle, as if they were about to spill toward the horizon, off the edge of the earth.

The plane leveled onto a course for New York. Liz felt a stirring of anticipation. In New York City, fall isn't just the sad end of summer; it's the beginning of the season. A hint of excitement begins to crackle with the first hint of crispness in the air.

That week, at a show-business party in the Harwyn Club, Liz danced with Eddie all evening. (Queried about this later, she said, "I dance with a lot of men. Eddie happens to be a very good dancer, that's all.")

Friday evening, Liz and Eddie joined friends Eva Marie Saint and Rick Ingersoll at the Blue Angel for an hour's chat over champagne. This is a small and intimate night spot, usually crowded. As the party made ready to leave, the headwaiter came over to the table with a whispered word. Liz, Eva and Rick left by the front door; Eddie, by a side entrance. But all four got into the same limousine—and a flashbulb went off before it pulled away.

Front-paged on the Saturday edition of a New York paper, the smiling picture set fire to a gunpowder trail already laid by gossip. Column items kept the sparks running along it toward the now inevitable explosion of headlines.

Liz took off for California at five minutes past midnight, just one week after Labor Day at Grossinger's. But there was a report of fire (false, it later proved) aboard the big plane, and it turned back to land at Idlewild. Liz had to stay there, at the International Hotel, to wait for a later flight. Phone calls to her suite were fended off, but when she went to breakfast, the reporters were waiting, to serve her questions along with her orange juice and coffee.

"Miss Taylor, why were you and Eddie in New York at the same time?"

"I've been here on a vacation. Things just happen. We made no plans."

"Why are you going to California?"

Through clenched teeth: "Because I've got three children there."

"Are you in love with Eddie?"

"That's a stupid question! I'm not going to dignify it with an answer."

"Are you going to see Debbie in California?"

"Of course I am. Why not?"

"All these stories about you and Eddie must—"

"You know I'm a friend of Eddie's! Everybody knows that. I can't help what people say. I think this is all pretty stupid!"

Even Liz could not mistake the picture of herself that was slowly being built up through these questions. It was not a pretty picture, and she refused to look at it. To her, it seemed utterly false and unreal.

Meantime, while Liz had been sleeping at the International Hotel, Eddie had reached California, on a flight arriving at 2:40 a.m. California time. Liz's plane finally took off at eleven minutes after noon, New York time. While it crossed the continent, Eddie and Debbie came face to face. And when Liz's plane touched down, at 5:30 p.m., California time, the afternoon papers were out with stories of the bitter quarrel in the Fisher home.

Chased to the limousine by the newsmen and finally argued into speaking, Liz said, "I haven't read the paper. I don't know what it's all about. . . . I don't know if I will see Eddie and Debbie tonight. I just don't know. . . . I only planned to be gone a couple of weeks, and I've already been away that long. I had to come back to discuss a film, and I miss my three kids."

But Liz didn't go directly to her children. With the reporters' cars in pursuit, the limousine went out La Cienega Boulevard into Beverly Hills. It was believed that Liz had a reservation for one of the \$150-a-day bungalows at the Beverly Hills Hotel. The limousine did take her to the hotel, and Liz hurried alone through the lobby. Suddenly, she turned into one of the banquet suites, where a party for Mexico City publisher Carmen Figueroa was in progress. Startled guests saw Elizabeth Taylor whip across the room, her brown wool dress floating out behind her, the little dog Theresa still held in one arm. Liz went out through a side door—and vanished. The press had been successfully thrown off the trail.

While headlines announced the Fishers' separation, Liz's whereabouts remained unknown. Actually, there had been a second car waiting to whisk her to agent Kurt Frings' home in Beverly Hills. If Debbie Reynolds discovered that she was staying at this mansion and called her there, Liz did not come to the phone. But after a day had gone by, Liz did consent to give one interview—and nearly everyone found her words shocking: "Eddie is not in love with Debbie and never has been."

Asked again whether she loved Eddie, Liz said: "I like him very much. I've felt happier and more like a human being for the past two weeks than I have since Mike died."

Her own world was bright again; she didn't want to see what was going on in that vague world outside, where a picture of a very different Liz Taylor was taking shape. Indignantly she said, "You know I don't go about breaking up happy marriages." To Liz, the idea was ridiculous; she couldn't do such a thing—not the sweet twelve-year-old who had grown up to become Mike Todd's "little girl."

But Debbie and Eddie were separated. Swiftly Liz added, "You can't break up a happy marriage. Debbie's and Eddie's never has been."

With these words, Liz may have protected the picture of herself enshrined in her own mind. But people outside were not convinced. Debbie's mother said bitterly of Liz: "Everybody knows what she is . . . Liz won't get hurt, because nobody can hurt her."

In a sense, this may be true. Just once, Liz did take the full force of a terrible hurt. Others have spiritually survived such blows, but Liz's earlier life had left her totally unprepared, and her feelings may have died with Mike.

In another sense, Mrs. Reynolds is mistaken. There is one person who can hurt Liz Taylor—and that person is Liz herself.

—JANET GRAVES

LIZ CAN BE SEEN IN M-G-M'S "CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF."

WE ELOPED!

Continued from page 44

With all the tensions leading up to a marriage, and the outside pressures and demands made on them, nerves soon got to the breaking point. Finally Diane and Peter came to one conclusion: Their love for each other was the important thing—they planned an elopement.

They picked Friday, September 5th. The days just before "D-Day," Diane had left her house an unusual number of times. "I've an errand to do," she'd say. But each time she left she carried another piece of clothing or some personal trinket away with her—things she would need those first few days away from home. The plan was that on Friday she and Peter and Pattie and Bill Coleman, who were to be their attendants, would drive to Las Vegas. No one would know they had gone until it was all over. Roger Marshutz, the Photoplay photographer who was also their good friend, was coming along to take the pictures for their wedding album.

Walking to the shower that Friday morning, Diane had let her eyes stray to the stack of wedding invitations on her desk. They were for the big, formal wedding they had planned and now they would never be mailed. Turning on the water she relaxed momentarily under the cool spray. Then she stepped out of the shower, wrapped herself in an oversized turkish towel and waltzed back into the bedroom. Looking in her dresser mirror, she frowned. Darn those freckles, she thought to herself. Why must I look like a sixteen-year-old instead of a twenty-one-year-old woman? But then the frown gave way to a dimple. Freckles or no freckles, by that evening she'd be an old married lady—she'd be Peter's wife!

Diane put on a pair of plaid shorts and a freshly-ironed yellow cotton blouse. "Wear something cool," Pattie Coleman had told her. "It'll be hot driving across the desert from Los Angeles to Las Vegas."

She arrived at the Colemans' house in San Fernando Valley at 11:45. She was glad Pattie was going to be with her. Pattie was the first friend she'd met when she and her family came West after leaving Minnesota. It was only fitting Pattie should be her Matron of Honor and Pat-

tie's husband should be Peter's best man. When she got to their home they were ready and waiting, but the groom-to-be was nowhere in sight.

"He's gone to pick up your dress," they told Diane, and the three of them sat waiting until Pete arrived.

"The dress isn't ready yet. We can't have it for twenty minutes. Let's get the car all packed. We can stop by the dress shop on the way out of town."

Peter took their luggage out to the car. They were using the powder-blue Cadillac convertible that Peter had given Diane as a pre-wedding gift.

"Say, Bill," Peter called, "how do you get to Las Vegas? I've never been there. Which highway do we take out of town?"

"You don't know?" Bill smiled. "Well, that makes two of us!"

Back they went inside the house. Peter and Diane were stretched out on the floor to map their trip when Pattie let out a shriek.

"Whoops, I almost forgot! We have to pick up the wedding cake!"

Pattie flew out the door, raced around the block to the bakery shop, and came back a few breathless minutes later. "Ooh, let me see," Diane pleaded. Pattie lifted the top of the box and there was the cake, with a little spun-sugar bride and groom on its top.

"Well, ma'am," Peter said in his very best "Lawman" drawl. "Well, ma'am, if you all have a hankering to leave I'd say now's as good a time as any."

Peter opened the door of the car, bowed low, and Diane hopped into the front seat. A few blocks away they pulled up in front of Leopold's gown shop. Diane got out to get her dress. Peter started to follow, but got no further than the front door. "You can't see the dress," Diane shouted. "It's not traditional!" Peter stayed out front while Mr. Leopold packed the dress in a protective bag and then, hand in hand, the couple strolled back to the car.

Bill suggested he drive the lead car, with Peter and Diane following. By 12:30, complete with wedding cake, dress, luggage and a roadmap, the two cars started off to Nevada.

Across the desert they went. The ride was uneventful, except for a freak storm which came and went before they realized what had hit them.

"Imagine it raining in the desert in



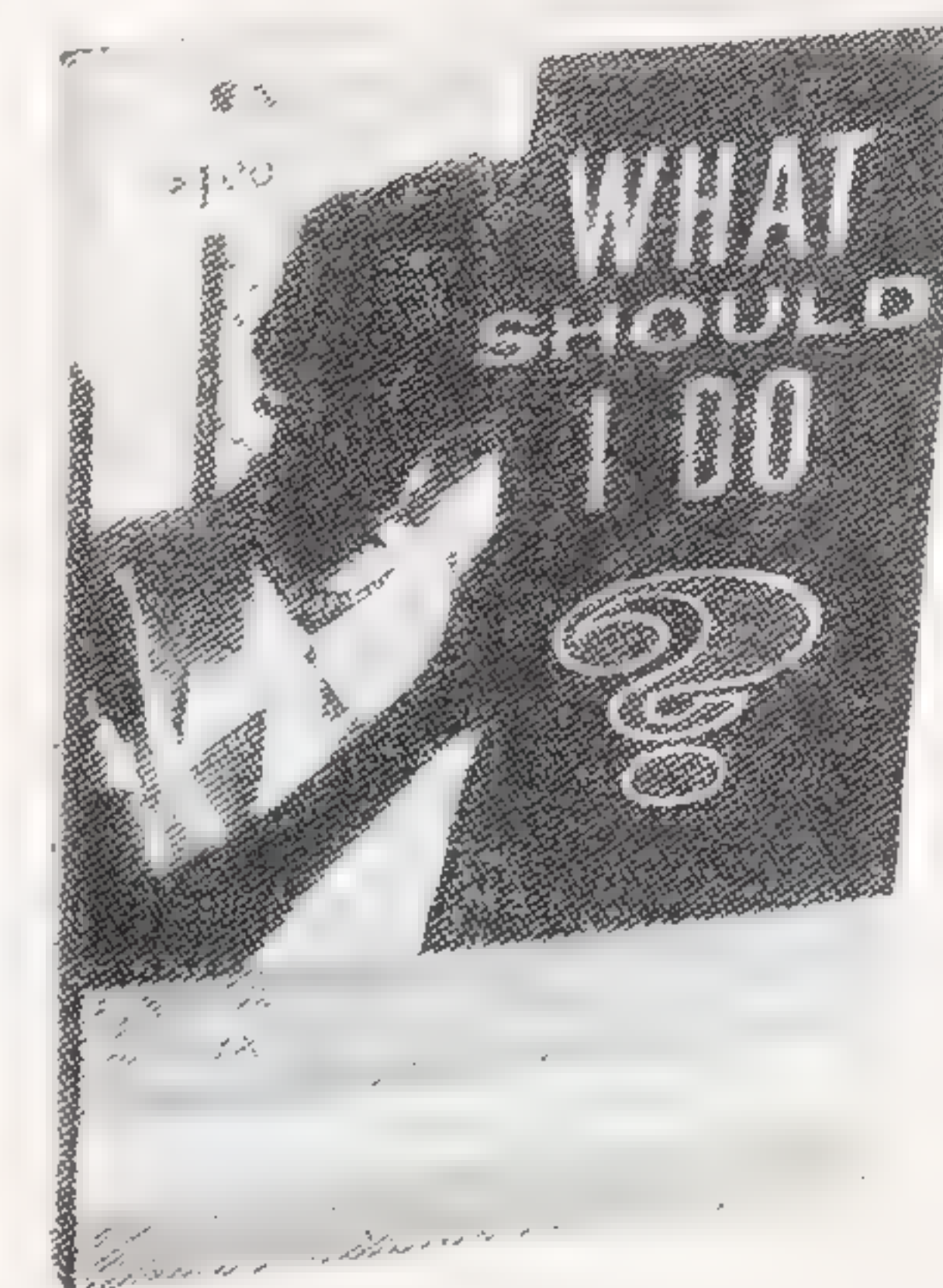
Loneliness —the Killer

It comes in the night, with the persistence of a ticking clock. It comes in the morning and in the afternoon and in the evening. But it comes! And sometimes it never goes, unless you have found the way to banish it.

"I THINK IT WILL DRIVE ME MAD," SHE WROTE

till, fortunately, someone gave her a copy of this book. She found facts that no one had ever told her. She found tranquility which had been denied her for so long. And she found LOVE. And, after marriage, so she told us, she found the answers to many things which made the difference between happiness and hate.

From the Hidden Secrets Of Other Hearts



This book has helped resolve the troubles of hundreds of thousands. It has helped to mend broken hearts, smooth the way of discontent, and lift the veil from hidden things which often stand between two lovers.

**To Get Your Copy
PIN A DOLLAR TO THIS COUPON TODAY!**

Bartholomew House, Inc., Dept. WG-1258
205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me a copy of "WHAT SHOULD I DO?" I enclose \$1.00. Postage free.

NAME.....
(please print)

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

I want to read stories about (list movie, TV or recording stars):

ACTOR

- (1).....
- (2).....
- (3).....
- (4).....

ACTRESS

- (5).....
- (6).....
- (7).....
- (8).....

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

- (1).....
- (2).....
- (3).....
- (4).....

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

12-58

September," Diane said to Peter. "If I were superstitious I might take that as a bad omen. But I'm so glad we decided to elope and not just postpone things."

Peter leaned over, gave Diane a kiss on the top of her pretty head, and said, "I'm glad too—very glad."

They arrived in Las Vegas at exactly 7 p.m. As they entered the town, coming off the almost dark and lonely highway, Diane and Peter did a doubletake. Las Vegas looked like a carnival with the rides all going at once. Gigantic neon signs dotted the horizon like giant emeralds and rubies and diamonds on a necklace. Everywhere hotels loomed, one larger and more fabulous than the next.

Wow, they both agreed, what a setting for a wedding! It's not exactly orange blossoms and white rice—but wow! They arrived at the Sands Hotel and went to register. They were met by a representative of the hotel who greeted them and handed them wires which had already started piling up. It seems a Hollywood columnist had somehow been informed.

The bell boy took their luggage up to the bridal suite while Peter checked to find out where they had to go to get their wedding license and how long it would take. He was informed the whole process took forty-five minutes. Diane and Peter figured they'd get cleaned up fast, go over for the license and be back at the hotel and dressed in bridal finery by ten. Peter went to a lobby phone, and called the chapel to make the final arrangements for 10:30 that evening. Then he and Diane, really excited by now, hopped into the car and headed for downtown Las Vegas and the Hall of Records.

In Las Vegas, the wedding chapels and license bureaus are open on a seven-day-a-week basis. It was nearly eight when the couple drove up to the Hall of Records. They'd left the hotel so impulsively they'd forgotten to tell the Colemans they were leaving to get the license. All alone they trooped up to the desk, smiled at the registrar and began filling out the application.

A few minutes later, the faces that were flushed with happiness were pale and forlorn. Peter and Diane looked at each other—Diane was too stunned and unhappy even for tears. They both felt numb. What could they do? It was now 8:45, the ceremony was scheduled for 10:30. Then a door opened and the Colemans and Roger came into the marriage bureau office. Rog had his camera poised and loaded, ready to shoot a picture of the happy couple with their license. Peter looked up. "Do you know what happened?" he asked glumly. "We can't get our license? They think I'm a minor. Can you beat that?"

The wedding party joined the bridal couple at the wooden bench. "I know what," Bill said finally. "Why not call Los Angeles? Get some friend to go to your apartment and get your birth certificate, and your Army discharge papers for good measure, and send them up."

Pete hopped into a phone booth and called his neighbor Chuck Courtey. Chuck said he'd be glad to help. It was almost nine. Planes left for Las Vegas nearly every hour. Chuck rushed the papers to the Los Angeles airport, they'd arrive in Las Vegas in a matter of two or three hours. "Don't worry," Chuck said. "By midnight the papers will be in your hands."

Peter and Diane drove back to town and passed the wedding chapel—The Little Church in the West—alongside the New Frontier Hotel. They got out of the car and entered the chapel just to look. From the rear they could see a flower-banked altar and gleaming candles. Diane

CIRCLE THIS DATE

January Photoplay
On Sale December 4

"Mommy, is Daddy
going to be with us
all the time . . . ?"

Read what little Carrie Fisher asks her mother, Debbie, after a Christmas visit from her father, Eddie

Rick Nelson, Elvis Presley, Dick Clark, Tony Perkins and a gang of other stars have been busy buying and wrapping gifts just so that you can

WIN A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM THE STARS

To enter this exciting new contest, do your own Christmas shopping ahead of time. Be sure to get your January Photoplay early.

P.S. Don't forget to mail your Gold Medal ballot. Look for it on page 61.

shivered. They arranged for their ceremony to be postponed until one a.m. the following morning.

Back at the hotel, the management invited the bridal party to be guests at the floor show. Its star, Jerry Lewis, having been tipped off about the wedding by the management, had the spotlight focused on their table.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to announce the . . ." Jerry cupped his hand to his eyes. Over the footlights he could see Diane sadly shaking her golden crop of curls and Peter signaling to him. Jerry poised in mid-sentence, hopped off the stage, and briefly learned what had happened. Walking back on stage he continued, "I'd like to announce that Diane Jergens and Peter Brown will be married tomorrow!"

After the show, Jerry Lewis stopped off at their table. He leaned over, pecked Diane on the cheek and then said solemnly, "Don't be upset. You have to wait a long time for the good things."

At midnight, Peter checked the desk. No mail. Everyone was on edge and it was decided that, rather than go through the anxiety of waiting, they'd postpone the ceremony until the following afternoon. The Colemans went off to their room and Peter and Diane, too nervous to rest, went out to see the sights of Las Vegas. As long as they were together, it was easier to take the disappointment. At 3:30 that morning, after visiting the town's late spots, a tired couple came strolling back into the hotel lobby. The mail still hadn't brought anything except a few dozen more congratulatory telegrams.

Diane went up to the bridal suite alone, while Peter shared a bedroom with Roger. They rode up in the elevator and Peter took Diane to the door of what was to have been their room. He kissed her tenderly, they held hands for a moment, then he said, "Please don't worry. By tomorrow we'll have forgotten all of this." Diane tried to smile, but she couldn't. She just kissed Peter good night and went into the room alone. She glanced at her suitcase and then at another sitting next to hers on the floor. Peter had left his luggage. She smoothed an imaginary wrinkle out of her wedding dress, hanging securely in the closet, and then she climbed into bed. A fine wedding night, with Peter two floors above her and only his suitcase at the foot of the bed as a reminder. What a way to start a honeymoon. Honeymoon? They weren't even married yet!

At first sleep wouldn't come. Diane tossed and turned. Finally, she dozed off. The next thing she knew the sun was streaming in the venetian blinds—it was 10 a.m. Saturday, September 6th. The phone ringing had awakened her.

"Good morning honey, how are you?" she heard Peter's voice.

"I'm fine but I'm glad you called."

"Relax, honey, Roger and I ordered breakfast from room service. I asked the boy to stop by your room and pick up my toothbrush and a clean pair of socks and shirt. Look through my suitcase and get the things for him, will you?"

"All right, darling—see you soon. Peter, did you call the desk? Did the papers arrive?"

"Not yet. I wanted to talk to you first. I'll call right now. Don't worry Diane, nothing more can possibly happen!"

The desk told Peter the regular mail had arrived but no special delivery. Peter got jumpy and went out to take a swim. Pat Coleman went down to see Diane. She was really beginning to fidget. The mail still hadn't arrived. At 12:15 Peter called the post office. They said a batch of special mail had come in and was on its

way over to the hotel. Peter went down to the dining room. He felt slightly ill—he ordered his usual bracer—orange juice with egg and said to Bill, “Our luck seems to be bad—everything’s against us. We left Hollywood to elope to avoid complications, to get rid of all the obstacles. Now I would give anything for a simple big church wedding at home.” Bill and Roger pacified Peter while Pat kept Diane too occupied chatting to get overly nervous.

Suddenly Diane couldn’t take any more small talk. Putting on jeans and a blouse she walked down to the lobby and joined Peter. Looking up at him she whispered, “Do you think we’ll really get married today? Or will something else happen to stop us?” Peter put his arms around her, gave her a hug and answered, “Remember what Jerry Lewis said, ‘The good things take a long time in coming.’ What’s a few more hours when we have a whole lifetime together ahead of us? Here honey,” Peter continued, handing Diane a roll of coins. “Drop some money in a slot machine. That will help pass the time away.”

Diane strolled into the casino to try her luck at the one armed bandits. She dropped a coin into the machine, pulled the lever and nothing came out. Her luck was still running bad. She was about to drop another coin into the box when a uniformed hotel policeman came over to her.

“Sorry, miss,” he said, “minors aren’t allowed in the gambling casino. I’ll have to see some identification.” Diane looked up at him, and said, “I left my wallet in my room but I’m twenty-one.”

Just then Peter walked in, talked to the officer and vouched for his bride’s age. Then he said, “By the way officer, how old do I look?”

“Twenty-three or twenty-four.” Diane and Peter couldn’t restrain themselves and they started laughing. Peter said, “Say, you don’t by any chance sell wedding licenses, do you?”

“Honestly, why don’t I have wrinkles and why couldn’t you have a few grey hairs,” Diane sighed.

Glumly they returned to wait at the hotel desk. At exactly 12:45 Peter walked over to a roulette wheel and plunked a chip on number twenty-three. It came in. The first time he’d won anything in his life. At the exact moment the clerk came over to inform him the letter had arrived. The winning number and his papers had come within the same minute. With this stroke of good fortune, the bad omens seemed to disappear. It was certainly a good sign. Diane and Peter heaved sighs of relief. Now it was only a matter of hours before they’d be man and wife. They walked out the front of the hotel and headed for the car. They weren’t dragging their steps any longer. All the tension of the past two months planning and the last twenty-four hours waiting seemed behind them.

They drove to the Hall of Records only to be greeted by a half-block long line of couples, all waiting to get licenses. In order to save time, Peter left Diane and Pat to wait in line while he and Bill and Roger went over to the chapel to make the third and final arrangement for the ceremony. They decided on 5:30. Peter went back to the Record Bureau and he and Diane were next in line. The clerk smiled at them, said hello, and looked at Peter’s papers. A few minutes later, they were in front of the Record Bureau, waving their license for all the world to see. Finally, they were one step away from being married.

They went back to the hotel. Diane went up to rest while Peter strolled around the hotel lobby, too tense to stay in one place. At 4:45 he came up to the room

shave lady?
don't do it!



Cream hair away the beautiful way...

Why risk unsightly razor shadow (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms) when it's so easy to cream hair away the beautiful way! Next time, try baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET; it goes deep down where no razor can reach to give you the *neatest* legs in town!

Neet



MUSIC

LEARN AT HOME!

Be your own music teacher. Learn quickly, right at home, to play piano, guitar, accordion, any instrument. Our famous pictured lessons make it easy. No boring exercises. Start playing simple pieces right away. Low cost. 1,000,000 students, including Lawrence Welk. Write for **FREE** book. No obligation. No salesman will call. U. S. School of Music, Studio 2012, Port Washington, N. Y.

STEADY PAY EVERY DAY AS A PRACTICAL NURSE

AVERAGE COST PER LESSON ONLY \$1.25

Enjoy security, no recession for Nurses. Earn to \$65.00 a week, good times or bad. Age, Education, Not important. Earn while learning. Send for **FREE** 16 page book.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 9R128, 131 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago 3, Illinois

LEARN AT HOME IN ONLY 10 WEEKS

ANY PHOTO, SNAPSHOT or NEGATIVE ENLARGED

Each Set Only

One 5x7 Colored in Oils & Three 5x7 in Black & White

One 8x10 Colored in Oils, & One 8x10 Black & White.

State color of eyes, hair & clothes. Finished picture and originals returned. Send payment with order. We pay postage.

\$1

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT CO., Dept. MC-2
1180 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.

GET RID of Dark or Oily Skin, Ugly Pimples, Freckles — FAST!

Famous Mercolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN Lightens. Clears Skin While You Sleep...

Follow this simple 7 NIGHT PLAN for whiter, clearer skin. Use medicated Mercolized Wax Cream each night for 1 week—then see how fast dark skin, freckles lighten, oily shine vanishes, embarrassing pimples clear away! Not a cover-up, Mercolized Wax Cream works under skin surface for quick sure results. Start using Mercolized Wax Cream now. Sold on money back guarantee.

MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM
AT ALL DRUG AND COSMETIC COUNTERS

DISCOURAGE THUMB SUCKING NAIL BITING

THUM
TRADE MARK

Just Paint on Fingertips
60c at your drug store

JIGSAW PUZZLE

MADE FROM YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO

GIANT 8" x 10" SIZE
IDEAL XMAS GIFT

\$1.00

Here is the most wonderful Xmas Gift of all — and SO inexpensive! Send us your favorite snapshot, print or negative of your child, family, pet, etc. We will beautifully enlarge it and make an 8"x10" life-like Photo JIGSAW PUZZLE, so natural, so touchingly personal, it will thrill the heart and capture the imagination of any youngster. Your choice of beautiful black and white JIGSAWS for only \$1.00 or gorgeous HAND-COLORED for only \$1.50. Please include 25c extra for pstg. & hdlg. for EACH Jigsaw Puzzle ordered. Satisfaction guaranteed. MILLIONS of satisfied customers. Order NOW! **JIGSAW PUZZLE, Dept. H-38,**

11 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

TAB HUNTER CONTEST RULES:

1. All questions must be answered on the entry blank and all information supplied as directed.
2. Mail entry, pasted on back of a postcard, to: Tab Hunter Contest, Photoplay, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, December 1, 1958.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States or Canada is eligible, except employees of Macfadden Publications, their advertising agencies and their families.
4. The winner must be prepared to make a trip to Hollywood and must allow her trip to be covered photographically for Photoplay. This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.
5. The editors of Photoplay will be the sole judges of the contest and each entrant agrees to accept their decision as final. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, to be used as it sees fit. No entries will be returned. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.
7. Tips on answering first question: Tab has told you what *he* likes . . . now he'd like to know *you*. Tell him anything about yourself that you think he would find interesting and appealing, describing yourself—your likes and dislikes, your hobbies, etc.—as fully as possible on the entry blank.

P.S. Special bonus prize! For the lucky runner-up there's a brand new Necchi Mirella portable sewing machine.

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

For where to buy the fabrics shown on pages 50-52, please write direct to the manufacturers listed below:

Nylon georgette dress (Simplicity 2762) and satin lining of coat (Simplicity 2694)

Wm. Skinner & Sons
12 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Rayon brocade dress and coat (Simplicity 2783 and 2694)

Harvey Mills, Inc.
110 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Wool plaid skirt (Simplicity 2700)

Fabrex Corp.
115 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Wool jersey top (Simplicity 2773)

Lebanon Fabrics Corp.
1441 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Rayon and wool print (Simplicity 2736)

Cohn, Hall, Marx—Cohama Division
1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Simplicity Printed Patterns are available at local stores everywhere. Or, write Simplicity Pattern Co., Inc., Dept. PH, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

he and Roger were sharing. Bill Coleman came in to help him get ready. Pattie helped Diane.

Diane put on her frilly lace slip and then they checked the traditional things. Something old: Diane fingered her mother's tiny black bible, a Hungarian Bible her mother had brought from Europe. Something new; her eyes lit on the beautiful white silk dress with the tiny eton jacket and the full ballerina length skirt. Something borrowed: Pattie's lace handkerchief. Something blue: a satin garter.

By five-fifteen the bride and groom, their best man, matron of honor, and Roger, with his trusty camera, headed for the wedding chapel. Before Diane knew it, they were there. The chapel was of rustic wood with a tiny pointed roof. The walk leading to it was made of planks of wood and Diane's heels clicked as they trod over the boards on their way to the chapel door. Bill and Pattie went on ahead and reported that there was still another wedding in process. It was only 5:27—still three minutes to go.

Bill came over to Peter. The groom shifted nervously from foot to foot. "Say, Bill, you sure you have the rings?" It was to be a double-ring ceremony. Diane's was a narrow diamond band to match her engagement ring, while Peter's was a rough textured, wider gold band. Both were inscribed with the words: "For better, for worse, Forever."

Bill took a white jewel box from his pocket and handed Peter the rings. Peter turned the gold and diamond bands over in the palm of his hand and then . . . in one instant the gold band fell to the ground. Peter groaned. Diane moaned. Down on his knees went Peter, silently uttering a prayer. From his position he could see the slits in between the wooden planks. By some miracle the tiny golden circle had landed on solid wood—only a fraction of an inch further and the ring would have disappeared through the planks and into the sand beneath them. Peter wiped his brow. Diane just sighed.

Finally it was time. It was *really* time. Peter took Diane's arm and they walked slowly up to the chapel. When they were nearing the door, Peter leaned over and whispered, "Only a few more feet and" . . . then suddenly his bride winced.

"My heel, Peter. My heel, it's stuck in one of the boards."

Peter went down on his knees again and gently removed his bride's slim white heel from between the planks. He straightened up and said, "Diane there's *only* about eight more feet left to go before the door. *Nothing* else can happen, really, *believe* me." They got to the door and it was opened for them. The tiny chapel was empty except for Bill and Pattie and Roger and a few local photographers. As they entered the church they saw the kindly face of the minister, Reverend O. T. Phillips of Las Vegas Unity Church. They walked down the aisle. It was very quiet. Inside the chapel there was a stillness. Just a few rays of the desert sunlight streamed in through a small stained glass window. The strains of "I Love You Truly" were playing on an organ. Down the aisle they walked, slowly. Diane looking straight ahead, Peter closing his eyes for a moment and then looking down at his beautiful bride. He walked towards Bill and Pattie and the Reverend, waiting at the altar.

As was the custom, the minister took their license to examine it. Only a mere formality to see that everything was in order. As Diane and Peter waited for Reverend Phillips to begin saying the words that would join them, their hearts pounded. It seemed like an eternity until the minister looked at Diane and said,

"What is your name, dear?"

She whispered, "Diane Jergens."

"Well," the minister said, shaking his head a little sadly. "The clerk at the license bureau made a slight mistake."

Diane started to tremble and Peter just stood there, too stunned to speak. The minister went on, "The clerk put the name of the groom correctly as Peter Brown, and the name of the bride as . . . Peter Brown."

"What a mistake," Peter gulped. According to the license he was marrying himself!

"Oh, Lord in Heaven not now," Diane prayed. "Please don't let anything delay us anymore."

Peter and Diane waited for a few minutes. The minister said, "Don't worry, it's just a technicality. We can change the names here." And then . . .

"Do you Peter take Diane to have and to hold from this day forward. . . . Do you Diane take Peter for better, for worse, in sickness and health, to have and to hold from this day forward till death do you part?"

They said their I Do's. Peter took Diane in his arms. They kissed. The organ played "Here Comes the Bride." Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brown walked back up the aisle. It was 5:52, Saturday, September 6. They were, at last, man and wife.

In a few minutes, back at the hotel, Bill and Pattie and Roger were toasting the couple with raised glasses of sparkling Burgundy and Peter and Diane were laughing and looking at each other and Diane was saying to herself, "Mrs. Peter Brown, Mrs. Peter Brown. . . ."

Jerry Lewis stopped by to offer congratulations. And Sammy Davis and Buddy Bregman stopped by, too. The telegrams kept coming and the toasts kept being made.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brown. Now it was official. Now the heartache and the aggravation was behind them. Suddenly, everything seemed funny. The woman at the license bureau who thought Peter was too young . . . the hours of waiting for the papers to come from Los Angeles. The tensions, the inner questions, the problems, the lonely night that was to have been their wedding night when Diane shared a room with the suitcases and Peter shared a suite with Roger. The ring falling on the ground and the mixup on the license—all this was behind them.

It was 7:15. They'd been man and wife for exactly one hour and twenty-three minutes. Pattie and Bill and Roger said their goodbyes. Diane and Peter were left alone. Alone in the fabulous desert resort, with the neon lights blazing, the slot machines pouring forth coins and the people. All the people, some newlyweds like themselves. All the people sharing a desert sky and yet, for Diane and Peter, there were only each other.

They walked hand in hand out of the hotel's front door and stood looking out toward the lights of the city. The sparkle in Diane's eyes matched twinkle for twinkle the brilliance of the low hanging desert moon and the millions of lightbulbs flashing on and off. Then they turned and headed for the elevator. Peter looked at Diane and she looked at him. It was right what Jerry Lewis had said to them: "The good things are worth waiting for." The good things do take time coming, how well they knew. But nothing mattered. Nothing at all except that they had each other. Nothing else mattered. For better, for worse, forever. . . .

THE END

YOU'LL WANT TO SEE DIANE IN WARNER'S "THE FBI STORY" AND PETER IN ABC-TV'S "LAWMAN," SUNDAYS AT 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.

ROCK'S LETTER

Continued from page 22

After giving it a great deal of thought, however, I decided that there *was* something I could do . . . there was a good deal I could say.

I could take my pride in my hands, for instance, and sit down at my typewriter to tell you a little about me—things, perhaps, that have made me what I am today; the emotions that are part of me and the feelings I'll never grow out of. I hope, after reading this, that you will decide that the title of this article could have been "Success Has Not Spoiled Rock Hudson" (with apologies to George Axelrod, author of the famous play).

Maybe I don't look the type, but I'm as vulnerable as most people and perhaps more sensitive than many—and many of the things being said about my divorce from Phyllis hurt a good deal.

No two people ever enter a marriage, I think, unless they firmly believe that "This Is for Always." Phyllis and I did, too. We were in love for a long, long time before we considered marriage, and we thought long and seriously before we entered into it. We were in love, and we wanted to live the rest of our lives together. It was as simple as that.

I'd met Phyllis Gates in Henry Willson's office, where she was a secretary. It was a long time before we ever had our first date together. And when we finally did, after we'd met casually in a five-and-dime store on a lunch hour, it seemed natural and right. We had such a wonderful time when we were going together! We shared the same private jokes, we liked to dance to the same kind of music, and we liked to do the same things. We had gone out together for more than a year before I asked her to marry me and she accepted.

Things were fine at the beginning. We had a wonderful honeymoon in Jamaica, and then we spent a memorable week in New York before returning to Hollywood. The first few months of our marriage were the happiest of my entire life.

We both wanted a nice home, and set about finding and furnishing one. We both wanted children, and we would talk about them and plan for them for hours on end. And then, without any warning, things began to change.

I can't tell you how painful it is to be living with a person you used to be in love with, and then having both of you discover that for whatever the reason—or reasons—you aren't in love with each other any more. The feeling must be something like stepping onto what you think is firm, solid ground—only to discover that instead you've been trapped in quicksand. You sink and sink, and all of your struggles and efforts to maintain your balance and equilibrium serve only to make things worse. You know you have to get out if you're going to do anything at all with the rest of your life. And you have to get out fast!

It's been more than a year since the break-up of our marriage, and I still find it painful to think about it, and downright impossible to discuss it. Neither Phyllis nor I have ever been great "talkers," and neither one of us has been able to discuss our marriage or the reasons why it disintegrated into divorce. I think we both feel that there are some things which should remain part of the relationship between a man and a woman, and that it is something which the rest of the world can neither help nor hinder. Talking about it wouldn't help, and might

even serve to destroy whatever was still left that was beautiful: a memory, perhaps, or a feeling that still remains for the way things were in the beginning.

I'm sorry that my marriage failed, sorer than I am about anything that has ever happened to me. But to criticize me for it is to criticize a man for being ill, or for having been involved in a traffic accident. It's something I regret, and something I couldn't help. And yet I know that there is no way to undo the past.

I'm not against the institution of marriage. I'm all for it, and someday I hope to find what will be the right girl for me, and I'll marry again. I can't be "soured" on marriage, for as a way of living it has too much in its favor. Certainly in my own family I've had an example of a bad marriage followed by a good one. My own mother had two unfortunate experiences before she met and married Joseph Olson, to whom she's married now. And the experiences she had with Roy Scherer (my father) and Roy Fitzgerald (my stepfather) seem only to serve to underline her current happiness.

Some of my critics, and I hope you aren't among them, have said that I've gone "arty." Well, if that means having a look at a book now and then, I'm guilty. I've had lots of fun reading lately and among the books I've liked are "Anatomy of Murder" by Travers, "A History of the English Speaking Peoples" by Churchill, "Ice Palace" by Edna Ferber, "By Love Possessed" by Cozzens and "Book of the Seven Seas" by the late Peter Freuchen.

If going "arty" means that I'm learning to appreciate the finer things in life—such as opera, for instance—well, I'll have to admit I am. I've always had a feeling for music. Before I was married, I owned a record collection that filled a couple of bookcases. My tastes ran from Bach to boogie woogie, from Jan Pierce to Bing Crosby. But I admit that opera left me cold.

And then, in the fall of '57, I went to Italy to make "Farewell to Arms." Vittorio de Sica, who's famous as both an Italian actor and director, invited me to hear "Il Quattro Rusteghi," by Wolf-Ferrari. I went, and my first reaction was, "Why haven't I discovered this before? It's wonderful!"

Italy may be an opera-loving country, but those Italians sure know what to like. I came away so thrilled and excited by my introduction to the opera that I've never forgotten it.

Back in Hollywood one day, I was telling my friends about "Il Quattro Rusteghi" and I burst into song for the main aria—just like that. A week later, I discovered that the University of Southern California School of Music was presenting a performance of it, and I decided to let my friends hear the real thing. I bought four tickets and we made an evening of it.

Hearing the opera for a second time convinced me that I'd "discovered" a new world of enjoyment which had been waiting for me all along—and where in the world had I been? I caught nuances of the music I'd missed the first time, the bits of action, the minor musical themes. They say you aren't a *real* opera lover until you've seen and heard one work at least eight times. If that's the case, then I've a little ways to go—but I'm willing to go there. Does anyone know where they're singing "Il Quattro Rusteghi" sometime soon?

All kidding aside, though, does the fact that I'm learning to appreciate the opera mean that I've *changed*? I don't think so. To me, living means growing, and the ability to broaden your horizons. You grow. Your horizons widen. Your appreciation broadens. Your atti-



OF INTEREST TO WOMEN (W-D8)

FREE—BIG NEW Wholesale Catalog! Up to 50% saving for you, family, friends on nationally-known gifts, jewelry, toys, appliances, Christmas cards, etc. Also make money selling part time! Write: Evergreen Studios, Box 846-BJ, Chicago 42, Ill. \$100-\$500-MORE paid for your child's photo, if selected for advertising illustrations, etc. Hundreds used weekly. Rush photo for approval. Returned promptly. Free Service. Ad-Photos, 6087-YZ Sunset, Hollywood 28, California.

BUY WHOLESALERS! 100,000 Nationally Advertised Products. Appliances, Cameras, Sporting Goods, Housewares, Watches, Typewriters, Tools, Clothing, etc. Discounts to 80%. Buy-Rite, Box 258, Hawthorne 56, New Jersey.

\$500 FOR YOUR Child's Picture paid by advertisers. Send one small photo (All ages). Returned. Print child's parents' name, address on back. Spotlight, 8344-PC-12 Beverly, Hollywood, California.

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS—TO \$5.00 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For free samples, details, write Studio Girl, Dept. 16812C, Glendale, California.

\$10.00 GUARANTEED PER 1000 Pieces Prepared & Mailed—Free Mailing Pieces, Names & Stamps Given Also. Send 50c—Postage & Handling. National Mailer, PCD, 1627 E. 33rd St., Lorain, Ohio.

\$100 TO \$1000 for your child's picture paid by advertisers. Send photo for approval. Returned promptly. Free gifts. Nationalphoto, Box 3035-H, North Hollywood, California.

HOMEWORKERS: SEW BABYWEAR for Stores. Machine unnecessary. Send stamped, addressed envelope. Clara, Box 44637-A, Los Angeles 44, California.

HOMEWORKERS: ASSEMBLE HANDLACED Precut moc-casins and handbags. Good earnings. California Handicrafts, Los Angeles 46-B, California.

MRS. SCHUTZ, KENTUCKY, Mrs. Lewis, New York, received hundreds of dollars for their children's pictures. See Spotlight ad above.

\$200. MONTHLY REPORTED, Preparing Envelopes. \$1.00 Instruction, Freel (Send no money). Economy. Box 2580, Greensboro 10, N.C.

FREE WHOLESALER CATALOG! Christmas Gifts, Toys, Appliances, etc. Big Savings! Housewares Distributors, 1216-G West 79th Street, Chicago 20, Illinois.

MAKE MONEY AT home assembling our items. No tools. Experience unnecessary. Lee Manufacturing, 466 S. Robertson, Los Angeles 48, California.

\$200. MONTHLY POSSIBLE, Sewing Babywear! No house selling. Free information. Send name to Cuties, Warsaw 1, Ind. EXTRA CASH PREPARING, mailing postcards. Write Edward, Box 3427-D, Los Angeles 54, California.

SEW OUR READY cut aprons at home, spare time, Easy, profitable. Hanky Aprons, Caldwell 3, Ark.

\$75.00 WEEKLY POSSIBLE preparing mail, (details 10c). Novelty, Box 78247-A, Los Angeles 16, California.

MAKE MONEY CLIPPING newspaper items for publishers! Newscliff, PW-983-E, Main, Columbus 5, Ohio.

EARN SPARETIME CASH Mailing Advertising Literature. Glenway, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

\$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE assembling pump lamps Spare Time. Simple Easy. No canvassing. Write: Ougor, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

MAKE YOUR TYPEWRITER Earn Money. Send \$1.00. Hughes, 500B, 9 South Clinton, Chicago 6.

\$200-\$300 MONTHLY, Mailing literature. Peavie, POB 385, Tillicum 99, Wash.

EARN EXTRA CASH! Prepare Advertising Postcards. Lang-dons, Box 41107PW, Los Angeles 41, California.

\$50 WEEKLY, PREPARING Mailing Literature National, 1815A Meyers, Lombard, Ill.

EARN SPARETIME CASH preparing-mailing advertising. Temple Co., Muncie 2, Indiana.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW \$50 TO \$500 for any purpose. Employed men and women over 25, eligible. Confidential—no co-signers. Up to 2 years to repay—low monthly payments. Supervised by Nebraska Banking Department. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bank, Dept. WD-12, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

BORROW MONEY BY Mail, \$100-\$600. Anywhere. Air Mail Service. Postal Finance, 200 Keeline Building, Dept. 653X, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 61-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X974, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials Southern States Academy, Station E-1, Atlanta, Georgia.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! Exciting details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-PC, Olympia, Wash.

AGENTS & HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-56, Chicago 32, Illinois.

60% PROFIT COSMETICS, \$25 day up. Hire others. Samples, details. Studio Girl-Hollywood, Glendale, Calif. Dept. 16812H. **PIECE-LIKE STAY** at-home work! No doorbell ringing! Securall, Box 1450, Pasadena, Calif.

FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS

JOBS-HIGH PAY: USA, S.A. America, The Islands. All trades. Many companies pay fare. Write Dept. 71B, National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, N.J.

AMERICAN OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Men, Women. Transportation Paid. Free information. Write: Transworld, Dept. 9B, 200 West 34th St., New York 1.

PERSONAL

LONELY, NEEDING MONEY, unhappy? I was. A friend told me what had given her happiness, aliveness—money. It works. I'll tell you. Nothing to sell. Baker-K, Box 1128 GPO, NYC. 1 **FREE WRITERS CATALOGUE** giving manuscript markets. Write, Literary Agent Mead, 915 Broadway, N.Y. 10.

STAMP COLLECTING

TERRIFIC STAMP BARGAIN! Israel—Iceland—Vatican Assortment—Plus Exotic Triangle Set—Also Fabulous British Colonial Accumulation—Plus Large Stamp Book—All Four Offers Free—Send 10c To Cover Postage. Empire Stamp Corporation, Dept. PC, Toronto, Canada.

OLD COINS & MONEY

\$100.00 FOR CERTAIN Indianheads! Lincoln pennies, \$75.00. We buy all rare coins. Booklet listing prices, 25c. Lincoln Coins, D-76, Glendale, Arizona.

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete allcoin catalogue 25c. Magnacoin, Box 61-YY, Whitestone 57 N.Y.

tudes change. But *you* don't change.

You're still the guy who once was more at home with grease on his hands than greasepaint on his face—and you hope you're still the guy who has both feet on the ground and his head where it belongs.

To begin with, let's answer the charge that I'm going "high hat." I can't believe it. I've had to work too hard for what I've achieved and chalked up too many painful memories in the process ever to change.

I love people, but I like to feel comfortable with them and I want them to be comfortable with me. I had lunch not long ago at the studio, with a girl who was visiting. To her, I wasn't a person: I was a movie star. She couldn't speak.

I leaned across the table and I smiled at her. "I didn't know there was such a color as warm blue," I said, "till I saw your eyes."

"But my eyes are green," she protested.

"They're blue," I insisted. She dug into her handbag and pulled out a small mirror. She checked her eyes in it. "They're green," she said. Well, by the time I was willing to admit they really were green, she'd relaxed. She was ready to be herself and to take me for myself. It's important to take people for themselves. As I sit at my typewriter now, I can remember when I first learned that. I learned it from a little boy back in Winnetka, Illinois.

As a kid, I knew what it was to be lonely. My father, Roy Scherer, deserted my mother when I was six years old, and I went to live with my grandmother. My mother was away most of the day working as a switchboard operator, and I felt that "loneliness" was a word that had been invented for me.

When I was nine, my mother married Roy Fitzgerald, and things got a little better, but not much. We were poor, and I started earning my way early. I delivered newspapers after school, and got a job as a fireman in the power plant. And when I was twelve, I learned something I've never forgotten. I learned it from a boy named Eddie Jenner.

Eddie was a boy who lived on the Hill Road side of Winnetka, but I never gave it much thought. Often, we'd walk home from school together, talking about what we were going to do when we grew up, and about the thousand-and-one other things that seem so important to you when you're twelve years old. Sometimes Eddie would call his mother from my house, and stay over while Mom rustled up some tuna fish and canned green peas for dinner.

And then one day his mother sent a note to my mother asking her whether I could come to their house for dinner. Mom said "Yes," and off I went.

I wasn't at all prepared for what I saw. His "house" had more rooms in it than our local hotel, and there was a huge swimming pool right outside it. They had an acre of ground, and a tree-lined road outside the house, and inside it there was a butler and a maid. When I sat down at the table, there was a tablecloth and napkins, and lots of highly polished silverware. We had artichokes for dinner that night, and steak and a salad, ice cream and milk—and all I could think about all evening long was that the last time Eddie Jenner had been at my home we'd eaten on the plastic-topped table in the kitchen, and my mother had served tuna fish and canned green peas. I'd never felt as much like an outsider before in my life—and I wanted to run. Eddie noticed that something was wrong, and after dinner he asked me whether I wanted to take a walk. I certainly did!

When we got outside, I turned and looked directly at Eddie. "You never told

me you lived in a house like that!" I said accusingly.

"Like what?" Eddie asked, puzzled.

"The maid. And the butler. And all that polished silver on the table . . . and artichokes and steak for dinner . . . and a swimming pool . . . and two kinds of ice cream for dessert. You've been to my house, so you know what I mean. We're just different, that's all. We can't be friends any more!"

Eddie stepped back as though I had struck him, and for a minute I thought he was going to cry. But then he clenched his fists, and he got so angry that his face turned red.

"You big lummo," he shouted. "It's people that count—not things! Don't you know that? You can't help it if you live in your house. And I can't help it if my house has a swimming pool. I want you for a friend because I like you as a person."

Eddie Jenner and I were good friends until he went off to military school in Arizona and we lost track of each other—but I've never forgotten that evening, and what he said. "It's people that count, not things."

Sure, I could afford a house with a swimming pool now, if I wanted one, and I could have a maid and a butler too. But I don't think I do. To me, just as it was to Eddie Jenner, it has always remained people that count, not things. If Eddie Jenner, a kid just twelve years old could have recognized the values which are important in life, then certainly I ought to be able to as an adult. I've never forgotten that evening, and I hope I never do. I don't think I'll ever turn "high-hat" either. I've worked too hard and tried too long before the breaks started coming my way ever to forget it. And besides, too many other people were involved with my getting there for me ever to forget them. Henry Willson for one. And George Stevens for another.

They're both on my special mailing list. After I've sat through a picture-taking session with the studio, I get a chance to inspect the results. Some of these results are pretty horrible. These are the pictures I take for my own use—pictures that have caught me with eyes closed or my mouth open. I send them to good pals like Henry and George. Who are these men? What do they mean to me? Well, perhaps I'd better explain.

I'd wanted to be an actor ever since I was a kid and went to the movies to see Jon Hall leap from a crow's nest into the sea. Seeing him do that did something to me, and I knew that I had to get into the movies or be unhappy for the rest of my life.

However, it took a good many years, and a hitch in the Navy before I could put that dream to work. I held onto the dream, though, and it was that dream at the back of my mind that sent me to California in 1946, intending to live with my father and study at the University of California. The University wouldn't accept me, and I couldn't live with my father. So, with that dream still at the back of my mind, I got a job driving a truck for the Budget Packing Company, delivering dried beans to grocery stores.

Believe it or not, I really believed those stories about how movie stars were "discovered," and every time I'd get within sight of a studio gate, I'd pull my truck up against it and stand beside my truck, nonchalantly puffing a cigarette in my best about-to-be-discovered manner. Nothing happened. I chalked up about 250 hours of "waiting for D-day" (in this case D meant Discovery) before I gave up.

And then one day a friend of mine told me he knew a talent executive at Selznick Studios and suggested that

I have some photographs taken. It cost me twenty-five dollars, which was three full days' pay in those days, but I got the pictures made. That week, I had to borrow a dollar for dinner or go hungry. But I kept my appointment with Henry Willson.

I don't think anything important ever happened to me before I went into Willson's office. He was, at the time, Selznick's talent chief, and—with a couple of thousand dollars of his own money—he staked me to acting lessons and the rest: lessons in diction, drama, riding and fencing. For a solid year, I ran my truck daytimes, and took lessons every night.

To this day, I can thank Henry Willson for having had faith in me, and for believing in me enough to get me started in pictures. He's been my agent all the way through, and I still consider him one of my best friends.

George Stevens was the director of "Giant," and is a man of infinite wisdom and capability. He's a wonderful director, but more than that, he's a heck of a nice guy.

The night before we started "Giant," I wanted to call the whole thing off. I had a bad, bad case of the jitters. "I'm not good enough for the role," I wanted to tell him. "It's too big for me. You've got the wrong guy."

After sitting through a whole afternoon in the doldrums, I picked up the telephone to call him and intended to tell him exactly how I felt. "I'll get it out and get it all over with!" I told myself as I dialed his unlisted phone number.

"Hello, Mr. Stevens," I said when he picked up the phone. "This is Rock Hudson."

Something must have been there in my voice, for he asked, "Is anything the matter, Rock?"

"Everything's the matter," I blurted out. "I'm not ready enough."

George Stevens laughed—and the laughter sounded so good that before I knew it I had relaxed my grip on the telephone and the butterflies had stopped fluttering around in my stomach, for the first time that day.

"You know something?" he asked quietly. "I've got stage fright too. I always get stage fright at the beginning of a picture."

"But I don't understand the character I'm supposed to be playing," I wailed, and I heard my unhappiness transfer itself across the wires of the telephone.

"Maybe I don't either, Rock," he said calmly. "Let's figure him out together, you and I."

"Okay. If that's the way you want it, Mr. Stevens," I said slowly. Then we said good-night.

I thought of that conversation the night I was up for an Academy Award for "Giant," and many times since then too. I've been grateful to George Stevens for believing in me, and I've been grateful to my studio for allowing me to make that picture.

I'm fully cognizant of the fact that U-I has done a great deal for me. But I'm both confused and hurt by the rumors that I'm difficult and a problem to work with these days. Sure, I was disappointed when Charlton Heston got the role I wanted in "Ben-Hur," when the studio wouldn't loan me out. It was a good picture, and one I wanted to make. I had a good break in "Magnificent Obsession" and another one in "Giant." Now I'm looking for a third.

Of course it was nice to be voted tops at the box-office last year by the Motion Pictures Exhibitors and to be voted by you the Photoplay Gold Medal winner for '57. But that kind of popularity carries its own responsibility: You have to live up to your notices. Your next picture has to

be every bit as good as your last, or your rating slips.

I appreciate all that U-I has done for me in the past, but I know that my next four years as an actor will be the most important I have. I hope the pictures yet to come will be the most important of my career.

If I've been difficult, if the studio has found me less amenable than I have been in my previous working life, it isn't because I appreciate them any the less. It's because I feel my responsibility to you even more. I want to make the kind of pictures you'll be proud to see me in.

Does that sound as though I'm taking myself too seriously? I hope not. I think it is every actor's debt to his public to give them the best that is in him, and all that I want is the kind of picture which will call for the best that is in me.

Besides, I think there are some things a person *should* take seriously—and work is one of them. Though I take my work

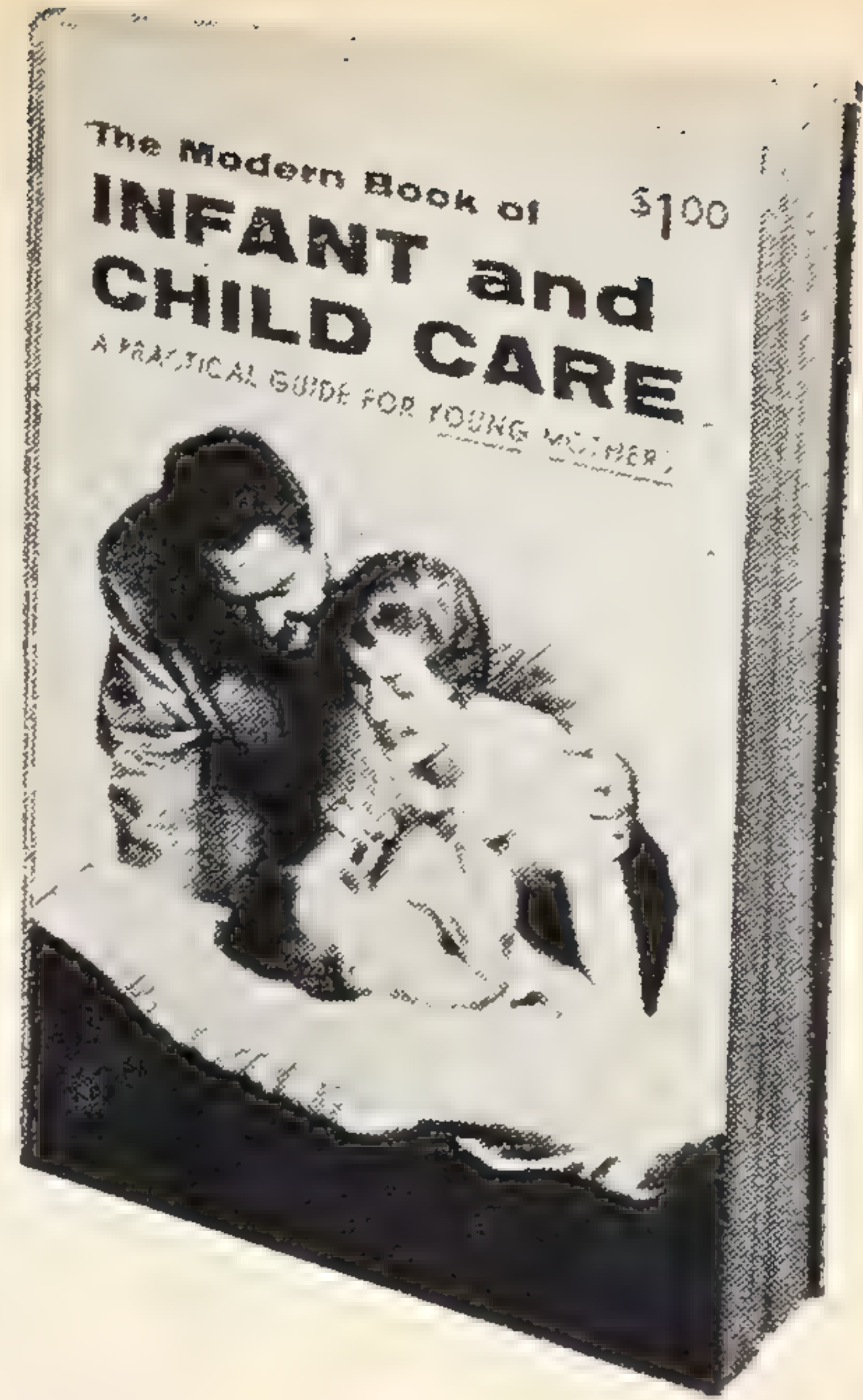
seriously, I hope I'll never get to take myself seriously. If I ever do, I hope someone will remind me of my first "role" in pictures. It was a one-line walk-on in "Fighter Squadron," my first movie. I was supposed to say, "Pretty soon you're going to have to get a bigger blackboard." Believe it or not, I "flubbed" that line thirty-eight times before they finally got a "take."

I look back at it now, and I laugh. But as soon as the laughter stops, all the pain and self-doubt I experienced that day reassert themselves, and I'm happy I got another chance—not because of, but in spite of my first role in pictures. As long as incidents like that remain fresh in my memory, I don't think I'll *ever* take myself seriously. I couldn't change that much in one lifetime.

THE END

THE END

ROCK STARS IN "TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS"
FOR U-I AND CAN BE SEEN SOON IN U-I'S "THIS
EARTH IS MINE."



DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Continued from page 33

day when, suddenly, Eddie had left her.

Was it only a year ago that she had shown Liz and Mike proudly through her new home? Only a year ago?

What had been in their voices then? Was there something hidden in Liz' tone? Some—jealousy? Debbie shifted in the big, tweedy chair, tucking one leg under her. No, it wasn't possible. How could there have been anything? When Mike was alive, Liz didn't seem to know there was another man on the globe—and especially not Eddie, not Mike's best friend.

Why, she could remember when Liz had called Eddie to her house. She and Mike had had a fight and she needed someone to talk to, someone with a shoulder for her to weep on. Mike had stormed out in a fury but he phoned Liz while Eddie was still there. Eddie had sneaked out without her even noticing. "Mike growled something about Liz being with another man," Eddie had told her, "but Liz explained that it was only me. The next second, she was laughing and crying into the phone. I guess neither of them needed me," Eddie had said, and there'd been a sheepish grin on his face. They'd laughed together over what wonderful, zany people the Mike Todds were . . .

Could Mike have guessed at anything? Big wonderful Mike, so much in love with Liz that he wanted to shout it from every front page. Mike was shrewd. If there'd been anything to guess at, anything to suspect, surely Mike would have known.

Debbie sighed. There must have been something in Liz' voice that day, something that she, and maybe not even Mike, had not been clever enough to hear. How else could Liz have said later, said for all the world to hear: "I don't feel I'm taking Eddie away from Debbie because she never really had him. He's not in love and he never has been."

Had Liz believed that back in the old days, too? Had everyone in the world believed it, *known* it—everyone but herself?

"I'm so happy," she had said. "I've never been so happy in all my life."

All the while her world was crumbling down around her, she'd gone on being happy. Even when the newspaper stories began to come out of New York, even then she hadn't guessed. "I won't even dignify them with a comment," she'd said out of a loving, trusting heart. "Eddie and Liz are very good friends. What's the

matter with a friend taking a friend out in the evening?"

She'd meant it, too. She'd meant it so much that even after Eddie had let her go ahead at six-thirty to meet the morning plane he wasn't on—even then she didn't dream what it really meant. He hadn't bothered to let her know that he was staying on in New York, and she'd been furious. She'd managed a smile for the reporters and for an old friend, Peter Lawford, who *was* on the plane. "I'm here to meet *you*," she'd told him. A few hours later, when Eddie had called, she'd accepted his explanation: He had asked a friend to call her and the friend had forgotten . . . or couldn't reach her . . . or something . . . Whatever the story was, it was her husband's story and that made it all right. She'd scolded him for not calling himself, and then she tried to forget it. I'm being a good wife, an understanding wife, she congratulated herself.

Abruptly, Debbie stood up and walked a few steps away from the chair. She fiddled with the long pigtail into which she'd twisted her hair. Fretfully, impatiently, she searched the bright, cheerful room. Then she went over to sit on the sofa, the sofa from which her parents had always looked so fondly at the picture of the happy Fisher family. *Funny, she thought, I don't think I've ever sat here before. Eddie and I always sat in the big chair.*

Thinking back, she just couldn't believe it. No, it wasn't believable that she could have gone on being a "good wife" when the nearest man on the street could have told her that she no longer had a husband. What hurt was that Eddie had taken Liz to Grossinger's. There, where Eddie felt more at home than anywhere else in the world, they'd been married. There, just three short years ago, they'd had their honeymoon and she'd fallen more and more in love, something she hadn't thought possible during their long engagement.

Even when Eddie took Liz to Grosinger's, she'd told herself that there was nothing *really* wrong. Nothing between Eddie and Liz, that is. Eddie had worshipped Mike Todd and tried to be as worldly as he had been. It was another phase, she'd told herself, like buying the most expensive car he could find or like wasting all that money on his clothes-craze. Eddie, trying to be worldly, had put his foot in his mouth and she was simply impatient for him to take it out—fast.

"You should know better," she'd shouted at him when he finally came home at eight in the morning. "It doesn't look good to behave that way. What's the matter with

HERE'S PRACTICAL HELP FOR

Young Mothers

Here at last is a wonderful, wonderful book for parents—and expectant parents. It is an exceptionally helpful book because it tells you exactly what to do in a given situation—and when to do it. Between the covers of this book is the latest information on infant and child care. Written entirely by three experienced doctors, this book answers clearly and intimately the questions asked most often by mothers. It is not designed to take the place of your baby's doctor, but it will give you the helpful information that you will need before you call him.

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

Accident Prevention	Mumps
Allergies	Premature Babies
Bed-wetting	Polio
Common Cold	Sex Education
Coughing	Sleep
Discipline	Teeth
Ears	Temper Tantrums
Eating Habits	Thumbsucking
Fevers	Toilet-training

You will refer to this book over and over again. It will save you time and worry. Get your copy—right now.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
OR MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Bartholomew House, Inc., Dept. WG-1258
205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me a copy of INFANT AND CHILD CARE. I enclose ☐ \$1 paperbound ☐ \$2.95 hardbound.

NAME.....
(please print)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

High School Course at Home **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.

you, anyway?" She was angry, furious, in fact. She didn't like those newspaper stories, but she still didn't think there was a word of truth in them.

The sun streamed in through the big picture window and the lawn and shrubbery outside seemed to vibrate with its reflection. She could no longer see where the reporters had trampled the lawn that morning, taking down every word she'd shouted at Eddie. If she had any doubts about what she'd thought and said that morning, all she had to do was to check against a copy of any paper in the country that had come out that day. There she was, in pigtails and Capri pants, telling off her husband for being a dope. She hadn't said a word, nor had a thought, about his falling for another woman. Yet next to her picture the papers had run one of Liz. Liz had known there'd be photographers and she had dressed for them, in a smart, panelled-back Paris dress. She compared the two pictures. "*She's prettier than I am,*" she thought. "*She's prettier . . .*"

"You ought to dress up more," Eddie had always told her. Would things have been different if she'd listened. She had lots of time now to think about that. If she'd really been a "good wife," she wondered now, would she have known better what kind of woman Eddie really wanted her to be?

Debbie began to pace. She went to the window to open it a bit, and the breeze that came through set the crystals dangling on the candle holders to tinkling. "Such a happy room," she heard Liz say again. She perched on the brick window seat and turned her back on the room.

"I'm very much in love with my husband." That's what she'd told the reporters when Eddie had moved out. "I hope this separation will clear the air and everything will be all right." She hadn't even packed a suitcase for him to take to Joey Foreman's—she'd been so sure he'd be coming back before he needed a change of shirts. Or maybe he'd come back for a shirt, and they'd start to laugh together the way they had that afternoon when Eddie had to boost her over a wall, her pigtails flying, so that they could avoid the reporters and get to a car and drive to a doctor. All of a sudden, in the middle of their arguing, she'd felt her stomach begin to do somersaults. "This is no way to handle a nervous woman," she'd gasped to Eddie as she jumped down on the other side of the wall. "Who, you?" he'd laughed. "You haven't got a nerve in your body."

For a moment, as they laughed together, she'd felt so good that she almost didn't need the doctor or the pills after all . . .

But it had been only a moment. That evening, despite the laughter and despite the lima bean soup Debbie made for supper, Eddie moved out. And the next day, she could no longer let herself go on thinking it would all blow over.

Because Eddie made his statement to the press.

"In answer to many questions," it read, "I feel I should say this. Debbie and I tried very hard to make our marriage work. We have been having problems for a long time. Debbie especially has done everything possible to make our marriage succeed."

"I alone accept full responsibility for its failure. Our marriage would have come to an end even if I had never known Elizabeth Taylor. The breakup was inevitable."

"Although I have moved out of my home, I hope to see my children as often as possible. I have confidence that Debbie understands and that our friendly relations will continue."

"My personal plans for the future are to concentrate on my work and solve my personal problems with deepest consideration for all concerned."

She read it in the evening papers.

Even now, months later, just remembering it could make her stomach contract painfully—the way it had that day. As if the words were fists, pounding against her. As if she had been struck, over and over again, till there was no breath left, and no tears. "I don't understand," she had said over and over again. "I don't understand . . ."

The next day, the papers were all very sympathetic. They criticized Eddie for making a statement of any kind. "As I understand the ground rules," one columnist wrote, "for these kind of public statements, they are always made by the lady, no matter who is leaving whom." But when she was shown the article, she only shook her head numbly. "Eddie had to say it. I guess it was the only way to let me know . . ."

She was surrounded by friends by then. Her mother was there, taking over the house. Her girl friends were there, trying to make her rest. For one ghastly moment, the fuss reminded her of nothing so much as Liz Taylor's house after the tragedy of Mike's death—the crowds of friends, the hushed voices, the urging to go to bed, take a pill, try to sleep. Only Liz wasn't there, the way she had been at the Todd house. Liz wasn't even answering her phone.

And she wasn't Liz.

"I'm not staying in here," she told her mother with sudden determination. "I'm taking Carrie out for the day." She got up, braided her hair into one hasty pigtail, put on Capri pants and a blouse.

"Debbie, there are reporters out there!"

"I'm not scared of reporters."

She wasn't, either. She talked to them then and later, too, when she drove a sleepy Carrie home from Marge and Gower Champions' home. She said for them the hardest words any woman is ever called upon to say: "This separation was not my idea. I still love my husband. I want him back. I—thought we were happy together."

She even managed to smile.

But by the next day, when Eddie's lawyer suggested that divorce talks might as well begin, when the papers were full of quotes from Eddie's friends about how he hoped to marry Liz, how he might even fly to Mexico to be free of Debbie faster—by then she was too ill to smile any more, too ill to appear on the charity show where she and Eddie had been scheduled to sing—and too ill even to care.

But that was a long time ago.

That was in the first moments of shock, in the first agony of loss.

Now she was physically well again.

Now she was learning to sit in the chair alone.

And in those long, lonely hours with the empty house echoing around her, she did two things.

She read and re-read Eddie's statement to the press.

And she thought.

"We tried very hard to make our marriage work," Eddie had said. "I alone accept the failure . . ."

"Very generous of him," the press had sneered, "to admit it. Obviously it was all his fault."

And yet—

Was it possible that it *had* been generous of Eddie. Was it possible this was his way of trying to make up for the mess in the papers, for the childish, scandalous way he had gone about ending their marriage? Was it even vaguely possible that if things had been different, Eddie might have had something to say in his

own defense? Troubled, she wondered. "We've had problems for a long time," Eddie had said.

If a wife is too happy to notice that there are problems, Debbie accused herself, she can't be very good at solving them. If a woman doesn't see that her husband isn't in love, she thought bitterly, she can't be doing a very good job of making him happy.

And especially if a marriage has come close to the rocks before—as their's did a year before Eddie started dating Liz—has a woman any right to be so happy that she's blind to new danger spots?

When the hurt was brand new, those thoughts didn't come. Only pain and loneliness and anger. But now that a little time had gone by—now there was no way to keep the thoughts away. Sooner or later, she had to turn around and face the empty room—and the empty chair. She did it now, walking over hesitatingly, and then sitting down in it again.

She had been a good wife, she thought, but by whose standards? Eddie's—or her own?

Take, for instance, the matter of money.

Money, to Eddie, was for spending. Money, to Debbie, was for saving. "I don't see how you can throw it around like this," she had protested, when Eddie came home from one of his beloved poker games with Sinatra and Dean Martin and Tony Curtis. "Why, you could practically put Carrie through college on what you lost tonight."

Eddie's eyes had darkened. "Don't exaggerate; it wouldn't pay for a semester. Besides, there's plenty of money in the bank for Carrie's education, even if she wants a Ph.D."

"Well, there won't be if you go on like this!"

She had been mad as blazes—she couldn't understand it. Neither she nor Eddie had come from rich people. Why couldn't he see, as she did, how important it was to have security? To know that no matter what happened, your children were taken care of. But Eddie had wanted trips and clothes, poker games and nightclubs.

It was funny that now, now that it no longer mattered, she could think of a dozen reasons why these things were so important to him.

Because the money enabled him to "buy into" those hours with the boys—hours of being a man among men, smoking and drinking, playing cards and telling stories. And because he was Eddie Fisher and the other men were stars, it cost a lot. If they had all been truck drivers—fifteen bucks would have taken care of his losses, and it wouldn't have mattered as he sat with a beer and a salami sandwich in somebody's kitchen. It was just—well, there were no penny-ante games for Eddie Fisher to play.

Or maybe because his career hadn't been doing so well since his marriage—and hers had been skyrocketing so. Maybe that was why he had to spend—to prove to himself and the world that he wasn't worried about tomorrow—that next year he'd still be making a million. Maybe if he started to skimp, people would say, "Fisher's on his way down, all right . . ."

Or maybe just because he *had* been poor and now he was rich. Now he wanted to have all the things he hadn't had as a kid. Lots of people who had been poor felt that way when they came into money. You could call it silly if you wanted to—or even immature. But you couldn't understand it, could you?

Unless maybe you were a wife who worried about her family's future and their security and their needs. And maybe

forgot to worry about what one member of the family, her husband, needed right now.

Was it—possible?

And the business of living, just living. After they came so close to disaster a year ago, when she'd complained about Eddie's pals "cluttering up" the house all the time . . . after "Tammy" being such a hit when Eddie hadn't had a top record in ages . . . when they weathered that, she was so positive she knew how to make sure it never happened again. Everyone agreed with her that two stars in one family made for an impossible situation—especially when they were both doing the same kind of work. So she made a sacrifice without a moment's hesitation: she would give up her career. She would have another baby, she would find them a house they could be happy in, instead of a palace in which they rattled around. She would make a home like her parents' home, where the husband was the big man, and the wife lived for his success.

She would be the wife and mother—Eddie would be the star.

There was only one thing, she saw now, that she forgot to take into account as she plunged into her new life.

Eddie Fisher liked being married to a movie star.

He liked glitter and excitement, he liked opening nights. He liked to go to premieres with a beautiful woman on his arm, a woman dressed in a Paris original, turning heads everywhere. He liked to be recognized on the street, mobbed, made much of.

And he wanted his wife to like it, too.

To her, falling more and more in love with her role as a housewife, all those things were becoming very foreign indeed. She wore clothes now that her mother ran up for her on the sewing machine. They looked real cute and pretty—and they helped to save money.

But they weren't glamorous.

She wore her hair in a pigtail during the day—in an old-fashioned upsweep with bangs at night. It was very becoming—Eddie had told her so.

But it made her look more like Tammy than like a woman who would turn heads in a crowd. No, she hadn't been glamorous. Liz was glamorous. She drew her breath in sharply as the thought stabbed home. Oh, even if she'd tried, could she ever have been the world-famous beauty that Liz was?

She'd liked to stay home nights, curled up on the family chair with a sleepy Todd taking his bottle on her lap, and Eddie sitting across the room, smiling at them.

Now she could remember what she never noticed then—that Eddie would get up from his chair to prowling restlessly around half a dozen times in an evening. That when he sat down again, the smile would be growing forced.

She knew he loved their children as much as she did. Yet why hadn't it occurred to her that while she took care of them, loving every minute, there was nothing for him to do but watch?

She knew she was being the kind of wife every woman is expected to be, and she knew she was happy at it.

It never struck her that one man in the world, her man, might be the exception to the rule.

"Love," she said later, "can make you very blind."

Had she been blind to her own faults—as well as to Eddie's?

Every paper that had printed Eddie's statement to the press had run a picture along with it—a picture printed for the sake of irony: a picture of Mike Todd and Liz with Debbie and Eddie. "In happier days" most of the papers had labeled it. At the beginning, Debbie hadn't let her

eyes so much as rest on it for a second; it simply hurt too much. Now she stared at it for minutes at a time.

And saw in it what she had never seen before.

It had been taken months before Mike's death at England's most famous race track. There they were, the four of them, walking along—and looking so very much like themselves.

There was Mike, racing form in hand, with that slight smile on his lips, the smile that meant he was perfectly at home, in his own element, in the world he loved best—a world of loud noises, quick laughter, hearty men and beautiful women.

Beside him walked Liz. Her hair was pulled away from her face in a sleek, smooth chignon. Her white suit-jacket draped over her hips in the latest line; the collar stood away from her neck to frame the perfect face. She walked as a woman walks when she knows she is beautiful and desired, that men stop to look at her.

Next to Liz—Eddie. His pipe was in his mouth, his hands plunged in his pockets. He was looking at Mike and Liz and on his face was a smile of complete joy—and a touch of worship. "Look at me," his eyes seemed to say, "a poor kid from Philly, and here I am with the most exciting, witty, wonderful people in the whole world. Man, this is living!"

And then—herself. She was wearing a simple black dress and, as a concession to Eddie, she carried a white mink stole. And her smile, as the photographer caught her eye was—shy, almost apologetic. "What am I doing here," it seemed to say. "Well, it's fun—but it'll be more fun to get home to my baby . . ." And because of the smile, even the black dress and the white mink couldn't make her look like Liz. She seemed more like a little girl in mama's best outfit—a little girl, along for the ride.

That night, she'd had another argument with Eddie. Liz and Mike were taking off for somewhere or other, on another of those endless voyages. Eddie wanted to go.

"But we have to get home to Carrie," she had protested. "We haven't seen her in days." She kicked her shoes off and lay back on the bed. "Besides, we can't keep up with Liz and Mike. They're too fast company for us."

Reminded of his daughter, Eddie had agreed to go home. But he had been wistful, saying goodbye to the Todds. *There goes romance. There goes The World . . .*

Had she lost her husband, not to the world's most beautiful woman, but to a way of life, a dream? Had she, despite her love for him—or maybe just because of it—cheated Eddie somewhere?

Had the fault been just a little hers to share?

Huddled in a corner of the big chair, she could see the picture, memorized forever. Would it have ended differently, more happily, if she'd been less the wife she was—and more the woman Eddie wanted.

Could she have been that glamorous glittering woman that Eddie seemed to want now? Should she have tried to be? I'm pretty, she assured herself. But was she pretty enough to compete with the violet eyes and sculptured beauty of Liz Taylor? She buried her face in the tweed of the chair and fought against tears . . .

It is lonely in the Fisher house, and empty. No matter whose fault it was, no matter who was right and who was wrong, it is a sad, silent home.

And in the big chair, bought to hold a family with their arms around each other, Debbie Reynolds sits alone—and wonders—and waits.

—IRENE REICH

WATCH FOR DEBBIE IN M-G-M'S "THE MATING GAME."



Clearly your best moisturizer

When your hands are rough, red and dry, dermatologists say they lack moisture, not natural oils. Chamberlain's clear Golden Touch Hand Lotion contains not one but two of the most effective humectants known to science. Humectants are amazing clear fluids which control the delicate moisture balance of your skin by preventing the evaporation of vital skin moisture.

The secret of soft, smooth, lovely hands is moisture balance. Get clear, moisturizing Chamberlain's Hand Lotion today. At all toiletry counters.

CHAMBERLAIN'S Clearly your best hand lotion



Want to Banish Wrinkles?

'Bye-Line Skin serum can help you do it—also crepey throat! Yes, it's really true. 'Bye-Line must make you look 2 to 10 years younger in 10 days, or YOUR MONEY BACK. Not a peel, mask or temporary cover-up, but a genuine youth restorer. This is no false promise. 'Bye-Line is absolutely safe, even for super-sensitive skin. Simple, speedy, pleasant, and non-greasy oil treatment. Not sold in stores.

Send exactly \$1.15 for 10-day trial size, including taxes and postage. No C.O.D.'s.

Age-Less Cosmetics Co., Inc.

Dept. Z, 1 Worth St., San Francisco 14, Calif.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

DICK CLARK

Continued from page 38

you could go into your act 'cause that meant your dream girl wasn't anybody's steady date.

You don't have to wander far off the beaten track to find out that some ideas never go out of style. For instance, last summer, when I was out at the Hollywood Bowl, we took a break in the rehearsal. Bobby Darin and I were munchin' a snack down in the seats, when we spotted three teenagers wearing scatter pins. Bobby spotted them first. "Elucidate, Dick," he said. Being wise to the way of the game, I was able to tell all. "If the girl's wearing just one pin, like the girl wearing the one shaped like a boy's face, that means she's spoken for," I told him. "The girls wearing the twin roller skates and salt and pepper shakers are both 'available' if and when the right guys stroll along. Then she'll hand him one of her twin pins and hope he'll stay stuck on her."

Speaking of the right guy strolling along reminds me that the other afternoon, right after the show, one of the fellows came my way with a new gimmick that really had me guessing. I was sitting in the empty stands in the "American Bandstand" studio, just catching my breath and relaxing with some of the fellows on the TV crew. They were as bushed by the workout on the network as I was. We had been kidding around for a couple of minutes when Tony came walking over with our "Mystery Box." That's the little carton we use to round up all of the leftover school books, glass cases, compacts and what-have-you that the kids are always leaving behind.

Well, you know me. I guess I'm just the nosey type. Anyway I started sorting idly through the box. Just picking my way. Suddenly I yelped, "Dickie, what have we here?" Down in the bottom of the box were about six aluminum "dog tags." You know the kind they wear in the armed forces. There was no doubt about it. They sure looked like the real thing. "What happened here?" I asked Tony. "Have we been invaded by the Army, Navy or Marines or all three?" Before Tony could come up with the key, one of our kids, Kenny, ambled by and put our collective brains at rest. Seems Elvis started it when he joined the Army. The fad is that the girls have the names of their current beaus or favorite disc artist stamped on the "dog tag," to proclaim that they are in the army of Joe So-and-So's friends or fans.

When we were down in Miami for our show, a few weeks ago, some of the kids were showing me pictures of some of their friends. One girl stopped me completely though, when she whipped out a well-padded wallet that was just jammed to the seams with photos.

"How can one girl have so many friends?" was my question.

"Oh they're not *all* friends," she grinned. "In fact some of them would die—just die—if they knew I had their picture." Curious as to the reason why these "victims" would die, I took a closer look. Yep, she was right. You know what she was doing? Well, this tricky little miss would take a picture and then cut out a phrase from a magazine or newspaper and paste it at the bottom of the photo. Guys she liked were labeled "Dream Boy" or "Hollywood Star." But, brother, those she didn't got "The Monster From Outer Space," "The Fly" or just plain "corny" for a title. I was kind of scared to ask, but I did. "Got a picture of one Dick Clark?" Did I ever breathe a sigh of relief when

she blushed and said no. S'help me, then I was afraid she was going to ask for one. Wonder what she would have pasted under mine. Later on, I found a lot of the girls with the same fad, and a lot of the kids who stop in at the studio tell me they have big collections of pictures dressed up this way.

There's one fad I went for as a teenager that I see is making a comeback. Speaking from my own experience though, I wouldn't recommend it for anybody who doesn't have either a part-time job or a very patient mother. If you don't, beware!

Young Dickie Clark used to have what we called a "beer jacket." It was just a plain white sports jacket, but oh the fun you could have with it. We'd stand around for hours after class thinking up hilarious things to write on them with heavy black crayon. Things like "D D T—Drop Dead Twice," or "Take Off," meaning "get lost." Then we'd add the names of friends, enemies, teachers, anybody at all.

Pretty soon those jackets would be as filled with writing as any notebook. Then we'd start in on other things like shirts, sweaters and such stuff. Well, writing on the jackets was OK. But that other stuff . . . uh uh. We'd all trot home, sneak upstairs, dump shirts, etc., in the laundry and congratulate ourselves on having had a real good time. But, oh, when washday came around! Then the blast would come.

After spending a few hours at a washing machine trying to get my funny sayings out of my jackets, Mom would summon her boy author. "You need a little laundry all your own," she'd say. "Why don't you try setting it up in the upstairs sink?" Well, after trying it out myself I decided that if it was too much for Mom then it was too much for me, too. Carefully wrapping the jacket and shirt into a nice package I trotted off to the laundry, only to be greeted by a stern face.

"Dick Clark, you're the fourth boy today who's come in here expecting me to get you out of a jam," the laundryman told me. "I'm telling you the same thing I told the others. Either get a new shirt or a new laundry." That package, still unwrapped, went into a nearby trash barrel with three other very similar packages. In a few minutes I also found out that I was the fourth fellow that day to inquire if there was an opening for a boy at the soda fountain of the corner drug store. There wasn't. The first guy had filled it.

Despite my woeful tale, the fellows and girls I meet on my rounds today still manage to find ways to fill up trench coats, jackets, and even pocketbooks with comic phrases, or with the names of their latest romances. It really is a lot of fun, but let an older hand warn you. Be sure you use a washable ink or crayon before you start making like an author. It's so

much easier on the bankroll—and the mother.

Hey, here's a thought that might fit in here. How about those "slam books" or, if you please, "slang books." They seem to be popular wherever I go. You've got the drift on them, haven't you? That's where one of the gang comes up, shoves a notebook under your chin and opens it to a page that says, "I think Jim Krannerfranz dances like a real swinging cat." Then it's up to you to write in anything you want next. Could be you don't agree? So perhaps you note, "But he looks like he 'ain't nothin' but a houn' dawg.'" But if you really dig this man the most, you might add, "He can sing on my back fence anytime."

I first ran into this when we were on a personal appearance up in Connecticut. I thought they were autograph books until one of the girls put me wise. From then on I've been checking those books pretty carefully and if you haven't tried it then you're missing a lot of fun. Many of the friends who stop by "American Bandstand" or the "Dick Clark Show" bring their books with them and if I can spare a minute from rehearsals I'll always go through them. I get as much fun out of them as the folks who make them up. They tell me though the real fun comes when you have a big crowd around. One guy or girl starts it off and then the book gets passed around the circle, with each one putting in a sentence or two. Some of these really are a panic, especially when the lead-off line is a comic bit.

That slam book's a new one on me, but the friendship ring idea is one that goes back to those B. E. (Before Elvis) days when I was in my teens. We had the rings, too. I guess my Mom and Pop did too, and probably theirs also. Then, too, those identification bracelets go back a few years and they don't seem to lose any steam. There are some new wrinkles though that you have added to them.

One new bit of teenage language that really stands out is the belt-buckle gambit. That works only with Ivy League trousers. You know, ones with belts in the back. I wouldn't want to pin everybody down on this, but in a lot of the teenage crowds I've met, when that buckle is open it means the fellow doesn't have a regular girl. When it's closed it means he belongs to some girl and you other femmes had better watch out, 'cause she may be nearby.

That's one indication of the state of a young man's heart. An even surer way of telling if he's got himself an entangling alliance is when you see him with a girl and they're wearing matching sweaters or shirts. In some spots I've visited the rule might be matching beanies or caps. Most of the time they are both made of the same colors, but the colors are upside down. Where his might be red with white trimmings, her beanie or cap would be white with red trim.

Some fads seem to stick around forever, and some others maybe just last a few months. The craze for those big buttons with announcements like, "I Am a Purple People Eater," "I Like Elvis," or just the name of the wearer, probably will be popular as long as guys and gals can think up ways to keep them filled. Same with things like "bobbie socks," blue jeans, and the new white slacks with tennis shoes. They fit in with all teenagers.

I guess though one of my favorites just fits in with them too. It's the way the girls put little Christmas bells into their hairdos around this time each year. When I hear that sound on "American Bandstand" while the gang's on the floor dancing, then I know why I like fads. Well, ding dong, they've got a message.

See you next month.—DICK

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If page 38 does not list the stores in your vicinity where Photoplay fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Shirt and Vest

Ship 'n' Shore, Inc.
1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gold Safety Pin

Coro, Inc.
47 West 34 St., New York, N. Y.

DICK GARDNER

Continued from page 56

"I didn't marry an actor," she tells you, pulling worriedly at a curl of her dark, short-cropped hair. "I married a boy who was going into his father's construction business and would have a business of his own some day. We had a lovely home and a wonderful family life back in Waterloo, Iowa. Now, suddenly, he's an actor."

As she speaks, Joan's troubled hazel eyes are on the handsome blond guy she's loved since they were both sixteen. In their rented cottage on a quiet street in North Hollywood, the beamed ceiling and the brick fireplace give their living room a cozy, home-like atmosphere to your eyes, the visitor's eyes. But it isn't home to Joan. She's perched on the edge of her chair as she says, "We were so happy in Waterloo—if I could only get Dick to go back with me now . . ."

She breaks off, and then recovers. "Dick has adjusted to Hollywood, but I can't. This just isn't the kind of living I'm used to." For the past three years, Joan has been commuting periodically between Hollywood and Waterloo, Iowa; but for the past three months she and the children have been here with Dick, trying to solve the problem his way. Now the time of decision has come, and Joan is fighting in her own way to save their marriage and home. "If I go back there and stay," she says desperately, "he will come, too—if he loves me."

"We were school sweethearts, and we eloped when we were eighteen. We were so sure we wanted to spend the rest of our lives together that we couldn't wait to begin. We're still in love now—we want our marriage to last. And we have two wonderful reasons for making the effort. They're playing outside . . . Ruthie! Mike!"

Eight-year-old Ruth Ann obediently comes in, a lovely little lady with her father's hair and her mother's eyes. Politely, she introduces you to her doll, Beth, who's also from Waterloo, and shows off the tiny wardrobe "My grandmother made it for her. It's her mink stole," Ruth says, carefully smoothing a sliver of rose taffeta. "Sometimes I take her and play with a girl over there and one over there," she says, motioning vaguely across the street. "Mommie, can I go there now?" And Ruth Ann's on her way.

Trailing along late is a bright-eyed, bushy-haired five-year-old, who enters with: "I'm Mike and I have a hula hoop." He wriggles around inside the red plastic circle, volunteering the added information that "Greg teaches me—he lives next door. See, Daddy? You do it like this."

Dick gives his son a quick hug and an affectionate spank. But his face saddens as he watches Mike run out into the sunshine again. "I wonder . . . How much do they notice?"

"Sometimes I think Ruth Ann senses," her mother worries. "Sometimes she doesn't act natural—and I wonder what she's thinking. I tell them Dick's job is in California, and because he's so busy we can't live here all the time just now. Ruth doesn't push me for any other reason, she accepts that one. But when they get a little older . . ."

"I thought maybe if I brought the children out here and spent these months with Dick, we would come to some kind of understanding," says Joan. "It's just no good the way it has been."

But now, the months are over. And they've settled nothing. Joan's bags are half packed. And the closest Dick is to Waterloo, Iowa, is the maple tree in a

front yard two streets away. "There's a maple just like it back home," Joan says wistfully. "I wish you could have seen our place there," she adds, looking around her at these green walls bare of pictures or family treasures of any kind. She glances uneasily at the dining table with its piles of publicity pictures and fan mail and the typewriter on which Dick spends so many hours writing to a public Joan doesn't know. No, this isn't home for her.

Home for both of them used to be the house they bought and furnished back in Waterloo, a lovely, rambling house with shutters, with a split-rail fence around it and big oak trees to shade it.

"In Waterloo," Joan says, "my husband finally did have his own real-estate and contracting business, and he averaged maybe \$1,000 a month. I had my own car, and I sent all my washing and ironing out. Our friends were the people we grew up with in school and in Sunday school, at the Methodist church."

Joan comes from a family of school-teachers and would have taught if she hadn't married so young. Security in the steady paycheck, security in her own home and in marriage—these to her are all-important. And these she had. She offered no objection when Dick began working with the community playhouse. As she says, "I felt everybody has to have a hobby—and this, I thought, was Dick's. Hollywood was just a place you read about in a magazine."

Loving Dick, she is thrilled and proud whenever she sees him in a motion picture or on a television screen, but there's always the dark thought that his success can mean their defeat. "If Dick is going to be a star some day—and I definitely think he will be if he stays out here—he's going to be gone an awful lot," Joan says. "They're doing so many pictures overseas now! If I'd been in Hollywood when he was making 'The Young Lions,' I'd have been all alone with the children for eight weeks. And," she continues, "there's no family life in Hollywood at all. We'd never be together. When Dick is working in Hollywood, he leaves early in the morning and gets home so late he wouldn't see Ruth and Mike even if they were here. And when he isn't working he's so restless and depressed—there's no family life then, either. Sunday, we went down to the beach. Dick was depressed, and it irritated him to have the kids running around and kicking sand on us. We can't even seem to enjoy a family outing any more."

"Nowadays Dick's either on Cloud Nine or 'way down in the cellar. And when he's in the cellar—well, I've seen him a little moody back home, but never like this. So remote and restless. When he gets depressed he takes off and goes to a movie—and you're just left home hanging there. Or he listens to records like the scores from 'East of Eden' and 'Rebel Without a Cause'—the most morbid music I've ever heard in my life—and nobody can get through to him. It makes me sick inside to see him like this. Then I get upset and on edge with the children and try to keep them from bothering him and . . . well, all this just doesn't make for good family life."

Unaware of all she herself has to offer, Joan is also afraid that "Dick will find somebody else. I don't see how any man could keep from becoming involved," she says, "when he's thrown day after day with the same people—the most beautiful girls in the world."

Almost angry, Dick is about to speak up. But he lets Joan finish: "I'm going to stay here a little while longer. I've never been here while Dick was working, and he's to start a picture right away. Maybe



"Dark-Eyes"

PERMANENT DARKENER FOR LASHES AND BROWS for the hairs to which applied

- NOT AN ANALINE DYE!
- 1 APPLICATION LASTS 4 to 5 WEEKS!

Takes just seconds to apply...stays on 4 to 5 weeks! "Dark-Eyes" is the perfect way to make eyelashes and brows completely natural looking...and it will not harden or break them! "Dark-Eyes" is NOT A MASCARA! Will not stick to eyelash curler. Eliminates the bother of daily eye make-up. It is PERMANENT, SWIMPROOF, SMUDGEPROOF, TEARPROOF, and SMEARPROOF!

25c
SEND TODAY
for

TRIAL SIZE
NO DELAY—
your trial order
shipped in 24
hours!

\$1.25 (plus tax) at leading drug, dept. and variety chain stores.

"DARK-EYES" COMPANY, Dept. P-128
3319 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps—tax included) for TRIAL SIZE pkg. of "Dark-Eyes" with directions. check shade: ☐ Light Brown ☐ Brown ☐ Black

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

\$ GROW HERBS FOR US!
AT HOME—IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Help fill our huge demand—used in expensive medicines. Easy to grow indoors or out—multiply rapidly. Year around Profitability! You grow 'em—we buy 'em! We supply everything you need. Free rare seeds and revealing plan is yours free for the asking. Be one of the first to profit—rush name and address to: **NATIONAL HERB EXCHANGE**
Dept. TS-12 Gardena, Calif.

FREE SEEDS
Write \$

Any PHOTO Copied

Up to \$9.75 PORTRAIT STUDIO VALUE

25 BILLFOLD SIZE PHOTOS \$1

2 1/4 x 3 1/2 in. size on double weight, silk finish, portrait paper to fit in any Billfold or Wallet. The rage for exchanging with friends, enclosing in letters or greeting cards or job applications. Original returned. Order in units of 25 (1 pose). Enclose payment (\$1.25) and we prepay or sent c.o.d. if you wish. 4 day service. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send photo or snapshot today.

DEAN STUDIOS Dept. 305, 211 W. 7th, Des Moines 2, Iowa

Enjoy a career in PRACTICAL NURSING

HAVE A CAREER OR EXTRA INCOME

FREE SAMPLE LESSON PAGES show how you earn up to \$60.00 per week as Practical Nurse, Infant or Office Nurse, Hospital Aide. Learn at home in spare time. No high school required. Students accepted to 65. . . **FOR FREE NURSES FOLDER AND SAMPLE LESSON PAGES**

Mail Coupon NOW!

Post Graduate School of Nursing
9C128 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago 5, Illinois

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

when he's working it won't be as bad as I believe it will be . . ."

And then she adds wearily, "But perhaps we're just putting off something that's going to happen anyway. We used to have so much in common, but now . . . I know time will be against us if Dick gets any more involved in his career. Time is running out for us even now . . ."

"Don't say that, darling." Dick's voice is unsteady, and he looks at his wife with deep concern. "There's still time. But this nonsense about beautiful girls—!" He turns to you and says earnestly, "For me, Joan is the only beautiful girl, the only girl I've ever loved. And I've loved her for so long. It's just that . . ."

"Go ahead, darling," Joan says softly. "I've spoken my piece. Now it's only fair if—" She, too, turns to you. "If Dick tells you how things look to him, if people can see the whole picture—well, maybe somebody can help us."

We wait as Dick organizes his thoughts and finally he puts them into words, choosing each carefully. "When I began working with the community playhouse, I think Joan just *hoped* it was a hobby. She must have known that it was serious, that some day I would be going into the acting profession full-time. For me, the real-estate and construction business was only a means to an end. I was building a stake for us, so we wouldn't have to go through what others do trying to get a start in Hollywood."

"If I went back to Waterloo now, I'd really be unsettled," Dick says firmly. "This business is in my blood. The acting profession has something you can't put into words. You can't explain it, but it's there. And you can't get it out. If I thought I had to build houses the rest of my life—then I'd really be unhappy!"

"Maybe I'm old-fashioned," Dick goes on, "but I think a man is the head of the house, he supports his home and family and I feel I should have the right to pick my profession. I spend two-thirds of my time in whatever work I'm doing; and if I'm not doing something I'm happy in—then I'm just taking two-thirds of my life and throwing it away."

"It would be different if nothing had happened to me here. But in the time I've been in Hollywood, I've done quite a bit in television and movies. I made \$10,000 in the business last year. Why should I give it up now and go back home? Why shouldn't Joan live here with me? I feel a woman should be with her husband—whatever he's doing—even if he's digging ditches in Africa."

The yearning to act grew inside Dick when he was in his early teens. He remembers giving sermonettes in the basement of the Methodist Church for the young people on Sunday evenings. "I liked doing this because I seemed to be able to control the kids—their emotions—with the way I would phrase the words or my tone of voice. I meant to be a minister then—but I found with acting it was the same thing. I was in school plays and I got as far as the state speaking contests."

In many of these early audiences was a girl with long pigtails and big hazel eyes. "The first time I really noticed Joan," remembers Dick fondly, "was when my cousin was visiting me and we were looking for somebody for him to go with. I was going past Joan's house when she came out on the front porch with a shirt and shorts on, and I thought, 'Well, she'd be a good girl for him to go with.' Then I took a second look and decided she'd be a good girl for *me* to go with," he grins.

Sixteen years old, in love for the first time, Joan and Dick would go for romantic summer canoe rides on the Cedar River.

In the winter, she would wait for him after basketball games or stand outside the football stadium in the freezing cold, waiting with the usual bunch of girls.

They decided to elope the summer they were eighteen, in spite of the opposition of Joan's parents, who felt that they should go to college and that they were just too young. But, Dick says, "Two young kids, you know, can't be told anything."

And so, one August morning, Dick and Joan eloped to Kansas City, 300 miles away. But in Kansas City the judge wouldn't marry them because Joan was under age. Dick recalls, "I told him that it was such a distance to our home it would take us all night to drive back. For us to have been out all night together—and not married—seemed to me to be infinitely worse than his marrying us even if Joan were under age. But he couldn't see it that way."

They went to an attorney to see what he could suggest. "I told him my story—how I felt about us being out all night and not being married—and he sent us to a judge he knew in Olathe, Kansas, and he married us," Dick grins. "After the ceremony, we went out and had an ice-cream soda—and then we went to a movie, 'The Postman Always Rings Twice.' About halfway through it, we were so dead-tired we began falling asleep in the theater. Suddenly we said, 'What are we doing here? We could have gone to a movie in Waterloo!'"

And so they went home, to start the happiest part of their life together.

By the time Dick Gardner was twenty-one, he was the youngest real-estate and building contractor in the state of Iowa. But his future was in another field, he soon discovered. "I worked for five years with the community playhouse, and it was really great experience. We put on plays in Waterloo during the winter and during the summer we'd tour them all around Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois. I told Joan then I was getting background for a career in New York or Hollywood, but she just didn't take me seriously."

Six years ago the Gardners came to California on a vacation. Walking along Vine Street, Dick was stopped by a fellow who asked whether he was interested in television. "He gave me his card," Dick recalls, "and we went to some studio and I read for them. They said they'd be very interested in using me if I was going to stay out here permanently. I was so excited about it that I wanted to go to Waterloo and settle things and come back here to stay. But then we found Joan was pregnant, and she didn't want to make the change."

Three years later, however, the Gardners came to California again, "more or less on a vacation—but really to check into the situation, too," says Dick. This time, he met a star who set the stage and decided his future for him.

Dick and Joan were driving around San Fernando Valley one sunny Saturday afternoon, studying the architecture of various homes. As a building contractor, Dick was making mental notes on western ideas. "We were," he says, "especially interested in the structure of Clark Gable's home in Encino, and I drove up to get a better look at his house. There was Gable, standing in the yard. I got out of the car and went over to him. I couldn't do anything else—I'd driven right up in his face!"

"We talked for two hours. I told him what I'd been doing back home in the theater and what I wanted to do. He told me how tough it was to get started out here. But then Gable asked me—he asked *me*!—whether I'd like him to help me. I told him, naturally, 'That would be won-

derful,' and he said, 'Well, I don't know what I can do, but I'll at least line you up with my agents. I'll make an appointment for you for next Monday.'"

Joan bursts in: "Do you know where I was all that time? Just sitting in the car, scared stiff, wondering how we'd ever had the nerve to drive in."

Smiling at her, Dick continues, "Next week my new agent took me to all the studios, where I read for studio heads. However, they weren't hiring any contract players at the time. But then Paul Gregory, who's from Iowa, put me in two of his productions, 'Caine Mutiny Court Martial' and 'The Day Lincoln Was Shot,' ninety-minute television spectaculars and two good credits for me. I did a 'Frontier' series and a couple of 'Matinee Theaters.'"

"Meantime, Joan had gone back to Iowa. But she flew out twice and told me to forget the whole thing. One day I wrote Dick Powell a letter, and he invited me to his office, where we talked for an hour and a half. He said he was going to Europe, but when he came back he'd be producing at 20th Century-Fox. He asked me to look him up when he got back from Europe."

"That did it! I decided to go home and sell everything and come out here permanently. My dad fought the idea. But I knew this was the moment! I had the contacts, the experience and a \$16,000 nest egg."

"I told Joan then, 'It isn't a question of our having to skimp like some do. We'll just have to face the fact that we can't have a second car like we do at home.'"

"But Joan wouldn't come with me. Instead, she moved in with her folks. She said she'd bring the children and join me after I got things settled. So I rented this three-bedroom place, furnished in Early American. Then Joan changed her mind. She said she was staying in Waterloo, and she wanted me to go back and join her there."

The struggle of words began: letters, long phone calls. Joan flew to Hollywood and pleaded with Dick to go back with her to Waterloo. He flew home for Christmas—and flew back.

For the first time came the dreaded word—divorce.

Fighting for his personal happiness, Dick still forged ahead professionally. He contacted Dick Powell at 20th and, he says, "Dick set me up with the talent program at the studio. I lost out on a part in 'Fraulein' but got one in 'Desk Set,' another in 'Kiss Them for Me.' Then came my best part, as *Private Cowley* in 'The Young Lions.' We locationed in Europe, but I can't say I even enjoyed Paris. I'd go out to buy clothes for Joan—and I didn't know from one minute to the next whether she was going to file divorce papers."

The situation was deadlocked, and it has stayed that way. In his Hollywood home, Dick asks wearily, "Isn't Joan just borrowing trouble at this point? She reminds me that we'd have had a lean year salary-wise if it hadn't been for 'The Young Lions.' That's true, but the fact remains I *did* make the \$10,000. And I'm sure that I can do it again."

"Joan says I get depressed and moody. Well, maybe she's partly right," Dick agrees. "I don't fool myself. But when I feel this way I do something about it. I go to a movie and study others' performances. That 'morbid' music? I always listen to music when I'm going to do a part; it creates a mood for me."

And then Dick comes back reluctantly to the most delicate question of all. "As for Joan's fears that I'll suddenly up and divorce her to marry some Hollywood glamour girl—well, in my opinion these girls

aren't even beautiful. A beautiful girl, in my opinion, is one who can be good-looking without eyebrow pencil or pancake. A natural beauty is what I like—like Joan. She has a shine to her hair, a sparkle to her eyes, her skin texture is good. Besides, actresses have too many artifices; they're always trying to be somebody else. I fell in love with Joan because she's a down-to-earth girl.

"I think she's being realistic," Dick admits, "when she says it's tough to make marriage work in Hollywood, with all the frustrations, the insecurity of not knowing what's going to happen next. Yet, if love is strong enough—and I believe ours is—these problems can be overcome."

A cloud shadows his hopeful mood. "But there's got to be a lot of give as well as take . . . I'm willing to give. I'd love to be able to commute—live in Waterloo and work in Hollywood. If I were in a position where the studios were coming to me, I could fly out for a picture. It's only six hours by air. I like a small town's

intimacy and the chance to have close friends of long standing. And if living in Waterloo would make Joan happy, it would make me happy.

"But now isn't the time to think about that. Now, there are twenty-five other actors waiting for the same parts that I want—waiting like me for a phone call. I just can't leave Hollywood now."

Dick bows his head in despair. But then he looks up and the hopefulness stubbornly returns. "Believe me, I'd welcome any advice that could help Joan and me. Ours isn't just a Hollywood problem, I'm sure. Somewhere there must be other couples who've been uprooted and separated because of a man's work. How do they find the answer? If people will listen to our story—Joan's side of it and mine, too—maybe one of them can give us the word that will keep us together, where we belong. I hope—" Dick glances at his wife, sees her sad smile and gentle nod. He goes on, "—And Joan hopes, too, that they will write and help us." **THE END**

GOLD MEDAL

Continued from page 53

Fifteen years ago—or ten, or even five—Hollywood's young set was organized, though casually: "Let's all get together some time this weekend." Drop in at Debbie Reynolds' backyard, and you'd find her whole gang there, swimming, munching potato chips and enjoying a pot-luck buffet. If they weren't at Debbie's, then most likely they were at Janie Powell's. There was no doubt about who belonged.

Gradually, the group broke up. Debbie married; Janie settled down with her second husband. It looked for a while as if Natalie Wood was going to take over as natural leader of the new young set—until she and Bob married.

Then an actor, Dick Clayton was one of the former young set. Since turned talent agent, promoting such players as Tab Hunter, Dick sizes up the situation this way: "When I was a juvenile in movies, we spent more time playing around. We went swimming, riding, dancing. But today's new actors, inspired, I guess, by Dean and Brando, take this whole business much more seriously. They're more determined. They spend most of their time studying, and usually, if they do let up and go to a party, they end up acting out improvisations, discussing acting techniques, the latest casting news or the last movie they saw."

The pace has quickened; the competition has sharpened. These days, no studio snaps up and signs a newcomer just to buy a pretty face or a husky physique. More is demanded, and fresh talent is being brought in from all over, giving the young-Hollywood social scene a jolting variety.

1958's newcomers don't necessarily have long experience in show business. You still hear the old-fashioned stories of the miracle discovery. College student Barry Coe ("Peyton Place") happened to spend an Easter holiday in Palm Springs, and agent Dick Clayton happened to choose the same vacation spot. Luck, you think—until Barry goes and brings the happy fantasy down to earth with these facts: "Dick did discover me there and he did take me on. I quit college and headed for fame—I hoped. But two major studios turned me down cold before 20th signed me, and I had to make good on a screen test before I got that contract."

Mark Damon ("Life Begins at 17") was

discovered by Groucho Marx, who sent him to agent Gummo Marx, who sent him to the Pasadena Playhouse, which informed Mark, "You have no talent." So he had to start all over again. . . . France Nuyen, you may have read, was discovered while selling cookies in a New York bakery shop. "Oh, but that's not true," France explains. "I'd been a model in Paris, and I was studying modeling at the Candy Conover School. I guess the story started just because the call about 'South Pacific' came in while I was working at Le Gourmet, a bakery shop on Lexington Avenue." . . . Modeling careers have given other actresses poise at an early age. The porcelain-exquisite features of Carol Lynley ("The Light in the Forest") first pleased a professional lens when she was ten, and she really blossomed out as a popular teenage model. . . . At thirteen, Sandra Dee ("The Reluctant Debutante") wasn't just imagining a career before the cameras; she was commanding forty dollars an hour for her modeling services. "But to really be in the movies? That seemed far-fetched," Sandra says.

For another group of the 1958 comers, there's nothing at all far-fetched about the acting business. They were bred to it. Ask eleven-year-old David Ladd ("Proud Rebel") what experience got him into the movies, and he says honestly, "Just being born into my family, I guess." Even so, his dad made him try out with a couple of minor roles before he'd trust him with a lead. . . . Because Jim Mitchum ("Thunder Road") is Bob's son, he looks on acting as a business—something you work at. . . . Alan Reed, Jr. ("Going Steady") was certainly influenced by his dad's career as comedian and character actor when he decided to major in Theater Arts at UCLA. But young Alan's movie debut didn't distract him from plugging ahead to win his degree last June. . . . David Nelson ("Peyton Place") grew up before mikes and cameras with his family. . . . There's no doubt that Gary Crosby ("Mardi Gras") got his first singing opportunities because of his last name. As in any other line of work, connections can get you in—but they can't keep you in or push you to the top. Just as Gary felt he was gaining a foothold on his own, the Army snatched him.

Unexpectedly, this "interruption" tossed Bing's eldest son into a new training ground for today's young stars. The Seventh Army Symphony and Soldier Show Company put Gary on a schedule like an old-time vaudevillian's one-night stands. "I spent almost a year on the road in Ger-



Fashionable is the word for PEEK-A-BOOT RAINBOOTS

Don't let rainy weather dampen your spirits... stay beautifully dry with PEEK-A-BOOT. Subtly textured floral patterns charm your feet in the dullest weather. Peek-A-Boots retain their shape, molding smoothly to your ankle for flattering fit.

3 heel heights
in clear & black
full sizes 4 to 10

AT FASHION-MINDED
DEPARTMENT AND SHOE STORES

POEMS WANTED

For musical setting and recording by artist
Send yours today—Immediate consideration
ZEAL STUDIOS, P.O. Box 152-X, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Write for free information on how to make **BIG MONEY** taking orders for magazine subscriptions—Macfadden Publications, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



CLOGGED SEWER
REMEMBER THE
COSTLY PLUMBING BILL—

FREE BOOKLET offered on How to clean clogged-up Sinks, House-to-street Sewers, Toilets, Bathtubs, Urinals up to 200 ft. So easy to operate any Housewife or Janitor can trigger this new Plumbers Flush Gun which uses Water Impact to melt away Roots, Grease, Rags. Amazingly effective. Write now or Phone Kildare 5-1702. No obligation. Miller Sewer Rod, Dept. LL-F, 4642 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Don't be embarrassed with Psoriasis, the ugly, scaly skin disease. TRY DERMOL. Amazing results reported by many grateful users for 24 years. With DERMOL it is possible that ugly scaly patches on body or scalp may be gradually removed and the annoying itching relieved, while the skin becomes pliable and soft as the redness is reduced. Many doctors use the non-staining Dermol formula. Must give definite benefit or money back. Sold by leading Drug stores.

Write today LAKE LABORATORIES, Dept. 5004
Box 3925, Strathmoor Station, Detroit 27, Mich.



TRY IT YOURSELF no matter how long you have suffered. Write for FREE book on Psoriasis and DERMOL. Send 10c for trial bottle to make our "One Spot Test"

Send 10c GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

many," he says. "An hour-and-a-half or two-hour bus trip to a different base each night. Set up the equipment, do the show, get through about eleven, take the equipment down, go back to the bus and the barracks. Believe me, those were tough audiences, too. But in that troupe I ran into many very talented people." . . . "I ran into some very temperamental ones!" says Dean Jones ("Handle with Care"). "Guess that's why I'd have trouble getting temperamental myself. In the Navy, I was with an entertainment unit, touring bases and hospitals." . . . Though Peter Brown ("Darby's Rangers") wasn't in Special Services, he helped put on camp shows with his own Army company and learned the backstage routine by directing as well as acting.

If you could sing in 1958, this was a help. Recently, records and TV music shows have jumped to the fore as a prime source, providing movies with young people already experienced and known to the public: Molly Bee ("Summer Love"), Tommy Sands ("Sing Boy Sing"), Connie Stevens ("Rock-a-Bye Baby"), Erin O'Brien ("Onionhead"). . . . TV helped new faces get a break. Almost all the newcomers in the 1958 group faced the public on the small screen before moving on to the big one, and many of them have kept up TV work between theater films. During last summer's rash of re-runs, a "Gunsmoke" episode found Ray Stricklyn ("Ten North Frederick") dying dramatically as a juvenile delinquent—only to pop up as a present-day good guy in the half-hour drama that followed. . . . The stage hasn't provided such broad opportunity as that since the old-time stock companies folded. While Kim Stanley ("The Goddess") was a Broadway sensation in "Bus Stop," much bigger audiences knew her on TV before she made her first film. . . . Prestige hits, such as Lee Philips ("Peyton Place") scored in "Middle of the Night" and Christopher Plummer ("Stage Struck") scored in "The Lark," attracted the studios' respectful attention, but reached only a small section of the general public (that's you). . . . Compared to the big draw of movies and TV, that's even true of a hearty musical like "Li'l Abner," which focussed the spotlight on the charms of ex-showgirl Tina Louise ("God's Little Acre"). . . . Success in foreign movies used to mean a first-class flight to Hollywood—until the girl-next-door type moved into highest favor. Now even the most charming of accents has become a drawback. But two beauties are bucking the new taboo: France's Christine Carere ("A Certain Smile"); Sweden's May Britt ("The Young Lions"), starred in Italian films.

Obviously today's newcomers don't all fit into one social gang. But, even though May Britt and Molly Bee don't belong to the same crowd, you still might run into either of them ordering one of the super deluxe hamburgers at Bob's Drive-In. Molly says, "I love any place where I can pull in my sports car and grab a Coke and sandwich without leaving the driver's seat." . . . If Molly's in the mood for ice cream—after an evening date at the movies or any time of day—she heads for one of the Wil Wright shops, also favorite spots for a film sweetheart of hers, Alan Reed, Jr. . . . The same urge takes Mark Damon to the Parasol, while Peter Brown and bride Diane Jergens ("High School Confidential!") go for the luscious, gooey concoctions at Blum's, where they may meet pal Edward Byrnes ("Darby's Rangers").

Fans who yearn for the old glamour can find a few young stars who have a taste for living it up—once in a while, when their budgets or their dates' budgets permit. "I'd just as soon eat at home," Joanna

Moore ("Appointment With a Shadow") says. "But when I do go out it's got to be in style—Romanoff's or maybe the Coconut Grove, if there's a performer I want to see. And I believe in dressing up!" . . . When Geoffrey Horne ("The Bridge on the River Kwai") and wife Nancy Berg are in town, they go for the exotic surroundings of the Imperial Gardens. . . . Jill St. John ("Summer Love") doesn't hesitate to tell such escorts as Lance Reventlow or Ronnie Burns that she'd just adore an evening at La Rue's or perhaps a delicious (and expensive) dinner at Scandia before she goes home to guard her beauty with sleep in preparation for an early-morning call on the set.

When Barry Coe was dating Jill, he went along happily with her whims. He explains, "If I feel extra-special rich—that is, when I have a few dollars left over and there's a real special occasion—I like to go to the Traders and really live. Man, what food! Their Cantonese dishes are the most. When I'm not too well-heeled, it's Hamburger Hamlet for me and my girl." . . . That's all right with Judi Meredith ("Summer Love"), the lady in Barry's life. But she, too, enjoys luxurious surroundings sometimes. "And when I'm entertaining at home," Judi says, "I like people to come dressed up, and my table is set formally." None of this blue-jeans, BYOB (bring-your-own-bottle) stuff for Judi!

"And no coffee houses!" she adds. "Most of the people who go there, the beat-generation types, are—well, I think they're nuts!"

And you can get a fight brewing on this subject any time. Just ask Diane Varsi ("Peyton Place") or Tommy Sands or any other stars in the talk-filled shadows of the International House or the Unicorn where no hard liquor is served (the specialty of each house is coffee). The Unicorn's building is all black; even the glass front doors are painted black three-quarters of the way up. There are wooden tables and chairs, with chess and checker sets ready on a few of the tables up front for Hollywood's new serious crop of actors.

Tommy Sands says defiantly, "I've flipped over the espresso houses. Any time I'm in Hollywood, that's where you'll find me!" . . . Maybe Tommy likes the talk; maybe he just goes for the drinks: cafe espresso (Italian-style coffee), cafe fuerte (same thing in Spanish), mocha (coffee mixed with hot chocolate) or hot chocolate plain but rich (Swiss or Viennese-style).

"I like to go to the coffee houses to listen to some interesting conversationalists," Diane told us. "But actually, I don't go out much. My favorite hangout is at home, with my son, Shawn." . . .

Young Hollywood 1958, in general, is made up of pretty domestic characters, and home entertaining still places first, with visiting mostly on weekends—the present-day young set is deadly serious about its profession; late hours are o-u-t when there's a working day ahead.

Dinners and parties are usually informal; for instance, if you drop in on Stuart Whitman ("Ten North Frederick"), you can expect a barbecue. "Outdoors," Stu says. "Where else? I'm strictly the outdoor man—swimming, surfing, skin-diving, horseback-riding, fishing, hunting—and cooking." . . . Michael Landon ("God's Little Acre") and his wife, on the other hand, tend toward sit-down dinners indoors, but while preparations are under way Mike is always in the kitchen, playing master chef alongside Dodie. . . . Don't look for a big brawl when Hope Lange ("The Young Lions") and Don Murray entertain. The Murrays never invite more than six close friends to their dinner parties; they prefer to keep the group small

and intimate. . . . So do Diane Jergens and Peter Brown. "We're learning to play bridge," Mrs. Brown confides. "Naturally, Peter caught on immediately, but I'm really struggling. I get so confused with anything that concerns numbers! So far, Peter is very patient when I trump his ace." . . . Pert, pretty and twenty, Connie Stevens hasn't settled down to a steady yet. When she feels like entertaining, she invites a few close girlfriends over for dinner and a pajama-party gabfest.

Like Connie, most of the twenty-one single members of this career-centered group avoid the going-steady routine. "I'm playing the field!" they sing out in chorus. Fifteen are married (one for the second time); two others (Diane Varsi, Jill St. John) are divorced; Dolores Michaels ("Fraulein") and Richard Gardner ("The Young Lions") are each separated. An acting career does set up special problems for any marriage and not everyone can be as lucky as Hope Lange, whose success followed after Don Murray's, so that no conflicts came up in the household. The Murrays have stubbornly insisted on arranging their film schedules to avoid long separations.

In contrast is the pathetic story of the Richard Gardners. His Joan feels: "There can be no family life in Hollywood." . . . Christine Carere's introduction to Hollywood was shadowed by the absence of her bridegroom, Philippe Nicaud, in steady demand on the French screen and stage. Christine said frankly, "I wouldn't want him to come here unless he had a contract, work to do. For a man to—to just be around the house—that isn't right. It wouldn't make either of us happy." . . . Geography has been a menace for Erin O'Brien, too. First, her TV work took her to the East while husband James Fitzgerald worked at a Los Angeles night spot. Movies again made the pair and their two children a happy family unit—until Erin got shipped off to Spain on location for "John Paul Jones." . . . Pushed into a similar fix, Lee Remick ("The Long, Hot Summer") had to keep the home fires burning while her director husband, Bill Colleran, was off globetrotting for "Windjammer." Back came Bill to his TV work in New York; off went Lee to a movie job in Hollywood and Louisiana; and the airlines got rich as the Collerans commuted back and forth to get together.

Like the Christopher Plummers, who have stayed rooted in Greenwich Village, Lee and Bill are only part-time Hollywoodites, considering New York home base. During her last movie stint, she rented a house out here. Says Lee, "All that grass outside seemed extraneous!" With few exceptions, young Hollywood today is contented with modest housing arrangements. It has to be. Fan mail is lovely, but it won't pay off the mortgage on a mansion or keep a household staff on the job. Living on such a scale calls for the big salaries that come with well-established stardom. . . . The exceptions? Bachelor Al Hedison ("The Fly") is rattling around in a fabulous old-style-Hollywood showplace. In Beverly Hills near Benedict Canyon, it's a Spanish stucco structure that was once the home of Jean Harlow. . . . Ray Stricklyn ("Ten North Frederick") struck it lucky when he rented a sprawling, fifteen-room, two-level house in the Hollywood Hills. But then he shares it (and the expenses) with a young producer. Cozy little parties aren't Ray's style; he loves plenty of people around him and keeps the place jammed.

Some stars live with their families, as you do. Molly Bee, with her mother and her two brothers, has a California-ranch-style house in the Hollywood Hills, while the hi-fi junk that's dear to Alan Reed,

Jr., keeps his parents' two-story dwelling all cluttered up. . . . When Tommy Sands is in Hollywood, he's perfectly happy sharing a two-bedroom apartment in town with his mother. Plans for a house? "I haven't even thought about it," Tommy says. "Suburban living leaves me cold, anyhow. The bigger the city, the better. Wish I could stay in New York all year round." . . . You might not picture Jill St. John as much of a home girl; yet she moved back with her parents after her marriage to Neil Dubin broke up. As a bride, Jill had announced, "I don't like housework—I'm glad my husband's rich!" Her present family circumstances are comfortable; so there aren't any brawls over who'll do the dishes.

The honeymoon home of May Britt and actor Edward Gregson is a tiny house in the hills above Westwood, but it's "big enough for two newlyweds," May smiles. . . . Instead of house-hunting, Diane Jergens and Peter Brown promptly set up housekeeping in his former bachelor apartment, the entire second floor of a house—but with only two rooms, one including a small kitchen and dining area, the other furnished more formally. "It's sort of different," Diane says. "Two living rooms and no bedroom!"

Not only on housing, but on money in general, the young set plays it smart. Business managers handle investments for Molly Bee, Michael Landon and many others. . . . Tommy Sands' older brother, Eddie Dean, is a CPA who gave up his own accounting firm to manage Tommy's increasingly complex financial affairs. . . . Gary Crosby relies mostly on the family lawyer.

But many of the group take a strong personal hand in their outside-movies interests. Stu Whitman was in the real-estate and construction business before he clicked in movies; he's still associated with his father's firm, currently engaged in subdividing 200 acres in the Benedict Canyon area; and in a pinch he could always go back to jockeying a bulldozer. . . . Connie Stevens also puts spare cash in real estate. . . . So does Mark Damon, who has a part interest in a drugstore as well. Mark's a businessman from 'way back. He began winning cash-prize contests in his teens; went on to write, publish and sell books on contest-winning; solved puzzles and sold the answers to contestants; enlisted fellow UCLA students in a sort of company that entered contests cooperatively and split the proceeds.

At twenty-five, Mark is all set to branch out into another field. He's talking a deal to star in and co-produce four movies! . . . Producing is Barry Coe's ambition, too. "I have everything planned, down to the last cent, to start my own company," Barry says. "Now all I have to do is make the money to carry out the plans." . . . Nick Adams ("No Time for Sergeants") is part of a group of young but already well-established players who dream of being the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster of tomorrow, running their own independent production company. Every Sunday (film schedules permitting), Nick, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner, Vanessa Brown and others in their crowd gather at the home of Carolyn Jones and Aaron Spelling. Just relaxing for an hour or so around the pool, swimming, sunning and lazily talking, they look pretty much like the easygoing young set of yesterday's Hollywood.

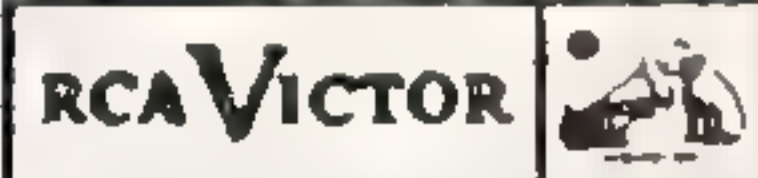
But once they've finished the buffet lunch, Nick and his pals get down to business. They talk over current roles, use each other as sounding boards to solve professional problems, listen respectfully to older, more experienced showpeople who drop in. And they discuss ideas for future productions, choosing the right

directors, rearranging the story lines, carefully casting each part in their own pictures. Today's young Hollywood is planning to be around for a good many successful tomorrows.

All the players in this group have the talent to hold a permanent place in movies. But which will take the top spots, as Natalie, Bob and Carolyn did in other years? That choice is up to you, and the newcomers of 1958 are waiting eagerly to hear your verdict. Your marks on the ballot will vitally affect their future careers and lives.

THE END

1. Adams, Nick—"Sing Boy Sing," 20th; "Teacher's Pet," Paramount; "No Time for Sergeants," Warners
2. Bee, Molly—"Going Steady," Columbia; "Summer Love," U-I
3. Britt, May—"The Young Lions," "The Hunters," 20th
4. Brown, Peter—"Darby's Rangers," "Onionhead," Warners
5. Byrnes, Edward—"Darby's Rangers," "Marjorie Morningstar," "Girl on the Run," Warners; "Life Begins at 17," Columbia
6. Carere, Christine—"A Certain Smile," "Mardi Gras," 20th
7. Coe, Barry—"Peyton Place," "The Bravados," 20th
8. Crosby, Gary—"Mardi Gras," 20th
9. Damon, Mark—"Life Begins at 17," Columbia; "The Party Crashers," Paramount
10. Dee, Sandra—"The Reluctant Debutante," M-G-M; "The Restless Years," U-I
11. Gardner, Richard—"The Young Lions," 20th
12. Hedison, Al—"The Enemy Below," "The Fly," 20th
13. Horne, Geoffrey—"The Bridge on the River Kwai," "Bonjour Tristesse," Columbia
14. Jergens, Diane—"Sing Boy Sing," 20th; "High School Confidential!," M-G-M; "Island of Lost Women," Warners
15. Jones, Dean—"Handle with Care," "Imitation General," "Torpedo Run," M-G-M
16. Ladd, David—"Proud Rebel," Buena Vista
17. Landon, Michael—"God's Little Acre," U.A.
18. Lange, Hope—"Peyton Place," "The Young Lions," "In Love and War," 20th
19. Louise, Tina—"God's Little Acre," U.A.
20. Lynley, Carol—"The Light in the Forest," Buena Vista
21. Meredith, Judi—"Summer Love," "Wild Heritage," U-I
22. Michaels, Dolores—"Fraulein," "The Fiend Who Walked the West," 20th
23. Mitchum, Jim—"Thunder Road," U.A.
24. Moore, Joanna—"Flood Tide," "Touch of Evil," "Ride a Crooked Trail," "Appointment with a Shadow," "Monster on the Campus," U-I
25. Nelson, David—"Peyton Place," 20th
26. Nuyen, France—"South Pacific," "In Love and War," 20th
27. O'Brien, Erin—"Girl on the Run," "Onionhead," Warners
28. Philips, Lee—"Peyton Place," "The Hunters," 20th
29. Plummer, Christopher—"Stage Struck," Buena Vista; "Wind Across the Everglades," Warners
30. Reed, Alan, Jr.—"Peyton Place," 20th; "Going Steady," Columbia
31. St. John, Jill—"Summer Love," U-I
32. Sands, Tommy—"Sing Boy Sing," "Mardi Gras," 20th
33. Stevens, Connie—"Rock-a-Bye Baby," "The Party Crashers," Paramount
34. Stricklen, Ray—"Ten North Frederick," 20th
35. Varsi, Diane—"Peyton Place," "Ten North Frederick," "From Hell to Texas," 20th
36. Whitman, Stuart—"Darby's Rangers," Warners; "Ten North Frederick," 20th; "The Decks Ran Red," M-G-M



WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

damn yankees

TAB HUNTER
GWEN VERDON
RAY WALSTON

AN ORIGINAL MOVIE SOUNDTRACK RECORDING

All the wonderful songs from the hit musical "Damn Yankees", including Gwen Verdon's special treatment of Whatever Lola Wants. Recorded in New Orthophonic Sound.



SONGS \$1.00 ADVANCE ROYALTY

TO THE WRITER OF BEST SONG SELECTED EACH MONTH
SEND SONG POEMS. WE COMPOSE MUSIC. FURNISH RECORDS AND COPIES.
HOLLYWOOD TUNESMITHS 1601 N. GOWER ST. DEPT. D
HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA

SHORTHAND IN

Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. 120 words per minute. No symbols; no machines. Uses ABC's. Easiest to learn, write, transcribe. Lowest cost. Over 350,000 graduates. Typing available. 36th Year. Write for FREE booklet to

Speedwriting
Dept. 312-B
55 W. 42 St., N. Y. 36

6 WEEKS

Both can be Yours
New lovely Birthstone Ring in attractive rolled gold plate and set with any month's color of stone. Also very fine Birthstone Pendant and Chain with set to match ring—both are guaranteed and are beautiful beyond imagination. **BOTH** for selling only \$2.00 worth of Rosebud Products. Order 8 Rosebud Salve to sell at 25¢ a box OR 4 Rosebud famous perfume to sell at 50¢ per bottle.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 18, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND

Photo Copies

of your favorite Portrait, Snapshot or Polaroid Print
Negatives accepted

YOUR CHOICE OF QUANTITIES

No. of Prints No. of Originals

25-2½x3½ of 1

OR 10 each " of 2

OR 5 each " of 3

OR 2 each " of 4

125
Post Paid

Printed on doubleweight silk paper

PORTRAIT COPY CO.
4204 P TROOST KANSAS CITY 11, MO.

THE EMPTY CRIB

Continued from page 25

both back in Hollywood, I thought, as I drove out in a cab to see her. Plans had changed; Marilyn and Arthur had forgotten the modern house and moved into a Connecticut farmhouse of Revolutionary vintage. She wanted to put down roots there. Yet she had returned to Hollywood, to face the cameras again. Was she trying to thrust miles as well as long months between herself and that shadowy moment in Doctors Hospital, in New York?—when she had waked from a haze of sedatives to feel pain stab through her, to call out “Arthur!” and grasp her husband’s hand for comfort, realizing that their baby could not be saved. Should I ask her about this? I wondered.

On the phone, her voice had sounded the same as when I heard it last. But how would she look when I arrived at the Bel Air Hotel? It had been hard to get through to her at all; there had been a ban on interviews, and the set of her picture had been closed to the press.

But I needn’t have worried, I soon found. Marilyn came to the door of her bungalow, and instantly I felt as if I’d seen her just yesterday. “Look at me,” she smiled. “Not a bit of makeup—I’m sorry.” I’ve seen many stars minus the artifices that help to glamorize them: mascara, lipstick, caps for their teeth, false chignons. And, accustomed to it as I am, it’s often a shock. But Marilyn looking natural still looked more sextacular than all the Bardots and Lorens put together. Her fair hair, cut a little shorter than the last time I’d seen her, was tousled; she was dressed informally in slacks and a silk sport shirt. Offscreen, it’s her little-girl quality rather than her physical allure that attracts and endears her to you.

She led the way to a big sofa and settled down, motioning me to sit beside her. Suddenly I felt reassured and at ease. This was going to be like two friends talking in a girls’ dormitory instead of a Hollywood star issuing statements to the press. “How come you decided to make this picture?” I asked. “After all the others you turned down.”

“Billy Wilder just sent me a brief outline,” Marilyn told me, curling up comfortably. “If I liked it, he said, he would finish it—because he was writing it with me in mind. So I read it—and loved it! I told Billy to go ahead—I’d do it without even reading the rest. Remember, he directed me in ‘Seven Year Itch’ four years ago, and I’ve always wanted to work with him again.

“But I really wasn’t taking any chances. You see, I knew that with Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon ‘Some Like It Hot’ would be a real fun picture. Did I tell you, it’s about the roaring twenties, and I actually sing and dance a tango with George Raft.”

When she talked about the dance scene, her hands went through lively sweeping movements, suggesting the romantic glide of the tango. I thought of other actresses who come back after long absences. Many of them are so conditioned to acting that between pictures they grow restless and bored. I couldn’t believe this of Marilyn, for each time I had seen her in the East she had seemed utterly contented with her role as wife of playwright Arthur Miller. Still, she discussed her work with such pleasure that I couldn’t help wondering. She seemed so relaxed and at home. “Are you going back East after you finish the picture?” I asked.

Marilyn drew in her breath and smiled,

and I knew what I had seen on her face the moment before had been merely pleasure, not the full happiness that I saw now. “Just as fast as the airlines can take me!” She glanced around her at the handsome furnishings in the bungalow. “This is nice, but it isn’t home. . . . Do you know, for the first time in my life, I not only have a home of my own—I have two! There’s the farmhouse in Connecticut. It was built in 1776, and it has two hundred and twenty-five acres around it, and— Well, I’ll tell you all about it later. First, I’ll probably be going back to our apartment in the city.”

I leaned back and let her talk. She wasn’t really in Bel Air; she was in Manhattan, and her wide blue eyes were looking proudly around her own home. “We’re living in the East Fifties now, and our apartment is done all in white, except for the bedroom. I know it’s considered chic and modern for husband and wife to have separate bedrooms,” Marilyn said, “but I’m an old-fashioned girl who believes that a husband and wife should share the same bedroom and bed. Ours is a king-sized bed, and we also have a love seat in the room. The color scheme is beige and dark brown. That’s a happy combination, I think—feminine for me and masculine for my husband.”

The well-remembered note was in her voice—“my husband.” With a twinge of sadness, I imagined how she might have said “our baby,” on a note special in its own way. Apparently, her thoughts weren’t tending in the same direction; I’d just have to wait for the subject to come up. The New York apartment she was describing has no nursery.

“Arthur has his own study where he does his writing,” Marilyn went on, “and I never intrude except to bring him a second cup of coffee. . . . Would you like some coffee now, Radie?” I said I would. After she’d ordered it, she came back to the sofa. “Where was I? . . . Oh, yes, that second cup of coffee for my husband. Somehow, I never have to look at a clock. I seem to sense intuitively when he’s ready for more coffee, and I tiptoe in and leave it on his desk.”

The picture she painted was very clear to me; I could see her tiptoeing out again, leaving Arthur Miller in his own private world, with the people he was creating. He was her whole world. “Have you tried to work out any organized schedule for yourself while Arthur is finishing his new play?”

“No,” she laughed. “As you may have suspected by now, I’m not a very organized person.” I smiled with her, because I’m one of the many who know—and forgive—the incorrigibly “late” Miss Monroe. “In New York,” she continued, “I never do the same thing two days in a row. Sometimes I go for a long ride along the East River with our dog, a basset hound. Or I’ll bicycle up Second Avenue. Or window-shop in the antique shops along Third Avenue.”

“Don’t fans follow you?”

“Rarely.” She almost whispered, confiding, “I usually wear a polo coat, put a scarf around my head and wear dark

glasses. People don’t expect to find me in that neck of the woods, so if I seem to look familiar they think I’m someone trying to look like Marilyn Monroe! I also love to go to Bloomingdale’s and putter around in the household-equipment department. I have no sales resistance when it comes to anything for the house—especially when there’s a sale. Then I buy as if I were storing in for an atomic shelter! I’m working on the theory that I’m being very economical and saving money. But when I try to balance my budget, somehow I’m always overdrawn!”

She spread her hands out in appealing helplessness. The coffee was brought in, and Marilyn poured a cup for each of us, tasted hers and pursed up her mouth. “Be careful, Radie—it’s hot! I think I’ll let mine stand a moment.”

She set down the cup and saucer, stretched lazily and then smoothed the fine white fabric of her shirt more neatly inside the waistband of her slacks. “You know, it’s strange,” she mused. “When I was about four, I used to dream of the day when I’d be rich enough to go up to a shop, look at the window display of clothes and then go inside and say, ‘I’ll take that and that and that and that and that—in all different colors!’ Now, when I could afford to do it, not just dream it, clothes are unimportant to me—except for evening clothes, which I love. But I’ll go absolutely berserk buying furniture, garden implements, seed for birds and clothes for Arthur.”

“For Arthur?”

“That’s right. I buy all his shirts, socks and ties. If I left it up to my husband, he’d wear the same two years in a row and never think of getting new ones. I also take care of his laundry. I definitely don’t approve when a man has to go out and he has no clean shirts to wear because his wife has been out playing bridge.”

“But you have some help, haven’t you, Marilyn? I mean in New York, as well as at your country house.”

“Oh yes.” Marilyn sipped at her coffee, tilted her head critically and decided, “Almost as good as mine. . . . In New York, we have a maid, and then there’s Mary Reese, who’s more than a wonderful secretary for me—she’s my friend. In the country, we just have a maid over the weekends or when we have company. Arthur’s two children are with us every other weekend, but then they’re not ‘company.’ Jane’s fourteen now, and Robert Arthur is eleven.”

“I adore Jane and Robert, and it’s such fun for all of us to plan different things to do together. I really look forward to each visit. . . .”

She was silent for a brief while, and I couldn’t see her eyes as she reflectively drank coffee. Was she thinking of Arthur’s third child—her child—the baby that would have passed its first birthday by now? Whether she felt a mother’s bereavement in those few seconds, I will never know, for when she looked up across the rim of the cup her eyes were sparkling, and she returned to the cheerful problems of housewifery as she set the cup down again.

“I don’t believe I need full-time help at the farmhouse. I’m an expert dishwasher and floor-scrubber!—a throwback to my early days, I guess. And I’m learning to be a pretty good cook by following the recipes in ‘The Joy of Cooking.’ My specialties are home-made noodles and bread. Then there’s chicken with a special seasoning that my husband likes, so I’ve learned to fix that for him.”

“Aren’t there any particular dishes that you like to make for yourself?”

Marilyn shrugged. “I’m what you might

PHOTOGRAPHERS’ CREDITS

Rock Hudson color by Bob Willoughby; Dick Clark pictures by Ray Solowinsky; Jean Seberg pictures by Henri Dauman; Bob Evans picture by Gene Cook; Tab Hunter black-and-white and color by Henry Janssen; Debbie, Eddie and Todd Fisher color picture by Peter Basch.

call an erratic eater. There are times when I just can't eat meat—and then I suddenly get a craving for steak. I hate olives—but I love olive oil. I used to have a terribly sweet tooth for chocolates—but once I had a bad dream that I couldn't eat anything with a chocolate taste, and ever since I've completely lost my taste for it. But I do enjoy eating," she admitted.

"Don't you have to watch your figure?"

"Not with any special diet. And certainly not now. I always lose weight while I'm working, because I'm so intense about it."

For some actresses, I thought, an attitude like that has been a real threat to married happiness; they devote too much of themselves to their work. But I didn't think this actress was in any such danger. "Marilyn, it seems to me you're just as intense about your marriage."

"Oh, but you have to be!" She leaned forward, clasping her hands earnestly in her lap. "I'll tell you my definition of a good wife: somebody who feels needed as a wife. You have to contribute to feel needed! Too many women underrate the responsibilities of marriage. They think once they have a wedding ring they can just settle back and relax. . . . I think I'm much better equipped for marriage now than I was with my previous two marriages. I've learned by experience all the things *not* to do, and I've learned so much from my husband, who's twelve years older than I am. Because he's so famous in his own right, he understands the demands of my career, too, and there's never any friction between us.

"I'd say there's only one . . . one cloud on our happiness. We do long so much for a child."

Marilyn had come out with the statement at last; I hadn't had to ask her. The suddenness caught at my heart—but I hadn't time to feel sorry for her.

With buoyancy in her voice, she was talking right on. "That will come, I'm sure. We've built a new wing on our country house, and we've christened it, out loud, 'the nursery.' When we decided to buy the property, all our friends agreed the land was beautiful, but they said the house was just uninhabitable. I looked at it and thought how it had been standing there, weathering everything, for more than 180 years. And I just hated the idea of its being torn down or even left unoccupied.

"So my husband and I ignored everybody's advice and got to work. We modernized the back part, put in sliding glass

doors, built a garage and a separate one-room studio for Arthur. But in the house itself we left all the old beams and ceilings intact." Her eyes showed she was far away again—not here in California, but in the Connecticut hills. She had slid her hands forward to clasp them around her knees, and she said quietly, "I look at our house, and I know that it has been home for other families, back through all those years. And it's as if some of their happiness has stayed there even after they went away, and I can feel it around me. Does that sound sort of crazy?"

"No, Marilyn. It doesn't. It makes wonderfully good sense."

I wasn't just being polite; I did understand. For Marilyn, this indestructible old house is a symbol not merely of other people's pasts but of her own present and future. She sees herself and Arthur setting their own mark of happiness on the rooms under the beamed ceilings. Everything that happened to her before Arthur came into her life has receded into a dim and fading background.

Now is all that matters to her. Now, the time when the loneliness, unhappiness, frustrations and pressures are no more. Now, when they have been supplanted by the family ties she has never known before and by the Jewish religion she has adopted as her own faith (but will not discuss, considering it too sacred a subject). I was not wrong in believing that she wanted roots—she has put them down deep.

As we walked across the living room of the bungalow, saying our goodbyes, she paused by a table to rearrange some red roses in a vase and looked up at me, a little surprised, when I suddenly asked, on a whim, "Suppose a fairy godmother waved a wand your way and gave you three wishes. What would you ask?"

She laughed and answered quickly, like someone who has learned that miracles do happen. "First, I'd wish for a continuation of everything wonderful in my life now. My second wish would be for Arthur—for the success of his new play. And the third . . ." Standing in the doorway, she shook her head slowly. "No. I won't say it. . . . Goodbye, Radie."

We both knew what the third wish would have been. I was willing to let her keep it. Marilyn no longer sees tragedy in the emptiness of the crib that stands in the new "nursery" wing. With Arthur she can see hope in the emptiness. She now believes, one day, it will be joyously filled.

THE END

SEE MARILYN NEXT IN "SOME LIKE IT HOT" FOR U.A. AND "CAN-CAN" FOR 20TH.

WHO CAN I TURN TO . . . ?

Continued from page 59

do. The doctor led the girl slowly down the hall, and, as they passed through the circle of light, the girl stopped for a brief moment. She felt the light surround her and for a moment she felt safe—it felt so familiar. Margaret O'Brien was again in a spotlight, but this time the drama was real—this time it was not make-believe—this time . . . it was true. Her mother had just died, and Margaret, for the first time in her young life, was alone, completely alone.

Suddenly, two small hands entered the circle of light and took her arm. She heard a soft voice whisper, "Let me take

her into the lounge, Doctor. I will help her."

"Thank you, Sister. I'll be back in a little while to take her home."

The nun led Margaret to the lounge and sat her down on the sofa. She smiled understandingly at her and began to speak in a very low voice—and as she spoke Margaret looked at her young face and stopped crying. She had never seen her before, but her words were right and good and Margaret listened.

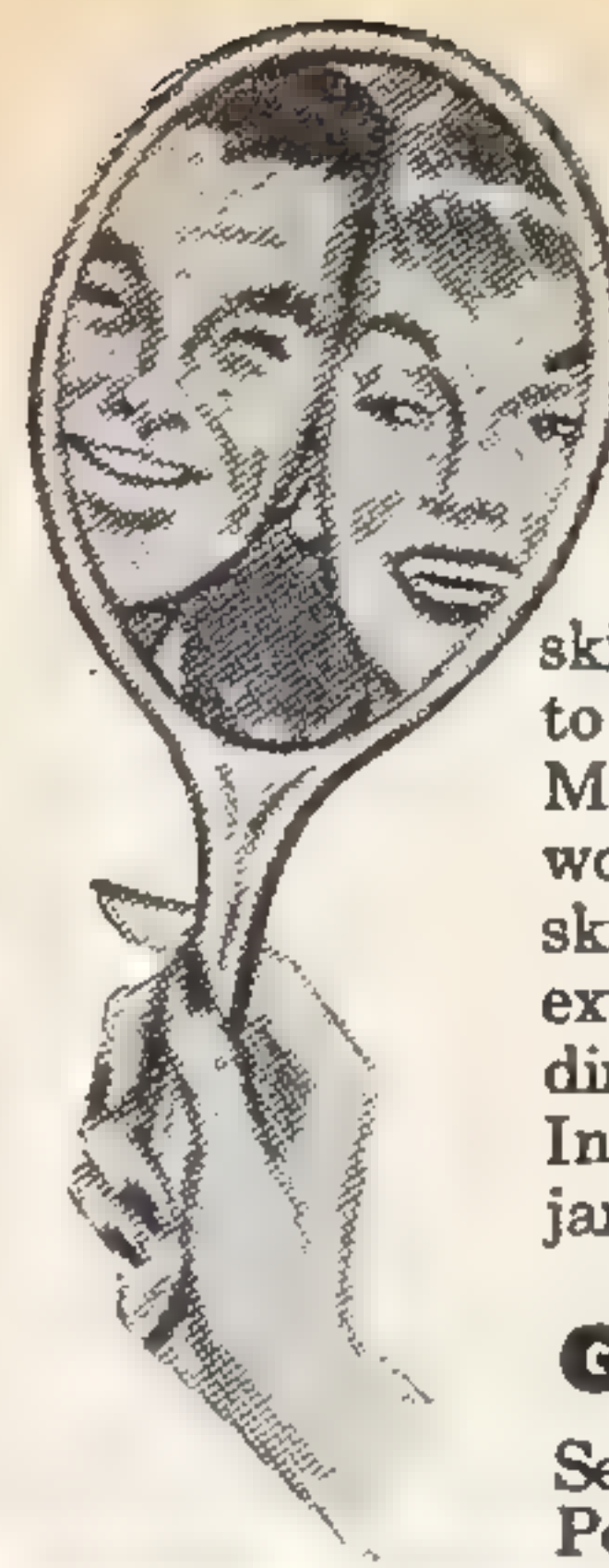
"You cannot believe she is dead, can you?"

"No—no, I can't," she cried.

"Death is final, Margaret. And yet, I have seen you with your mother and I am sure there are many lovely memories to keep alive."

"Yes," she managed to say. "Yes, but you don't understand. I need her so."

"You must learn to stand alone. You're a grownup girl now. We must trust to God—in this as in all things. I'm told you



Banish Blemishes!

Not seeing those ugly pimples, "hickies", skin blemishes. Oh happy day! It can happen to *you*—when you use POMPEIAN Milk Massage Cream with Hexachlorophene. This wonderful discovery of science helps dry up skin blemishes from both oily skin and external causes. Acts instantly to clear out dirt, helps remove blackheads like magic. Insist on gentle, pink Pompeian. Tubes or jars at your drugstore.

GENEROUS TRIAL TUBE—10¢

Send name, address, 10c for 5 massages to Pompeian Corp., Dept. W G, Baltimore 24, Md.

POMPEIAN
MILK MASSAGE CREAM
Hexachlorophene makes all the difference!



SONG POEMS WANTED

To be set to music. Send your poems today for free examination!

J. CHAS. McNEIL, (A. B. Master of Music)
1112 MG Wilshire Blvd. Santa Monica, Calif.

\$500 FOR YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO

This child's mother received big check.

Up to \$500 paid for children's photos when used for advertising. Hundreds selected monthly. Ages 2 mos. to 20 yrs. Rush 1 small photo for approval. Print child's and mother's name, address on back. Returned 2 weeks. No obligation. Testimonials sent.

HOLLYWOOD SPOTLITE, Dept. A12
8344 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



BACKACHE SECONDARY TO KIDNEY IRRITATION

If worried by "Bladder Weakness" (Getting Up Nights or Bed Wetting, too frequent, burning or itching urination), Secondary Backache and Nervousness, or Strong Smelling, Cloudy Urine, due to common Kidney and Bladder Irritations, try CYS-TEX for quick help. Safe for young and old. Ask druggist for CYS-TEX. See how fast you improve.

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time training covers big choice of subjects. Friendly instructors; standard texts. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE catalog

WAYNE SCHOOL Catalog HH-62
2527 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches

on DOUBLE-WEIGHT Paper
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of a group picture. Original is returned with your enlargement.

49¢



FREE! On orders of 2 or more we will send you one 25c Miniature Portrait, size 4" x 5". FREE! Mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful double-weight portrait quality paper. C. O. D.'s accepted on orders of 2 or more. Take advantage of this amazing offer. Send your photos today. Professional Art Studios, 544 S. Main, Dept. 38-W, Princeton, Illinois

BORROW BY MAIL!

\$100 to \$600 COMPLETELY CONFIDENTIAL



Pay your bills, enjoy peace of mind! Borrow \$100-\$600 Cash—By Mail! Fast, confidential service from privacy of home. No agents will call. Employed men and women—everywhere—use Postal's Cost-Controlled Loan Service to Pay their Bills! Free complete Loan Papers rushed Airmail in private envelope. 15-day Free Trial Guarantee. Try us!

POSTAL FINANCE COMPANY, Dept. 650X
200 Keeline Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebraska
Rush FREE complete Loan Papers.

**FREE!
ACT
NOW**

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

POEMS WANTED

For musical setting . . . send Poems today. Any subject. Immediate consideration. Phonograph records made. CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 560, New York 1

Yes, now you can destroy unwanted hair PERMANENTLY, right in the privacy of your home! Mahler is NOT a depilatory!

KILL the HAIR ROOT!

By following our directions, you too, can use the Mahler safely and efficiently. Send 10c today for important new booklet "New Radiant Beauty"

MAHLER'S, INC. Dept. 608T, PROVIDENCE 15, R.I.

PERIOD DIFFICULTY?

Irregular or scanty menses may be symptomatic of functional disorders. Thousands of women find speedy relief from periodic physical distress with HUMPHREYS "11". Ask your druggist for this gentle homeopathic preparation. No hormones; no prescription needed.

\$500 FOR YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO

Big Demand for children's photos, ages 1 mo. to 18 yrs. Cash payments made if used for advertising. Hundreds selected every month. Send 1 small photo for approval. Print child's & mother's name, address on back. Returned 2 weeks. No Obligation.

ADVERTISERS PHOTOS
6000-HZ Sunset, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Woman Nearly Itches To Death

"I nearly itched to death for 7½ years. Then I discovered a new wonder skin creme. Now I'm happy," says Mrs. D. Howard of Los Angeles. Here's blessed relief from tortures of vaginal itch, rectal itch, chafing, rash and skin irritations with an amazing new scientific formula called LANACANE. This fast-acting, stainless medicated creme kills harmful bacteria germs while it soothes irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching and so speeds healing. Don't suffer! Get LANACANE at druggists

'SWAP' PHOTOS

...With all your Friends, Relatives and Classmates

25 for ONLY \$1.

Need more? 60 for \$2.

Send 25¢ for extra Super-speed service

Money Back Guaranteed!

Just send your favorite snapshot or portrait (returned unharmed) and money to

WALLET PHOTO CO.
Box M-48, Hillside, N. J.

- Beautiful Silk Finish
- Wallet Size 2½" x 3½"
- We Pay Postage

had a lovely day with your mother today." Today, she thought. Was it only today? She looked at her watch. "It's a quarter past three," she said, not quite knowing why.

"My mother's been dead now for . . ." And then she cried. "Why wasn't I here with her when she died? I didn't think she would die. She was coming home in a day or two. No one thought she would die."

The room was silent. The nun leaned forward and looked at her hands—then she lifted her head and said, "I was told that you and a nurse wheeled your mother down to the hospital gift shop . . . yesterday."

She nodded: "Yes, Mother loved to buy gifts for people." She took a tissue from her purse and wiped her tears. "She bought a gift for my Aunt Marissa and a beautiful evening bag for me. She looked so wonderful. She was happier than she'd been in a long time. We sat talking for quite a while, and when it was time to leave, I told her, 'I'll be down tomorrow to bring some of your clothes.' . . . And . . . she asked . . ."

"Asked what, Margaret?"

Margaret leaned back against the sofa and closed her eyes to keep back the tears and said, "She asked, 'Am I really going home?' I smiled at her and said, 'Yes, you're really going home.'"

They both believed it, and then, at 2:30 in the morning, the phone in her apartment rang and she heard the head nurse tell her that her mother had taken a turn for the worse. She dressed, got into her car and drove down alone. "I remember having a funny feeling all the way down," she told the nun. "Dr. Ress—he's our family doctor and close friend—he was waiting for me. He told me Mother was dead. 'She couldn't sleep,' he had said, and, a little after two that morning, she had asked the nurse to help her to a chair by the window. 'I think I'll go back to bed now,' she said, after about twenty minutes. She died without moving." Margaret leaned forward and put her hands to her head. "Just like that."

"It's a shock to lose someone you love—unexpectedly, so suddenly."

She heard the nun's voice, but her thoughts wandered. Mother was only fifty-two. She was with you constantly. She did everything for you. Well, now it's time to learn to do things for yourself, Margaret.

"At first, it will be difficult, and you will feel alone and will become despairing," the nun told her. "But you will begin to see that your mother has prepared you for this day, and as you learn you will grow up and mature. This, too, will be difficult, but as you grow, you will learn to understand other people, and when you see the needs of others, with this, will come a freedom from fear."

The door of the lounge opened and Dr. Ress came into the room.

Margaret wearily lifted herself to her feet and smiled at the nun. She looked so young—not more than twenty—and yet she seemed to have so much wisdom.

"Thank you so much," Margaret said softly. "God knows you have helped me." The nun smiled as Margaret O'Brien turned and left the room.

The early morning air was cool as Margaret walked toward the car. She was silent during the ride back to the empty apartment. Thoughts kept coming to her—there was so much to be done.

"If Mother had died in the apartment, I couldn't stay there," she thought. "I must make the necessary funeral arrangements. I must telephone Aunt Marissa in Fresno. I'll have to meet her plane. Services must be held at the Good Shepherd

in Hollywood. What about Mother's things? Where will I find the strength to go through her belongings? I can't do it! I'll keep the medal His Holiness gave to Mother, and I'll save that with the evening bag she gave me today. I will keep them forever."

The car turned onto South Beverly Drive and came to a halt before the duplex that Margaret bought only four years ago, at her mother's urging. She stepped out of the car and looked about her. It was the same as when she left. Only she was alone now . . . her mother wasn't waiting upstairs for her. How do you survive when you're all alone?

The doctor opened the door to the apartment and reached for the light switch. Light flooded the room. Margaret was home. She walked across the large living room and looked carefully about her, aimlessly touching vases and small knick-knacks.

"She had no pain, Margaret." Dr. Ress had interrupted her thoughts. She turned to him and smiled shyly. "Remember, she would have been an invalid if she'd lived. She wouldn't have liked that."

"Do you have any other relatives besides your Aunt Marissa?" he asked.

"Only a cousin in New York."

They were both silent for a moment; and then she said quietly, "I know many people have heart trouble and live for years. Why did my mother have to die just now when my career suddenly has been going so well?"

Margaret had been working so hard she had been almost too tired to make the hospital, but she had gone anyway. "Thank God," she thought.

They'd been inseparable, Margaret and her mother. Her mother never tried to hold on to her—those rumors hurt. When she went on dates, her mother merely suggested a reasonable hour to be home. "I chose my own friends, my own jobs, my own clothes," she thought. "She was helping me—paving the way for the day that has now come. It's just like the sister said."

Her thoughts turned to Robert Allen. He was an aircraft designer and Mother had liked him very much. But they'd both agreed that it would be wrong to rush into marriage. "I want to be sure that marriage and a career will work for us," she'd told her mother after a date with Robert. Now, was she sure? She'd have to make that decision alone now.

The room was so silent that Margaret was startled when the doctor suddenly asked, "Shall I call your aunt for you?"

"Oh. Thank you." She was jolted back to the present. "Here, let me get her number. It's over by the telephone."

"What are you thinking?" the doctor asked.

She turned, looking at him timidly. "I'm almost ashamed to tell you. I was thinking of my future! Do you know, it's come to me just now, that my mother has taken care of my future. I'm going to think very clearly about what has to be done. I don't know what I have to say to people. I don't know what is ahead of me. But maybe if I try hard, I can cope with it. My mother is still with me—she's inside of me. She taught me so well—I should try to live up to her standards."

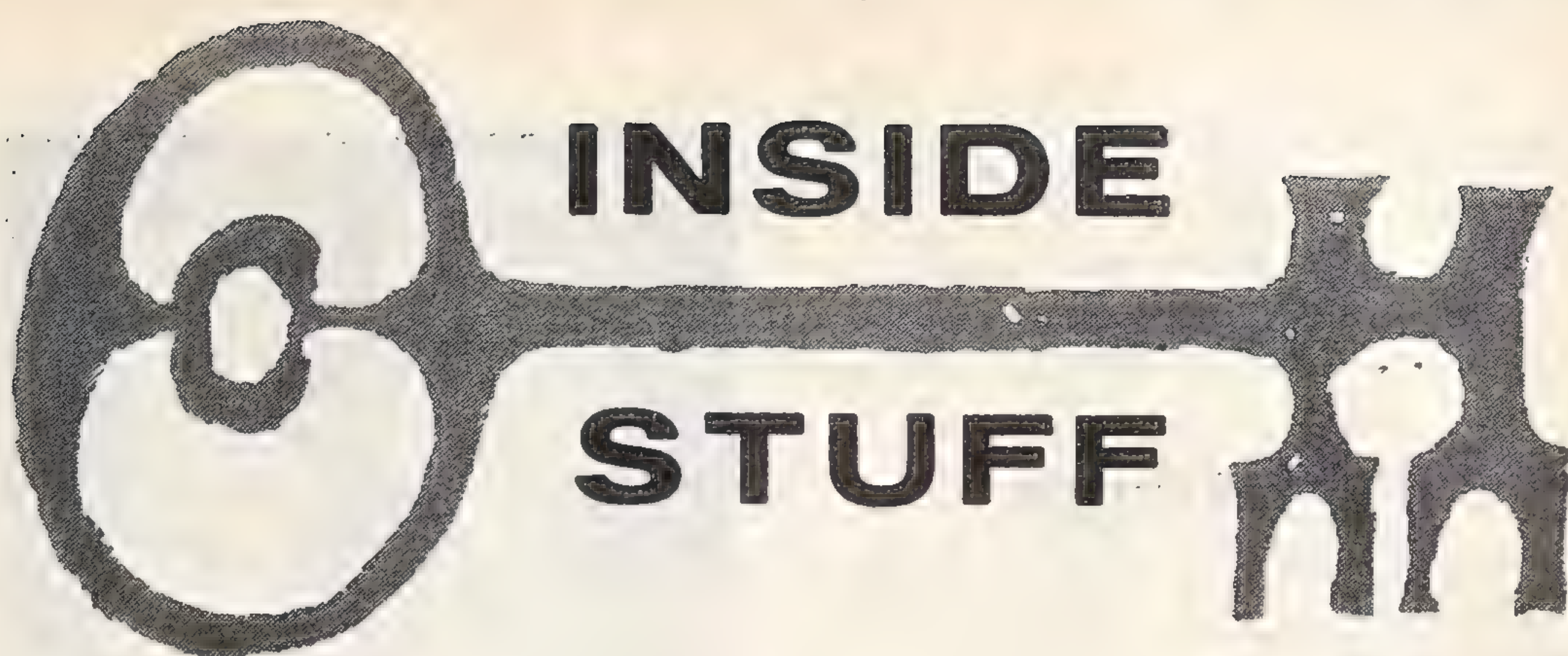
And she began to shake and cry again, very softly. The doctor came to her and she leaned against him, like a child, and cried for a little while longer. Then she stopped and looked up at him with a little smile. "Dr. Ress, can you make coffee?"

"Why, yes Margaret. Why do you ask?" he said, with some surprise.

"I'd like to have some and, since we have time before we meet Aunt Marissa's plane, I'd appreciate your teaching me. You see, I realize I've an awful lot to learn."

THE END

Sara Hamilton's



Around Town: **Marilyn Monroe's** frantic hand-wringing before each scene of "Some Like It Hot" left a trademark behind. The younger set now greet each other with a wild wringing of their own hands. Looks so Oriental somehow. . . . Loved Marilyn's retort to the reporter who wondered why her playwright husband, **Arthur Miller**, never visited her set while the company worked in Hollywood. "Why should he?" asked Marilyn. "I don't look over his shoulder when he writes." *Touché*. . . . **Audie Murphy** is delighted with the work of **Joan Evans** in his movie "No Name on the Bullet." When Audie makes the plunge into sophisticated comedy in "The Kissing Game," he hopes Joan will be with him. . . . **Bing Crosby's** lament to a friend; "I wish my boys would get interested in some nice secretaries in town and stay out of Las Vegas." . . . **Gary Crosby** calls **Pat Boone** "The Preacher." Pat couldn't care less. . . . **Lawrence Welk**, who took over his new job of Honorary Mayor of Hollywood, claims polka lessons will not be mandatory. . . . Private **Ben Cooper**, who accidentally shot himself in the leg at Fort Ord, took a lot of ribbing from his pals in Hollywood. They claimed he practically left our country defenseless. . . . If **Stuart Whitman** doesn't get a haircut before Christmas, his wife threatens to string his locks with popcorn. . . . **Leslie Caron** named the new arrival Jennifer. This is the second heir for Leslie and Peter Hall. . . . No fanfare took place when **John Wayne's** oldest son Michael (22) wed Gretchen Deibel (21), his childhood sweetheart. But the lid blew off when John announced his separation from wife Pilar, who in a moment of anger said she was through with living alone while hubby picture-made around the world. But by nightfall they were back together again. . . . **Dart Ward's**

recording of "Misery" has put this teenager on top.

I Predict...

Tab Hunter will be the next rave star, rumors fly. His work in "Damn Yankees" and with **Gary Cooper** in "They Came to Cordura" is now the talk of the town. Tab has it made. If, that is, he relaxes and trusts the judgment of others. . . . I predict a breach between **Rick Nelson** and his father, **Ozzie**. It almost happened when Ozzie registered Rick for the fall semester at U.S.C. against his son's wishes and without his knowledge. Rick may decide to move in with brother **David**, who has bachelor diggings of his own. It's not that sympathy isn't with Ozzie, it's just the way he goes about it. Even a young colt can't be dragged to water if he's a mind to go thirsty. . . . I predict **Kim**



It looks to me as if Rick Nelson's heading for a clash with dad Ozzie.

Novak will forsake the fancy-pants home given her by Columbia and move back to a small apartment. The heavy upkeep, taxes and maintenance have Kim yipping the blues. And while Kim may be light-headed when it comes to romance, she's heavy-handed when it comes to finances. . . .

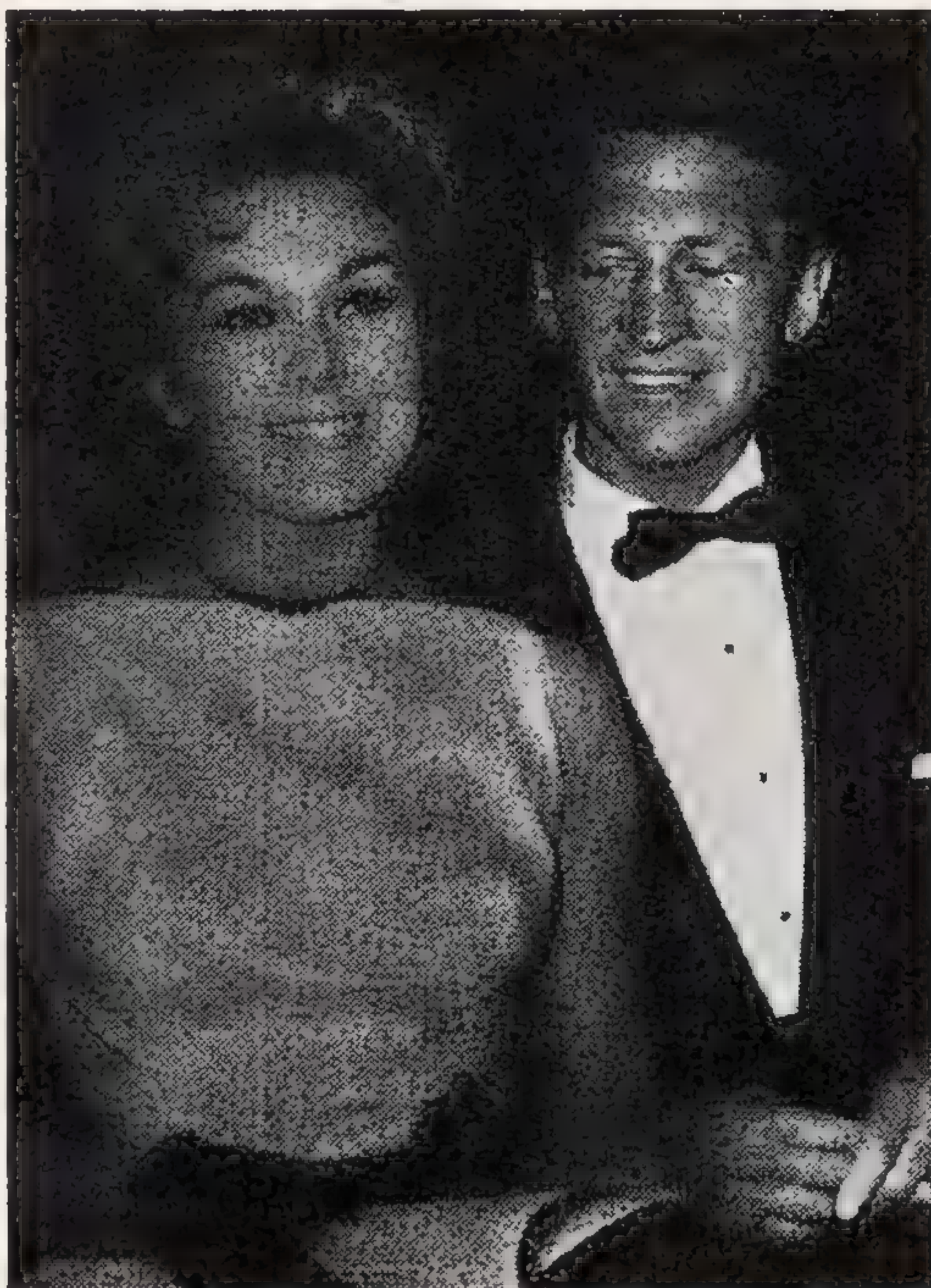
Purely Personal

My confusion over **Bob Wagner's** disguised voice on the telephone—"This is ze boy friend"—had Bob in hysterics. But the invitation to dinner that followed delighted me. Bob and Nat showed me some of the sneak preview audience-cards for "The Perfect Furlough," which they made for U.I. The audience wrote more raves for this comedy than any press agent could have dared. Watch for it in January. . . . **Brigitte Bardot** says, of marrying short, stocky **Sacha Distel**, her guitar teacher: "I needed a man around the house." Incidentally, before B. B., Sacha's steady date was **Juliette Greco**, **Darryl Zanuck's** Gallic protege. She taught Sacha to sing, then said he was too young. . . . **Diana Lynn** outshone all other stars at **Jean Stein's** engagement party. In a short, perky green satin frock, her short blond hair uncurled, Diana was a knockout and looked anything but the mother of a young son. **Mortimer Hall**, her husband, seems mighty proud of his "fair Diana," as well he should. . . . I'd like to wager **John Saxon** emerges from his role of a toughie in "Cry Tough" with a whole new personality and a new evaluation from Hollywood. He couldn't go through all that wild fracas and remain the same. . . . It's all over between **Ava Gardner** and **Walter Chiari**. . . . **Kay Kendall** started a new fashion fad in London, wearing tailored silk slacks and a brocade jacket to a formal dinner party. . . . The young individualists meet at Aware Inn, an un- (Continued)

pretentious Sunset Boulevard spot that features chemical-free, organically grown meat and vegetables. At a table by herself, (next to Mark Damon's) you can often spot that individualist of long standing, Greta Garbo.

TV Jottings

Ty Hardin, happily wedded to actress **Andra Martin**, sent up a prolonged howl when a press agent's advice delayed his marriage. The well-meaning agent feared marriage would interfere with Ty's popularity as **Clint Walker's** alternate on the "Cheyenne" series. Incidentally, those rumors of Clint winning "everything" in his sit-down strike against Warners studio are a mite exaggerated. Old "thunder voice" was just as glad to be back as Warners were to have him. . . . **George Gobel** moans he'll never find another "Alice" like **Jeff Donnell**, who moved to New York with her new husband, **John L. Brinker**. He probably won't, either. . . . It was another boy, their second for **Robert Sterling** and **Ann Jeffreys**. But this one, they claim, is a real "Topper." . . . Fans of **Annette Funicello** of Disney's "Mickey Mouse Club" were startled to see her, in her first film "The Shaggy Dog," with her straightened black curls, silk dresses and high heels. Annette looked all "grewed up." . . . **Buddy Bregman**, whom **Anna Maria Alber-**



Kim Novak, dating Mac Krim again, is yipping about household bills.

ghetti loves very much, is directing **Eddie Fisher's** TV show . . . **Jim Garner** loved his homecoming day at Norma, Oklahoma—except that all those dozens of cousins are turning up on the "Maverick" set to visit a spell. . . . If **Joanna Moore** isn't the most beautiful actress on TV, I'll just sit here and wait until a lovelier one comes along. And what's more, lovely Joanna can act, too.



Nat Wood and I both laughed when Bob Wagner's phone voice fooled me.

Strictly Inside

Sympathy goes out to **Deborah Kerr** in the loneliness of her Pacific Palisades home. All around her are reminders of the two little girls she loved and to whom she gave endless care and devotion—as well as physical comforts from her own income. Close friends who see Deborah on occasion report her hopes are high in the suit to regain the daugh-

THE



Among top-ten boxoffice magicians is Gary Cooper, with wife "Rocky."



Only woman on the list is Ingrid Bergman, here with twins, Roberto.



John Wayne, also on the list, almost split with wife Pilar after a spat.



Hollywood's young set is picking up some of Greta Garbo's diet didoes.

ters placed in the custody of the British Crown by her estranged husband, **Tony Bartley**. Her love for **Peter Viertel** and his for her seems genuine, and the two have definite plans for marriage after their respective divorces go through. . . . **Rory Calhoun** claims that the movies are now in the hands of the "Big Ten," a handful of actors whose names alone guarantee financial backing from the bankers. **Cary Grant**, a member of the

"Ten," announced that **Ingrid Bergman** is the only woman on the list. **Bill Holden**, **Gary Cooper**, **Jimmy Stewart**, **John Wayne**, **Cary Grant**, **Gregory Peck**, **Clark Gable**, **Yul Brynner** are on the list. How does this compare with your own list of favorites?

Round-Up

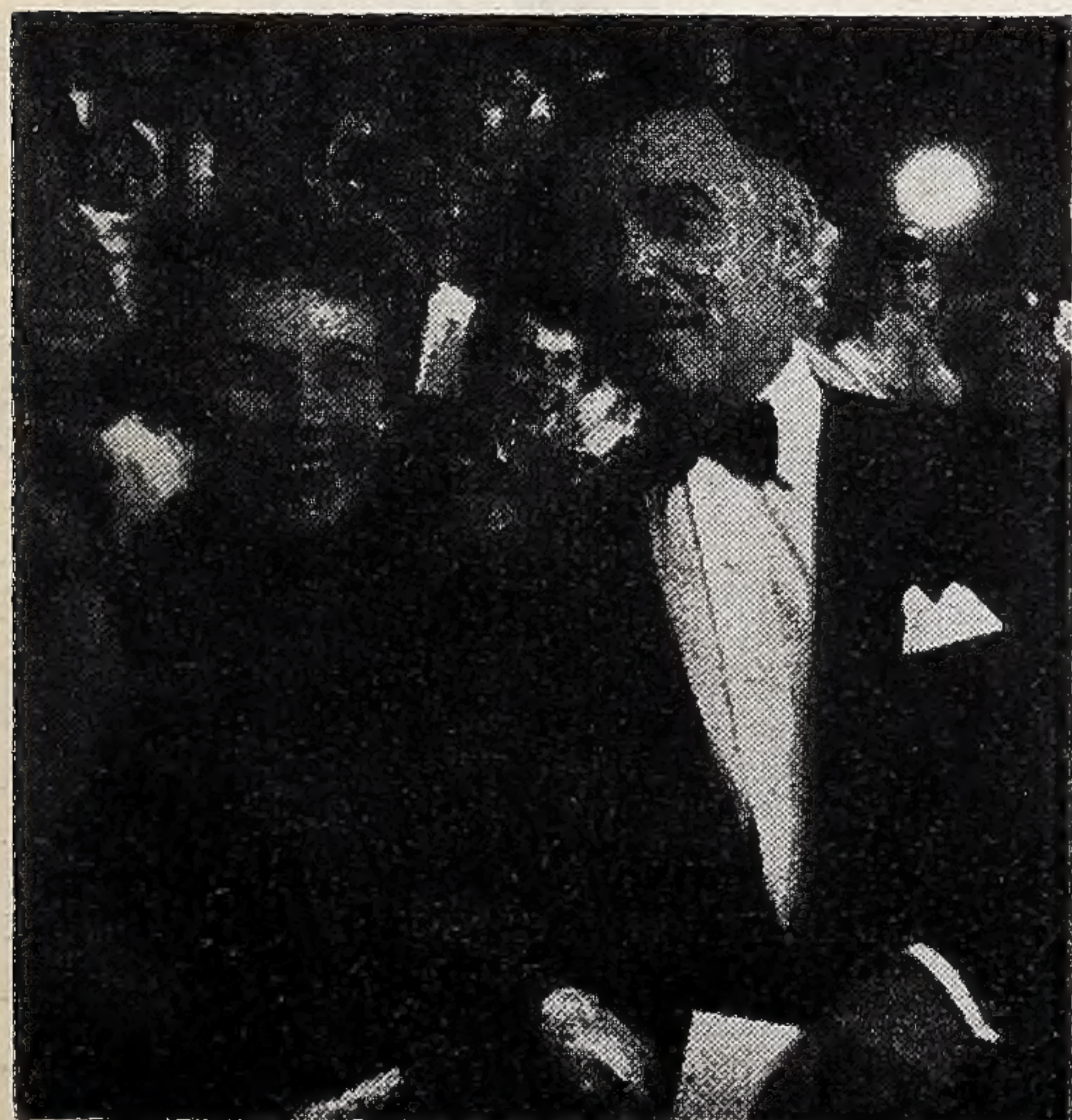
The Crosby boys hold the spotlight. **Philip** left school to marry Las Vegas showgirl **Sandra Drummond**. His twin, **Dennis**, adopting the son of wife **Pat Sheehan** by a former marriage, plans to make Bing a grandpa in late winter. **Lindsay**, after a hassle with the police, was gently brushed off by actress **June Blair**. **Gary**, who signed a five-year contract with Twentieth, continues to play the field. . . . The **Joanne Woodward-Paul Newman** heir has a name awaiting its arrival. Joshua if it's a boy. Quentin for a girl. . . . It was a City Hall wedding for **Leslie Nielsen** and bride **Sandy Ullman**, former M-G-M secretary. . . . **Pier Angeli** and **Vic Damone** have reached the end of their rope. Upon it will dangle the remains of their once happy marriage. . . . **Barry Sullivan's** "ten-minute" marriage to **Gita Hall**, before asking for divorce, marks a record even for Hollywood, where marriage and divorce can be lightning swift. . . . **Curt Jurgens'** marriage to French **Simone Bicheron** leaves a trail of broken

dreams in movietown, where Curt was Mr. Eligible No. One. . . . **Doris Day** much happier with son Terry attending school at home. That separation, with Terry last year enrolled in an Eastern school, was too much for mamma Day, who can't bear separations. . . . **Cheryl Crane**, attending Beverly Hills High School, seems happily adjusted. Her-schoolmates, used to celebrities, make no problems for their headlined classmate. . . . **Gene Tierney**, absent three years due to nervous disorders, heartily welcomed back to movies. Gene's first movie rumored to be "The Young Know Best." . . . **Elvis Presley** signed to make a movie for Twentieth upon his return from Germany and the Army. They're willing to give Elvis 50 percent of the profits and a salary of \$200,000. And Elvis is willing to take it.

News From the Sets

Audrey Hepburn became so attached to "Ip," the tiny seven-inch-high baby fawn who played a part in "Green Mansions," she all but wept when the picture was over. . . . It was a happy day when **Maria Tumbal**, the real "Sister Luke" of "The Nun's Story," visited the "Green Mansions" set. Audrey had met Miss Tumbal while making the film in Italy. . . . **Cara Williams'** constant presence on "The Night of the Quarter Moon" set, to give advice to her

TOP TEN



Clark Gable, here with wife Kay, is another of those sure-fire names.



So is Jimmy Stewart, our perpetual all-American boy, with wife to match.



Cary Grant, seen here with Lauren Bacall, is in the top-ten—natch!

husband, **John Drew Barrymore**, didn't sit too well with the director. After the praise for her performance in "The Defiant Ones," Cara has become an authority on acting, it seems. . . . **Monty Clift** bombarded **Myrna Loy** with post cards from all over Europe during his recent trip. The two became fast friends during the making of "Miss Lonelyhearts." . . . **Debbie Reynolds** is carrying on with her film, "The Mating Game," chin high, spirits up. Six short months before, **Liz Taylor** valiantly carried on with her work at the same studio in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Two girls curiously related and involved with heartache.

On The Rocks

It's Hollywood's newest cocktail, this marriage-on-the-rocks, **Mamie Van Doren** and band leader **Ray Anthony**, for instance, parted. But they'll play husband and wife in M-G-M's "The Beat Generation." . . . **Gwen Dailey**, the ex-Mrs. **Don-**



Audrey Hepburn had 'em ooh-ing at the dress she wore to waltz with Mel.

ald O'Connor, flounced out of husband **Dan Dailey's** life with threats of divorce. But then these two have been bickering and making up for years. . . . **Annabella, Tyrone Power's** ex, gave **Debbie Power**, his current wife, a leopard-skin raincoat. . . . **Diane Varsi**, I'm happy to say, joined the human race after her divorce from **John Dickson**. Diane came down from her hillside retreat with a more friendly attitude. . . . **Mrs. Forrest Tucker** called it a day while Forrest was touring the country with "The Music Man." Their marriage didn't make very good music, according to Marilyn Tucker. . . . Singer **Peggy Lee**, who had been ill for some time, decided to shed husband **Dewey Martin** and began recovering immediately. . . . **Guy Madison** and his wife **Sheila** had agreed on a trial separation. After four years of marriage and three children, Guy says, "I'm sure it won't be final. There is no thought of divorce. The



Celebrating "The Big Country" premiere were its stars, Jean Simmons and Gregory Peck, at right. At left are their spouses, Stewart Granger and Veronique Peck.

problem is a personal one. I think perhaps when a girl has three babies in rapid succession, it leaves her a little tired and depressed."

Party of the Month

The huge tent, erected in the parking lot adjoining Romanoff's restaurant in Beverly Hills, was something out of the Arabian Nights, with its glittering chandeliers, man-sized silver vases of white blooms, mirrored entranceway and beautifully laid tables. **Gregory Peck**, delighted with the success of his movie, "The Big Country," hosted the affair as a celebration of sorts. Unfortunately, Gregory was too busy at his own table to greet the guests, but pert **Jean Simmons**, with **Stewart Granger**, was on hand to greet **Tony Curtis** and **Janet Leigh**, recovering from her second auto accident within the month, **Dinah Shore** and **George Montgomery**, **Esther Williams** with **Jeff Chandler**, **Doro-**



Jacques Bergerac and Dorothy Malone danced cheek-to-cheek, too.

thy **Malone** and **Jacques Bergerac**, **Kay** and **Clark Gable**, **Cary** and **Betsy Grant**. . . . **Paul Newman** brought his mother, a visitor from the East. Paul explained that his wife, **Joanne Woodward**, who is expecting her first baby, was home feeling "woozy." . . . **Audrey Hepburn** stood out like a princess in her knee length bell-shaped cream satin frock, topped by a diamond tiara and set off with slippers made entirely of rhinestones. A dream waltzing with her husband **Mel Ferrer**.

Cal York Jottings

Kim Novak has a singing coach and may soon record an album of ballads. Kim, who's dating **Mac Krim** again, confesses that, to her, a shampoo is a marathon. "I always cut and wash my own hair and it takes about all day," she says. "I have to lighten it and then put the blue stuff on." . . . **Wanda Hendrix's** husband is suing for divorce. . . . **Tony Perkins** clips things from newspapers and magazines and pastes them on a board in his "Green Mansions" dressing room. "They're things I like," he says, "and I keep changing them." . . . **Dolores Hart**, in New York to appear in the play, "The Pleasure of His Company," moans she hasn't a friend in the big city. She took her canary, Hankie, along for company. . . . **Pier Angeli** will baby-sit with the **Marlon Brando** heir while mama **Anna Kashfi** films "Night of the Quarter Moon." Wonder how come Marlon hasn't visited the set? . . . It was **James MacArthur's** decision that his fiancée, **Joyce Bulifant**, return to the States with his mother, **Helen Hayes**. Jimmy's making "Third Man on the Mountain" in Switzerland, but he insists it wouldn't be "proper" for Joyce to remain without a chaperon.

That's using your head!

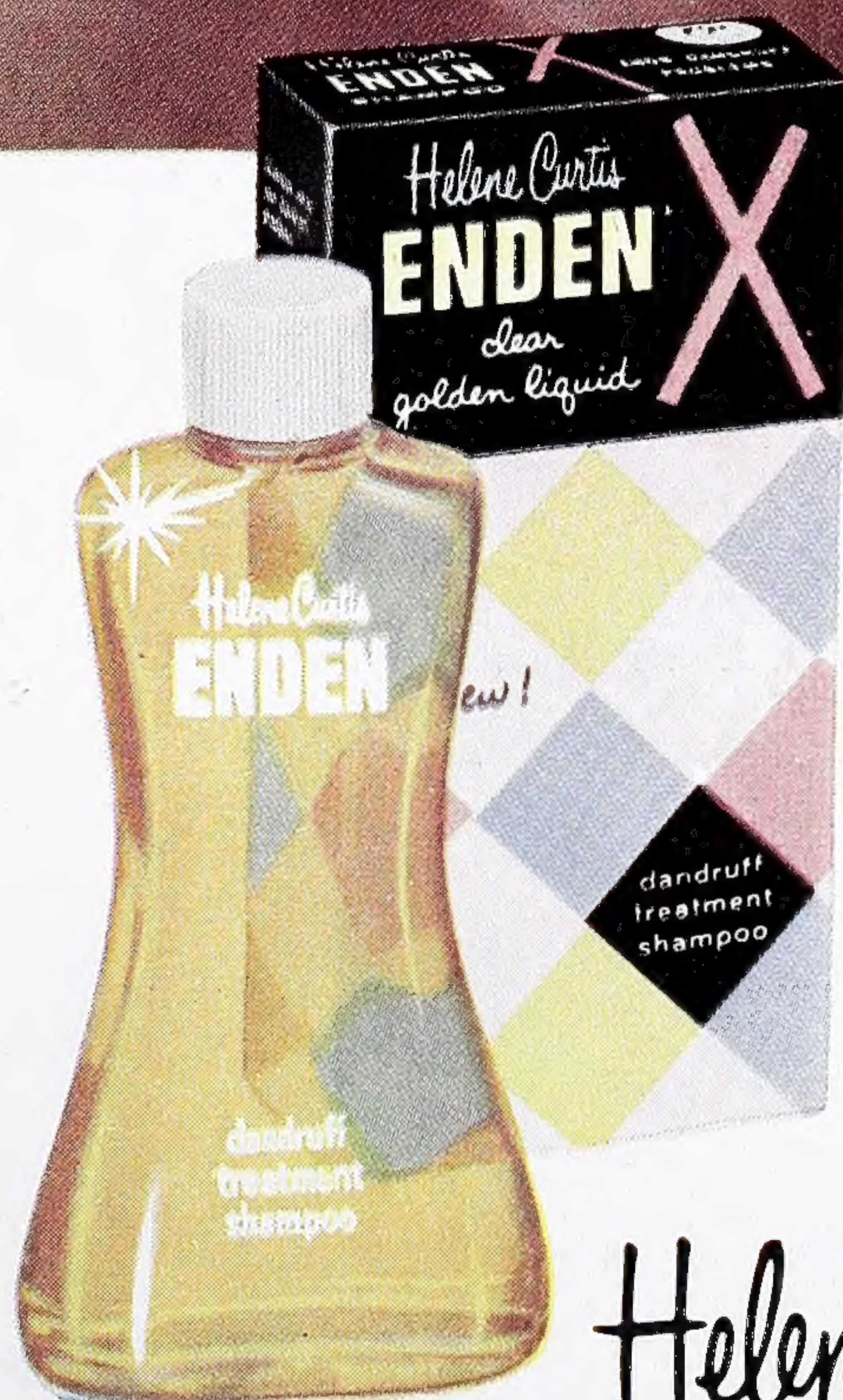
*using ENDEN, you get a beauty shampoo
and a dandruff treatment at the same time!*



**New—
it's all clear!**
Wonderfully effective
ENDEN now in clear
golden liquid, too!
No alcohol in ENDEN!



Also, popular
lotion or cream



Shampoo regularly with ENDEN and you're through with dandruff problems. *Because ENDEN is no ordinary shampoo!* Gentle medications in ENDEN's rich, penetrating lather work between shampoos to keep your hair dandruff-free. Your hair shows its approval with new softness, new luster, new willingness to obey. ENDEN is the pleasant shampoo that millions of men, women and children enjoy as their only shampoo.

Used regularly, ENDEN is guaranteed to end dandruff problems and prevent their return . . . medically proved 99% effective. Available at cosmetics counters and beauty salons everywhere.

Helene Curtis **ENDEN**[®] dandruff
treatment
shampoo



White...floating...pure...
gives skin a clear, fresh look...That Ivory Look

Gentleness you'd trust with this baby's sensitive skin makes Ivory the soap for *yours*. Ivory is white, the color of purity... has the fresh, clean fragrance of purity. And no tight, dry feeling after washing. Regular care with Ivory Soap leaves your complexion supple with inner moisture, soft with That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap.



Wash your face regularly with Ivory Soap—the gentlest possible way to treat your complexion.



99 ¹/₁₀₀ % pure®
... it floats